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THE FAMOUS CITIES OF IRELAND



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THE FAMOUS CITIES OF IRELAND

BY
STEPHEN GWYNN

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
HUGH THOMSON

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PREFACE

A WRITER'S debts in such a work as this cannot be fully acknowledged, and it would be ungracious to thank one friend more than another for hospitable guidance in the various places. For the help derived from books, what I owe to Mrs. J. R. Green will be obvious to every student. Mr. Orpen's *Ireland under the Normans* has been a guide to my ignorance, and Mr. Philip Wilson's volume on *The Beginnings of Modern Ireland* invaluable for the sixteenth century. The two volumes of *Studies in Irish History*, published by the Irish Literary Society of London, have been of much service to me for the succeeding period, and in my last chapter I have drawn largely on Mr. Woodburn's fair-minded history of *The Ulster Scot*.

All these are works of research : but I have pillaged one mine of gossip and anecdote, Miss Caldwell's *Old Irish Life*, a volume of tradition gathered among the Martins of Connemara, hardly less delightful than the sketches which issue from the same family repertory in *The Experiences of an Irish R.M.*

It should be explained that the *Famous Cities*

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of Ireland completes a scheme devised some ten years ago, and then carried out in its entirety, so far as illustration was concerned, by the artist whose work relieves the text with so much grace and humour. But at the moment when the companion volume, *The Fair Hills of Ireland*, was published, in November, 1906, I was entering Parliament, through the stormy passage of a Galway election, and have since then, like all Irish members, been actively engaged in a great political struggle, which was never more acute than in the summer of 1914, when this book began to be written.

It is, therefore, too much to hope that the accent of bitterness can have been wholly excluded from these pages. Thoughts have been uttered frankly and, since Ireland is full of susceptibilities, will probably give offence where I would least desire to wound; but if a word in the book hurts any living Irishman or Irishwoman, of whatever opinions and prepossessions, the hurt is undesigned, and the offending sentence should have been more wisely framed. Several of these chapters have been written, the whole has been revised, at a time when discord was criminal, when the gravest domestic issues were dwarfed into insignificance. Yet it was a time when the cause of Irish nationality seemed to be lifted up and merged in the central principle which the Allied chivalry of Christendom were defending, with Irishmen, once again, conspicuous among the leaders, conspicuous among the rank and file.

It is hard, even in a preface, to cease writing about

Ireland—as hard as to bring a love letter to a close. Which of us that love Ireland has not Ireland made angry? Which of us that try to serve Ireland has not, by vanity, by indiscretion, or by faint-heartedness, given Ireland too just cause of complaint? As in every true lover's attitude there is always something apologetic and self-accusing, so the last word of Ireland's servants must always be: Accept, and understand, and forgive—*quia multum amavi*.

S. G.

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The Quays, Waterford.

THE FAMOUS CITIES OF IRELAND

CHAPTER I

WATERFORD

EVERYWHERE in any country that owns remembered records there can be found in man's work, whether on stone or wood, or upon the living earth and water, vestiges of past happenings which lead the mind back along the trail of the past. It is so in Ireland; yet Ireland, always a country of contradictions, is here true to herself. Nowhere is the memory of bygone events more vivid and tenacious, nowhere does the deed of man for good or ill leave a more abiding impression; on the other hand,

nowhere has written record less general acceptance, nowhere does history speak with a less certain voice. Of this there are many causes, but one in chief. More eloquent than the tongue of all the Muses is the visible, tangible handiwork of past days; and in Ireland the greater part of our monuments can make appeal only to the imagination. Little is left for the mind to work on save crumbling and disfigured ruins of past glory, the bare stump of what was once a forest tree.

Still, even in Ireland, a little observation and knowledge will enable the traveller to evoke in selected places the procession of her past,—a pageant never without interest, nor lacking in dignity, even where it is saddest. As in an earlier book, “The Fair Hills of Ireland,” my purpose was mainly to muster up the memories which cling about high places of veneration whose chief association is with the remoter ages, so here shall be found an endeavour to marshal some passages of Ireland’s story, as they connect themselves with the chief centres of her more modern life—cities, the ganglions of a community which is directed and organised from its towns. Yet of Ireland, perhaps more than any other country of Western Europe, is it true that the root of life is in the country, not in the city. She keeps her primitive estate—country-dwelling rather than town-dwelling, and, more than that, herder of flocks rather than tiller of fields. Take the Irishman out of Ireland, and he becomes, four times out of five, a

dweller in cities; at home, four times out of five, he is a dweller on the land; and, again, four times out of five, his concern is with stock rather than with tillage. The web of Irish life is loose-woven.

Whatever be the causes of this tendency, they lie far back in the past. The cities of which this book treats have, with one significant exception, a very ancient history. Yet as cities, as true congregations of urban life, they developed under influences other than those of the Gael. Each and all of them were centres of that movement which, partly by force and partly by subtler influences, linked up Ireland, the remotest outpost of Western Christendom, with the general structure of European society. It should never be forgotten that Ireland lay completely outside the Roman polity, which stamped for all time its impress on Europe. Paris and London were Roman towns; they had no Irish counterpart. When a wave from the Roman world at last reached Ireland, it was after the Cæsars' power had been broken: Rome was to Ireland only the transmitter of a spiritual force. It was the Christian message that first brought Ireland into the European comity. Patrick, the Briton, was a Roman citizen, and in a certain sense the Norman conquerors completed, or attempted to complete, what Patrick began.

Moreover, it is well known that Patrick was not the first who brought Christianity to Ireland. His mission opened in the North; but before his work began, the seed had been earlier implanted in that

shore of the Western island which lay nearest and most accessible to Romanised Britain, Ireland's connecting link with the Roman world. This book begins with Waterford, which was the gate of the Norman conquest: but it was also the gate for other conquerors even before the Norman.

From the westernmost shore of Wales to the eastern projection of southern Ireland is only some sixty miles. A boat can cross in one day's sail and see on the horizon the shore she makes for before the mountains behind her are out of sight. The crossing from Anglesey to Dublin is no further, but the island wilds of Anglesey lay remote from civilisation. Gael and Briton had frequent intercourse, but it passed between Milford Haven or the Bristol Channel, and the estuaries of the Slaney and the Suir. Indeed, the Gael was on both shores. Somewhere in the first centuries of the Christian era, but before Christianity reached Ireland, an Irish tribe, the Déisi, were driven southward from Meath, and while part of them settled in those lands between the Suir and the Blackwater, which from that time to this have been known as the Decies, another part of the same enforced migration established itself east of the Channel on the south-western sea-board of Wales. Between these related settlements perhaps a link was first formed; at all events, before the days of Patrick, Christian missionaries crossed to find a home on Irish soil by the same route over which, seven centuries after Patrick, there came mail-clad

subjugators who vouched for their coming the authority of Rome.

Yet between the peaceful coming of Christianity and the invasion of those Normans who came with the Pope's express sanction, another inroad took hold upon the shores of Ireland. It did not spread—because it was pagan and had not the persuasive power of Christianity—because it was barbarous, and had not the consolidating power which derives from Rome. But it established in Ireland the first beginnings of what we mean by civic life. Dublin, Wicklow, Wexford, and Waterford were all of them Scandinavian towns; their very names are foreign to the Gael; and still to-day an Irish speaker calls them Ath Cliath, Cillmanntain, Loch Garman, and Port Lairge. Waterford's Irish name is doubly significant, for Lairge was a Norseman whom the Four Masters mention in the year 960. So clearly marked off for a foundation of the sea-borne invader is this city, established far up the waterway which leads into the very heart of south-eastern Ireland.

Just as the Irish failed to develop strength on the sea-board, so Norsemen and Danes took no hold on the inland country, and in the centuries after the battle of Clontarf, Gael and Ostman became in some degree one united community. The men who bore rule in Dublin and Waterford were Ragnalds, Sitrics, Asculfs, and the like; but they intermarried with the Irish princes, and they helped and were helped by Irishmen in those raiding expeditions and petty

wars which fill the lamentable pages of Ireland's history after the death of Brian and his son at Clontarf had destroyed the hope of a centralised power. The Danish polity looked seaward, the Irish looked landward; and on the whole the Irish were still more civilised than the Norsemen, for learning still had its seats of fame in Lismore, Clonmacnois, and, above all, in the university town of St. Patrick's Ardmacha. But the foreigners who arrived in the twelfth century as conquerors of Gael and Ostman alike were as far ahead in civilisation of those upon whom they descended, as are Englishmen or Frenchmen to-day among Abyssinians or Moors. The Normans were the most remarkable race that had appeared since Julius Cæsar's Romans. Sea-rovers from the North, they had swooped on northern France and occupied it, and, assuming with quick readiness from its heirs the culture of Rome, had become lords territorial, founders of a settled policy and polity, and the greatest of builders. In the eleventh century they conquered England, and there leavened a heavy mass. The fermentation was fierce and cruel, but it was their gift to enter into what they seized, giving as well as taking. It is one of the tragedies of history that the Normans never really conquered Ireland. Those who came, Geraldines, Butlers, De Burgos, and the rest, became a part of Ireland as utterly as the O'Briens and the O'Neills. What hindered the beneficent effect of conquest was the cause that for

seven centuries has never ceased to operate—England's fear of a strong Ireland. Under the early kings of Norman descent the invasion was never allowed to become a conquest lest the conquered country, absorbing the conquered into its body as England had done, should stand erect and apart. When at last the conquest was seriously attempted by England under Elizabeth and her successors, it took the guise of extermination. That was never the Normans' idea. The Norman-Welsh knights brought to Ireland invaluable elements which the country was ready and able to assimilate, and a glance at the history of Irish cities will show that the fact of their coming was by no means the disaster which it has been so often represented.

At the very worst, the Norman Conquest was in its beginnings a splendid adventure, a series of magnificent feats of arms; and it is well worth trying to understand it in relation to the history and topography of south-eastern Ireland, and especially of Waterford, where it first took strong hold.

The Conquest began rather more than one hundred and fifty years after the decisive day in 1014, when Brian Boru, breaking finally at Clontarf the power of the Danes in Ireland, broke also the power of his own kingly house of Thomond. Thenceforward Ireland was torn to pieces in the struggle for ascendancy between rival principalities. By the middle of the twelfth century supremacy had come to rest, on the whole, with the O'Conors. There

was a marked movement, supported by the clergy, towards the establishment of a central power, and in 1166 Rory O'Conor was inaugurated High King of Ireland at Ath Cliath (that is, Dublin) "as honourably," say the Four Masters, "as any King of the Gael was ever inaugurated." But in the same year they describe an action which was the immediate cause of bringing in the Normans. "An army of Breffni and Meath and of the foreigners of Ath Cliath and of the Leinstermen, was led by Tiernan O'Rourke, Lord of Breffni, into Hy Kinsala, and Dermot MacMurrough, King of Leinster, was banished over-seas and his castle at Ferns demolished."

Part of Dermot MacMurrough's own subjects joined in the war, and Hy Kinsella, which roughly corresponds to County Wexford, the chief seat of MacMurrough's power, was invaded; Dermot had no choice but to fly, and there was only one quarter in which he could look for help.

Henry II. of England was then lord of dominions which extended from the North Sea almost to the Mediterranean. But in the twelfth century there existed an over-riding claim over all temporal sovereignties in Western Europe. The Papacy claimed a general lordship over the whole Western Empire from the Adriatic to St. George's Channel, in virtue of a supposed donation from Constantine the Great. It was especially held that the islands lying off the Western Empire were within the ownership of the

Pope; and some time between 1150 and 1155 Adrian sent to Henry II. by John of Salisbury a ring of gold set with emeralds, as a symbol of the investiture which gave him Ireland to have and to hold by hereditary right. The Pope knew and Henry II. knew that this title could only be made good by force of arms, but it suited the Pope's policy that his claim to over-lordship should be recognised by Henry's acceptance of the investiture, and it suited Henry II. to be able, when the time came, to put forward such a title.

Whether Dermot had heard of the grant or no, it was not difficult for him to guess at Henry's ambitions. But he had to go far beyond England to come up with the King of England, travelling "up and down, forwards and back" through the realms of Normandy, until at last he reached him somewhere far south in Aquitaine, and offered to be Henry's liegeman.

The offered opening was too good to be lost, and the Norman King gave the petitioner letters-patent authorising his subjects in every part of his dominions to assist MacMurrough in recovering his kingdom. Armed with these credentials, MacMurrough came back to England and set to work in Bristol, because there was frequent traffic between that place and Ireland. Here he could obtain news of what was going on in his own country, and here he was likeliest to meet men familiar enough with the chances to attempt the enterprise. It was plainly a desperate

man's adventure, and a desperate man undertook it. Richard Fitzgilbert de Clare, styled Strongbow, was Earl of Pembroke and of Striguil, the district in which his great-uncle had founded Tintern Abbey; but his estates had been forfeited. Dermot promised him no less a thing than his eldest daughter's hand in marriage, carrying with it the promise of succession to the Kingdom of Leinster. Strongbow agreed; but, wishing to be fully authorised, he wrote to Henry for permission to seek his fortune in Ireland. He received in reply a licence which, according to the Norman-Welsh chronicler, was ironical rather than serious. Having brought the matter so far, MacMurrough left Bristol and went to that part of Britain which was nearest to his native country. He became the guest of Rhys Ap-Griffith, Prince of South Wales, an independent chieftain, whose daughter, Nesta, counts for much in this story. She had been the mistress of Henry I., and by him had a son, Henry Fitzhenry, whose sons were Meiler and Robert. Afterwards she was the wife of Gerald of Windsor, Lord of Pembroke Castle, and from that marriage sprang the Fitzgeralds or Geraldines, most famous of all names in Norman-Irish history. Later again, from another union with Stephen, Lord of Abertivey Castle, she bore Robert Fitzstephen.

We have two accounts of the Norman Conquest written by men who took part in it. One is by Gerald de Barri, Giraldus Cambrensis, whose near kinsmen were the chief captains of the invasion; the

other, though written in Norman French verse, comes actually from Dermot MacMurrough's household. It is taken from the narrative of MacMurrough's "Latimer," that is interpreter, or Latin Secretary:—

“Morice regan iert celui
 Buche abuche parla a lui
 Ki cest jest endita.”
 “This man was Morice Regan
 Mouth to mouth he spoke to him
 Who this geste related.”

Mr. Orpen, whose edition of this song is priceless to students, thinks on the whole that the “inditer” was a monk of the Dominican Order at the Blackfriars Monastery in Waterford, where the Court House now stands, and that the manuscript remained in Waterford till Carew, Lord President of Munster in the reign of James I., carried it off with him and wrote his name on it. The three thousand four hundred lines which are preserved make the most valuable and authentic story that we have of this great episode in history; and the narrator's standpoint is not, like that of Giraldus, exclusively Norman.

When MacMurrough was the guest of Rhys Ap-Griffith at St. David's, Robert Fitzstephen was imprisoned there. But another of Nesta's sons, David Fitzgerald, was Bishop of St. David's, and his intercession for his half-brother brought it to pass that Robert Fitzstephen should be released on condition of his joining the bishop's full-brother, Maurice

Fitzgerald, in an expedition to restore Dermot—Dermot promising to grant them the town of Wexford and two cantreds¹ of land adjoining it. Dermot promised this the more readily because both town and lands were held by Danes. Dermot then took ship for Ireland in August, 1167, and, coming in secretly, was entertained through the winter by the Augustine Monks of Ferns. He had been their benefactor, and they repaid him with shelter. There came with Dermot Richard Fitzgodebert, a knight of Pembroke, probably one of the Flemings who had settled there. In the summer of 1168 Dermot and his men were attacked by O'Connor and O'Rourke and defeated.

What remained of Fitzgodebert's band went back, probably with no cheerful tidings; but Dermot sent back his interpreter Regan to be his ambassador in Wales, and to promise great gifts of horses, gold and silver, soil and sod, to whatever knights would come to his aid.

It was in response to this message that there landed in May, 1169, at Bannow, an unfrequented bay south of Wexford, the first of the conquerors, Robert Fitzstephen, Nesta's son by the Constable of Aber-tivey. Three of her grandsons were also in that company: Meiler Fitzhenry, son of her son by the King of England; Miles Fitzgerald, son of Bishop David, her son by Gerald of Windsor; and Robert de Barri, son of her daughter Angherad by the same

¹ A cantred is a district containing a hundred villages.

marriage. Robert de Barri was the elder brother of Gerald who wrote the "Expugnatio Hiberniæ."

Thus the expedition was largely a family venture; but Strongbow, who had not relinquished his project, took care to be represented in it. He sent his uncle, Hervey de Montmorency, to accompany the force, which consisted only of thirty knights, sixty mail-clad squires, and about three hundred bowmen. Two days after its landing, the expedition was joined by Maurice de Prendergast with ten knights and a body of archers; the combined strength cannot have exceeded six hundred men; but their armament was a new thing in Ireland. Defensive armour the Irish had seen with the Danes, but they had never adopted it, though they had taken kindly to the Danish battle-axe, which every man carried now as familiarly as his staff. But men mailed so as to be almost invulnerable on heavy mailed horses made the highest development of military power at that moment; and with them came archers, the arm of the future, wholly unknown to Irish war. The difference in equipment marks the relation of Ireland to continental Europe. At present, the most unmistakable mark of civilisation is the possession of machine guns and high-power explosives; not merely are these useful in fighting, but the possessors of them are treated on a level of equality and receive the full rights and courtesies of war. Less ceremony is apt to be used with combatants, whether they be Thibetans, Dervishes, or other Asiatics or Africans, who are

less formidably equipped. Their methods of warfare are different, their rules of war are not the same; they are readily accused of treachery and dealt with accordingly. The better armed few seldom treat the barbarous multitude with any touch of what we still call chivalry.

But at the period of the Norman invasion chivalry was not a name; it was an international institution. The Normans fighting against French or German knights were bound by the well-defined practice and precepts of their common order. Ireland lay outside the pale of chivalry; it was officially and by definition barbarous; and the worst feature of the Norman Conquest was that the conquerors kept the conquered outside the ranks of civilised war.

The first thing, however, that Norman civilisation had to do was to prove its military ascendancy, and they were not immediately successful. Joined by MacMurrough with about five hundred men, they marched on Wexford, and were repulsed from the walls. But two bishops who were in the town persuaded the Wexford men to accept MacMurrough once more as King of Leinster, and to give hostage. The submission was not merely formal, for the Wexford Ostmen aided MacMurrough in a series of operations which he now undertook against Ossory—that is, roughly speaking, Kilkenny—and against those northern parts of the Irish Leinster which are now mainly comprised in Carlow, Queen's County, and Kildare. Again and again the Normans showed

their superior skill and discipline; but as the year advanced, Rory O'Connor took the field to check this new incursion which had been at first lightly regarded, and Dermot and Fitzstephen were forced to establish themselves in a strong position in the wooded mountains, not far from Ferns, which was MacMurrough's capital. Negotiations passed at this time by which O'Connor recognised MacMurrough as King of Leinster, while MacMurrough undertook to send back his Normans and bring no more across. But hot-foot on this came the news that a further reinforcement had landed. Maurice Fitzgerald, Fitzstephen's half-brother, destined to be the common ancestor of the Earls of Kildare and Desmond, came with two ships bringing 150 men and his own gifts as a leader. With him and the bulk of the force Dermot now ventured to march on Dublin, and so ravaged the Dyflinar-skiri or Daneland from Wicklow to Skerries that the Ostmen of Dublin agreed once more to become tributary to the King of Leinster. But MacMurrough's ambitions were now expanding; he aimed at no less than the High Kingship.

It was time for Strongbow to come if he intended coming; for already Dermot had offered his daughter's hand both to Fitzstephen and Fitzgerald. Both, however, were married already; moreover, the Geraldines were loyal to the Earl, and it was another Geraldine who led what was really Strongbow's advance guard. In the spring of 1170 another of Nesta's grandsons, Raymond Fitzgerald, surnamed

le Gros, with ten knights and seventy archers, landed on the Wexford coast, near to the mouth of the Waterford river. The spot where he landed is called Dundonnell in the song, and Mr. Orpen has identified it with the creek of Baginbun. Adjacent to the creek was a headland with a cliff, at the extremity of which was an old Celtic fort—somebody's dun and probably Donal's. Here, at all events, Raymond established himself, and strengthened his position by drawing across the neck of the headland a deep trench and ditch which are still to be seen. But the Danes of Waterford felt their position menaced by this invasion so close to their shores; and having obtained Irish help from Ossory and the Decies, a force of about 3,000 men advanced to the attack of this little body of seventy, who had been joined by Hervey Mountmaurice with three knights and their retinue. Raymond, who of all the fighters that came to Ireland was perhaps the boldest, did not choose to wait to be attacked, but sallied out to meet the Danes and the Irish, who had crossed the river from Waterford and were marching on his camp. Yet for all his boldness, he and his men were overwhelmed by the onset and were driven back in so sudden a rout that the assailants entered the fortifications along with them. Raymond himself pierced with his sword the first of the pursuers, and then, either by chance or design, a mob of captured cattle that were enclosed within the fortifications were driven in a wild rush towards the gate. This charge of heavy beasts

met and scattered the advancing pursuers and gave Raymond time to rally his men. Flinging himself once more upon the disordered enemy, he turned his defeat into a complete victory, "Here," Giraldus says, "fell the pride of Waterford; here began the downfall of that famous city; here grew hope and comfort to the English and terror and despair to their opponents. For never had it been heard in these regions that so small a body of men had accomplished so mighty a slaughter." From that day to this a rhyme has been extant:—

"At the Creek of Baginbun
Ireland was lost and won."

The conquest was made decisive, in fact, on the 23rd August of this year, 1170, when Strongbow at last made his landing with an expedition of two hundred knights and about a thousand followers. He landed in the Waterford river, probably about Passage. The creeks of the Wexford coast had been good enough to run ashore the surprise venture of a small expedition, but the great host made for the great haven. Raymond joined the Earl at once with forty knights, and together they marched to the attack of Waterford. The town was strongly walled and for a long time resisted them, till Raymond perceived that at one point a house had been built into the wall in such fashion that part of it projected, and was supported outside the wall by pillars. At the head of a company he dashed upon this weak point, cut away the supports of the house, which fell,

carrying a portion of the wall with it; and through the breach thus made the Norman troops swarmed in and made a great slaughter throughout the town. The last place which resisted was the low, strong, circular tower, which stands to this day, near the wharf, and opposite to the two principal hotels. Reginald's Tower, it is called, and Raghnaid's Tower it was called in the days of Strongbow, after the Danish chieftain who built it in 1002.

After the fall of Waterford, MacMurrough arrived with Maurice Fitzgerald and Robert Fitzstephen; and in celebration of this victory, in the presence of all the assembled Norman forces, Dermot MacMurrough gave his daughter Aoife or Eva to Strongbow.

This marriage has always had a symbolical significance in the history of Ireland. Strongbow had seized the great southern city, he had taken the King of Leinster's daughter, he had crossed the invaders' blood on the native kingly stock, and he claimed what was not MacMurrough's to give—the reversion of MacMurrough's kingship. The King of Leinster, like any other Irish king, must be chosen and acknowledged by his own people. The Norman proposed to substitute for this title an arbitrary disposition by inheritance. But in a few months the conquering Norman baron had to submit his personal conquest to an over-riding claim, equally true to the Norman polity, equally alien to all the Irish ideas and conceptions of government. What

his sword won, he had to surrender to his liege and jealous overlord, the King of England. At the beginning, however, Strongbow's enterprise advanced with continuous and ready prosperity. His joint forces marched north from Waterford to Dublin led by Dermot, and surprised the city by an assault while parleying went on. The Ostmen fled in their ships to the northern islands; Strongbow and Dermot, using Dublin as a base, proceeded to invade Meath and O'Rourke's territory of Breffny. Now indeed there was no mistaking the situation. Dermot was not seeking to regain his own kingdom; with the help of the foreigners he was aiming at the High Kingship, and in response to an embassy of protest from Rory O'Connor, he made, according to Giraldus, an open avowal of his purpose. But he was not destined to go beyond the avowal. At the close of summer Dermot and Strongbow both withdrew from Dublin, which was left with a garrison under Milo de Cogan. Strongbow retired to Waterford, Dermot to Ferns; but before the next spring Dermot Mac-Murrough had died, according to the Irish annalist, of a loathsome disease brought on him by God's special vengeance. At all events he died, and Strongbow was now able to claim the Kingdom of Leinster, and so far as Ireland was concerned, was able to make his claim good.

But already news of these events had disturbed Henry, and that King was not slow to act. He issued an edict forbidding any of his subjects to

cross the sea to Strongbow's assistance, and ordering all who were in Ireland to return by Easter of 1171 under pain of forfeiture and banishment.

Troubles accumulated, for all Ireland rose against the foreigners in good earnest, and Strongbow who had returned to Dublin was beleaguered there; while Fitzstephen was shut up near Wexford, at Carrick, in the castle which he had built there to ensure his hold on MacMurrough's grant. This was the crucial moment of the whole adventure; for the main host in Dublin was reduced to the point of starvation, and Rory O'Connor refused Strongbow's offer to hold Leinster as O'Connor's tributary.

In this strait, the besieged resorted to the forlorn hope of a sudden sortie in three bands; the surprise was entirely successful, the Irish army, or armies rather, dispersed, and Strongbow, having revictualled the town and left a strong garrison in it, marched south but too late to save Fitzstephen, who was already a prisoner in Wexford. Waterford, however, still remained an open gate for the stranger; and Strongbow soon re-established his authority in that quarter of Ireland, and by September was able to cross the Channel and meet King Henry, who was already mustering troops and ships. A compact was arrived at between the King and the adventurer by which Strongbow resigned the seaboard towns and agreed to hold his inheritance of Leinster, not by title of MacMurrough's grant, but as a fief from the King and from his heirs. This being settled,

the Earl was permitted to return to Ireland, while Henry advanced leisurely into South Wales and completed his preparations to go over and take up that which had been conquered for him.

“On the 18th October,” say the Four Masters, “the King of England, Henry II., Duke of Normandy and Aquitaine, Earl of Anjou and Lord of many other countries, came to Ireland. Two hundred and forty was the number of his ships, and he put in at Waterford.”

Henry lost no time in marking his determination to suppress whatever might have given to the earlier enterprise the appearance of mere piratical adventure. The Danes of Wexford, seeking to conciliate him, hastened to deliver Fitzstephen. Henry, having before him the knight who had turned the first furrow in that field of conquest, ordered him promptly into bondage to be a prisoner in Reginald's Tower. That was the first step. The next was designed to show the world that the King of England came to Ireland as the Pope's vice-gerent. From Waterford Henry marched to Lismore, one of the great seats of ecclesiastical power in Ireland, and from Lismore to Cashel, which, seventy years before this, Murtagh O'Brien, King of Thomond, had granted to the religious of Ireland in general. Here, in the ancient capital of Munster, Henry, who had already received at Waterford the submission of the King of Desmond, that is South Munster, formally accepted the submission of Donal O'Brien, King of Thomond, or

North Munster; and here he made arrangements for holding a great synod of the clergy of all Ireland, north and south. This having been done, he felt himself at liberty to release Fitzstephen from imprisonment, taking from him, however, the grant of Wexford and the surrounding lands, which had been the price of his services to MacMurrough. Then, leaving a strong garrison in Waterford, the victorious King marched unresisted to Dublin, where the Princes of Leinster, Oriel, and Meath gave in their submission, and where Rory O'Connor himself, the High King, sent messages binding him also to be Henry's liegeman—a pledge formally ratified later by the Treaty of Windsor. Only Ulster remained unsubdued; and although the temporal power of Ulster held aloof, the Archbishop of Armagh joined with the rest of Ireland's clergy in accepting the dispositions which were made under Henry's auspices at the Synod of Cashel, where the bishops and clergy of all Ireland were confronted with Henry's clerical representatives.

Here must be noted a tragic singularity of the Norman Conquest of Ireland. Ireland was within Christendom; the declared object of this synod was to bring the Irish Church into full conformity with the usage of Rome; and the Irish clergy took the oath of fealty to the King of England, and the Church stood to that oath. Yet the identity and incorporation thus declared was only spiritual—so far as Ireland was concerned. At the same moment that

Henry was decreeing that Irishmen in their capacity of Christians should be under the same governance as himself and all his subjects in their degree, he was also establishing in temporal matters the principle which has cursed Ireland from that day to this—that he should have in Ireland two classes of subjects, different before the law. It was laid down that as between Englishmen English law should run in Ireland; but that Englishmen should not be bound by English law in their dealings with Irishmen. As Christians they were of one Church; as citizens they were in theory alike subjects of the English King; but they were under two distinct jurisdictions.

Thus we strike upon the truth that Christianity in Ireland has always been an Oriental, rather than a Western religion. In Continental Europe Christianity has allied itself with the Roman ideal of law—an ideal which under feudal modifications the Normans accepted for themselves, and imposed upon England. But in Ireland the law spiritual and the law temporal have been remote and apart ever since the days of Henry. No man in Ireland could identify the Church and State. Inhabitants of the country were one before the Church; in the eye of the State they were diverse. It was the Church that drew them together, that completed the bonds of a common soil and climate, of buying and selling, of common loves and hates. It was the law that held men apart. Only in a later stage of the history did the Church become identified with the law as an

agent not of unity but of disunion in Ireland. There was at first one Church and two laws; later these came to be one law and two Churches.

Yet when Henry declared at Waterford his decree that English law should run only for Englishmen in Ireland, it is probable that he meant in time to bring the whole country under one system; and for the moment the Church offered the best means for drawing his new conquest into harmony with the rest of his dominions. None the less, he intended to replace Irishmen by Normans in all the great ecclesiastical offices. He meant to unify, but he meant also to supplant; yet from this policy there came no tragic consequences. Where he and his successors inflicted on Ireland injury that seven centuries have not repaired is that they broke down one system of law without establishing another.

In Leinster at least there was the pretext that Strongbow replaced MacMurrough by the Irish King's own act; but it was not only in Leinster that the new claims were set up. Henry, before leaving Ireland, granted the whole of Meath to Hugo de Lacy, whom he left as his Lord Justice; and it is in Meath that the real trouble began. De Lacy ranks foremost among the oppressors of the native race, who, holding their territories in defiance of Irish law, found it their interest to deny to the Irish all protection of law whatsoever.

Nothing can be more certain than that the submission which Henry received at Waterford, and

later at Dublin, was sincere. In the seventeenth century Geoffrey Keating, in hiding upon the Galtees with a price on his head for the offence of being a Catholic priest, wrote a book of which hundreds of copies came to be made in manuscript, for it was the classic of modern Irish style. It told the history of Ireland up to the Norman invasion, and the writer, himself of Norman stock, says on his last page:—

“It was owing to tyranny and wrong, and the want of fulfilling their own law on the part of the Norman leaders in Ireland that there was so much resistance of the Gaels to the Norman yoke. For I do not think there is a race in Europe who would be more obedient to law than the Irish if the law were justly administered to them.”

But Keating discriminates among the leaders, and singles out several “who did not commit deeds of treachery, and who did much good in Ireland by founding churches and abbeys, and giving Church lands to clerics for their support together with many other good deeds besides, and God gave them as a return for this that there are many descendants after them at this day in Ireland.” Foremost on this list of Normans came the Geraldines, whose name is everywhere in Munster and Leinster, at Waterford and elsewhere, and high up in it also came the Powers, who are more specially localised to Waterford, whither Robert Poer was sent by Henry in 1177 to take command of the city.

This then was the Norman Conquest of Ireland.

It was the conquest of a numerous and warlike, but disunited, people, by an infinitely smaller number of the strongest race then existing in Europe, a race which had learned all that civilisation knew of war, yet had parted with none of its primitive vigour. It was a conquest of men who used no defensive armour and who fought in loose order, assailed by small bodies of the heavily mail-clad cavalry, which was at that time the most powerful armament of Europe, backed by archers. Thus, in a military sense, the Norman invasion brought Ireland for the first time into contact with the fullest development of warlike knowledge and power. But, over and above their actual equipment for war, the Normans showed Ireland, as a century before they had shown England, how to grip and hold what the sword won. They covered Ireland rapidly with a network of fortifications, every knot being a castle—mere block-houses at first, erected on “motes” or mounds of soil and stone, but soon exchanged for structures of solid masonry.

Further, and this was part of their policy, they came as friends of the Church. Builders of castles, they were builders of abbeys also. They came as aliens in blood and in language to the Irish people, but they came to the Church in Ireland as common subjects of the Papal See and pleading the Pope’s authority. In Ireland, as in England, the Church was rather for the Norman invader than against him; and not unnaturally, for the Church in Ireland stood

for a range of civilisation higher than that attained to by the laity. The builders of Mellifont Abbey, for instance, were Irishmen who had learned their lesson in a Norman monastery. Mellifont, consecrated in 1157, had marked a new departure in architecture for Ireland, but within ten years of the Normans' coming, buildings of the same Gothic model were springing up all over Ireland. Thus what happened in Ireland was what had previously happened in England, but in Ireland the process never reached its full development. In England the Norman king conquered in person; in Ireland he conquered by deputy; and it was inherent in the feudal system that the overlord should be jealous of the great power vested in his representatives. England suffered much from the fact that her rulers were also rulers of wide territories upon the Continent, to whom the claims of England must often be pleaded at a distance; but for Ireland the monarch was always to be a foreigner and an absentee.

It is apparent from what has been written above that any man who wishes to study the monuments of Irish history for the period after the Norman Invasion ought to begin with Waterford, and, no less clearly, ought to go to Waterford by sea and river. There is the more reason for doing this because it is infinitely the pleasantest and most picturesque way of landing in Ireland. Until quite recently the line of transit was exactly what it had been in the time of the Normans; boats plied to Waterford from Milford

Haven. Nowadays that route has been superseded by the new communication from Fishguard to Rosslare, which gives a sea passage of only three hours and carries the traveller across the level country of South Wexford to the great bridge which spans the united Nore and Barrow just above their junction with the Suir. So travelling, you can reach Waterford from London in a matter of ten hours. But for the student and for the lover of travel it is infinitely better to go by boat to Waterford direct. These steamers now sail from the new harbour at Fishguard; and, in a historical sense, that is a pity. Fully to explore the beginnings of this turning-point in Irish history some attention should be given to the point of departure. Pembrokeshire has been known as "Little England beyond Wales." It was a country much peopled by Danes, by Englishmen, and later by Flemish colonists. The second reference to the invaders in the Annals of the Four Masters describes them as "the hosts of the Flemings." Moreover, on a creek of Milford Haven, where tide-water reaches right up into a narrow trickle of a stream, and where mullets in their shoals break water above the bridge, there stands a great pile of ruins, Carew Castle, which was the home and possession of William Fitzgerald, father of Raymond le Gros; and just outside the Castle's precincts is a reminder of Ireland's affinity with this side of the Channel, a Celtic cross of stone, carved with traditional Irish scroll-work, set up

perhaps by some among the descendants of the Irish Déisi. More curious still, and not fully accounted for, there stands within the entrenchments of Baginbun, on the Wexford coast, a rough copy of this same cross, hewn by no skilful hands, with meaningless marks replacing the lettering; and conjecture can only guess that during the period while Raymond and his men lay entrenched behind their earthworks, some one of them occupied himself, out of piety, or superstition, or idleness, in copying from memory the most familiar object of his devotion.

However, no one nowadays will sail from Milford, and the passage from Fishguard has all the charms of convenience. The boat leaves before midnight, and by six o'clock you should be just off the Hook Lighthouse, which marks the entrance to the Waterford River. When I came on deck to look at it, the sea was a grey-blue ripple in which white gannets plunged. The lighthouse—whose base is an ancient stone tower, probably Scandinavian, and older than Reginald's—was two or three miles ahead of us, and to the right of it the shore stretched away, long and low, towards Wexford and the Bannow, where Fitzstephen first landed. Much nearer was the cliffy headland beside Baginbun Creek, where Raymond made his lodgment and where he routed the combined Irish and Danes. Away to the south stretched the line of the Waterford coast, faced with cliffs sheer and high enough to be a breeding-place for innumerable sea-birds. On this shore are Tramore

and Dunmore, watering-places little known to the ordinary tourist, but admirable for anyone who seeks a sea-coast more accessible than the western regions of Ireland.

The beauty of eastern Ireland is less wild, less striking, than that of the west, but it is not less beautiful; and the two hours' sail from the Hook Head up the Waterford River is far more delightful to the eye than anything that the Rhine can show. Away in front of you, to the west, and running northwards, can be seen the whole line of mountains which divides Wexford from the valley of the Nore. On the Waterford bank fine seats and fine demesnes succeed each other. The Wexford shore is duller and less featured, until you reach the first historical landmark, Duncannon Fort. This building, which covers a low rock rising from the tideway, was once counted impregnable, built to control the passages of the river; Cromwell laid siege to it unsuccessfully. But its chief interest in Irish story is that it was the last point of Irish soil which James II. trod; here, taking ship for France, he ended his ignominious flight from the Boyne.

It was a joy that fine May morning to stand on deck as the boat traced her way up the winding narrow channel. Stake-nets or weirs were studded all along the shores, for the Suir, Barrow, and Nore are all famous salmon rivers. Presently we were at Passage, where, in all probability, the Danes of Waterford and their Irish allies crossed the river to

attack Raymond in his camp, and where Strongbow first, and then Henry, landed. Now the banks widened out. Ahead of us were smooth, gleaming levels of water, misty in the sun, and above the dazzle a train from Rosslare ran over the long viaduct which joins Wexford to the Kilkenny bank of the Suir. Just below this, where the three waters meet, or rather where the Suir meets the combined Nore and Barrow, is one vast pool whose banks are formed by three counties, Wexford, Waterford, and Kilkenny: and on the low grassy Wexford shore is the ruin of Dunbrody Abbey, one of the first monuments of the Norman builders. Hervey de Montmorency built it for the Augustinians on the two cantreds of land which he received from Mac-Murrough.

Where the boat turns up the channel of the Suir opposite Dunbrody, there are many demesnes, richly and beautifully wooded, and I asked the names of their owners. Four of them were owned by Powers, but the great seat of this family was at Curraghmore, some dozen miles inland, which in the eighteenth century passed to the Beresfords by marriage. After the Powers, the Geraldines. Two miles below the city the river divides, and on the island between the channels there rises a great new building which embodies in a modern castle an old stronghold of the twelfth century. Fitzgeralds have held it from that day to this, and in the dining-hall of what is now a finely built modern house, hangs a picture by

Lawrence of a very notable Fitzgerald, whose name, however, was not won in arms. The pretty, chubby boy, pink and rosy, whom Lawrence painted, was to be the translator of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. The castle can be seen not only from the boat but from the train, which here runs along the steep Kil-



Reginald's Tower.

kenny bank; and presently Waterford itself is in sight, extending along a mile of quays. At the very start of the quays, where the boat swings round to her moorings, is Reginald's Tower—all that is left of the Danish age; and only the base of it is Scandinavian work. Yet there are few buildings in Ireland that date back nine hundred years, and few indeed have

so many associations. Here Strongbow was brought face to face with his Irish bride; here Fitzstephen was thrown into prison; here Prince John, landing in 1185 with his suite of young nobles and courtiers—among whom came Giraldus Cambrensis—met the Irish kings and chiefs and insulted their long beards till they withdrew in anger and raised Munster against him. Later, he established a mint here, and it came to be called Dundory, the Fort of Gold.

Waterford prospered under the Norman rulers, and the trade of the place increased. We get details of it from complaints—as, for example, when Edmund, Archbishop of Cashel, “being on the river of Waterford, notoriously and in a company of malefactors, spoiled and robbed a boat of Clonmel charged with cloth, silk, and saffron.” This was the same Archbishop who kept a pirate of his own, Fineen O’Driscoll of Baltimore, “the Archbishop’s pirate.” But the Waterford men were able to protect their own interests, as Fineen discovered in 1538, when he found a Portingale ship in distress laden with “rob-davy” (that is, port) for Waterford. He and other “captains of the islands” made to the ship with a galley and agreed to pilot her to Baltimore for three pipes of wine. They anchored off the island of Inishircan in front of the fortress, and the pilots, “*alias*, gentleman pirates,” says the spirited account in 1538, “went aboard, tasted of the wines which pleased them well,” and invited the Waterford merchants into the castle; where “having well dyned,”

the islanders took the merchants, fettered them, manned their long galleys, and seized ship and goods, and "distributed the wyne among their neighbours as it pleased them." But word of this came to Waterford, whence four-and-twenty men in a schooner made Baltimore in a day's sail, surprised the pirates, and got their men off. Later in the year they equipped a great galley with four hundred men on board, and wreaked heavy vengeance on the O'Driscolls; captured their stores, took Fineen's swift galley of thirty oars, and destroyed in an island named Inishpile his "strong and most pleasant seat with orchard garden and a trenched grove in circuit."

Such were the amenities of trade in the sixteenth century, or in any century from the thirteenth onward; and Waterford merchants thrived on them. They rebuilt in 1220 the old Danish Cathedral, and though their building was pulled down in the eighteenth century, parts of the Early English work remain, and notably one monument of Waterford's civic life in the day of guilds.

A certain Rice was mayor of the town in the fifteenth century for a long succession of years; and so great was his popularity that, as the end approached, he feared lest his town should believe him to have possessed some unapproachable and mysterious excellence. Provision was therefore made by his will that within a sufficient period after his death the grave should be opened and the people of Waterford given to know by their senses that he was only

common clay. Accordingly on the tomb, a great slab of marble supported by really beautiful carvings of Scriptural figures, the mayor reclines in effigy—a marble image of decay; toads and worms crawl in and out of the ribs, and there is no mistake at all about his dissolution.

Many tombs of the Fitzgeralds attest the strong hold which the Geraldines kept on the country about Waterford; but they kept it rather as Irish than as



The Mayor's Tomb.

Englishmen. In 1535 Gerald MacShane, Lord of the Decies, was willing to entertain the King's troops, but he had no word of English to speak to them; and he was as well able as his kinsman, the Earl of Desmond, to exclude the Royal Commissioners when he chose to do so, or when Desmond, whom he recognised as overlord, desired him to do so. But just as the Geraldines of Kildare and Desmond were offset

by the equal strength of the Butlers, Earls of Ormond, so Fitzgerald of the Decies was kept in check by the Powers of Curraghmore, who maintained a constant alliance with the Butlers; and tombs of the Powers balance tombs of the Geraldines in Christ Church Cathedral.

Reginald's Tower was still a strong place when Cromwell sat down on the Kilkenny side of the river and opened his batteries from what is to-day called Cromwell's Rock; there are balls left in the stonework in token of his presence. It remained in a sense the key of the city, being built at the corner of the walls, which ships coming up-river first approached. The ring of the Danish walls was narrow, enclosing the present Protestant Cathedral and the Church of St. Olaf, a still earlier monument of Danish Christianity; but the Norman wall ran far inshore to the castle which stands in the yard of what is now the Tramore Railway Station, and thence crested the hill up to almost the top, where is the County Gaol; a section of the wall and a tower can still be seen there. Thence it ran down to the river where is now Barren Strand Street—thus including about half of the present wharfage; yet even then Waterford was celebrated for the length of its quays.

The streets within this enclosed area show antiquity by their narrowness and by their serpentine curve—especially the High Street, which reproduces the line of some prehistoric footpath. Many illustrious feet have trodden them.

Close behind Reginald's Tower is a well-preserved ruin, known as the French Church; and here of all places is the history of Waterford most easily read.

It was first a Franciscan priory, founded by Sir Hugh Purcell, a Norman, in 1240, one of the invaders who were generous in gift to the Church. The Grey Friars flourished there till Henry VIII. confiscated it and gave the convent to Patrick Walsh, who made it into an almshouse. Within the chancel of the church distinguished Grey Friars were still buried, as they had been buried before. Here besides the Walshs are the tombs of the Powers and the Waddys, famous in ecclesiastical history of the seventeenth century. Here, too, is interred a stranger from the North, Sir Neil O'Neill, Baron of Killylea, in County Antrim, who accompanied James in his flight from the Boyne, and here died of his wounds. A year or two later the place got its name of the French Church. There came to Waterford one of the colonies of Huguenots, driven from France by the Edict of Nantes. Waterford had returned to Protestant hands, and Bishop Foy assigned to the French refugees for their worship the disused nave of the church, which was then roofed over by the buildings of the hospital; and they maintained their service in French there for generations. The latest of their pastors, Peter Franquefort, died in 1819, and many tombs record the family names.

Among these tombs is that of a Sautelle who fled from Tours, and the heiress of his heir married John

Roberts, an architect, who rebuilt the Protestant Cathedral, built the Catholic one, and built also the Guild Hall, very creditable monuments all of them to his skill. He and his wife left other memorials in twenty-four children, one of whom became a clergyman, Rector of Kill. The rector's son was Sir Abraham Roberts, K.C.B., and Sir Abraham's son was Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, Earl of Waterford and Kandahar.

As I came up the Waterford river, I was struck by the number of snug dwellings with lawns before them, and picking out one in especial I said to the captain it would be my choice. "That is the house where Lord Roberts was brought up," he answered.

Alone of living men the old Field-Marshal had then the right, as representing one of the Huguenot families, to be buried where so many of his kin sleep in the little ruined church behind Reginald's Tower. A greater burying-place now has the great soldier, and the Huguenot right is extinct. Perhaps in the political opinions of Lord Roberts, as so often in Ireland, heredity counted for a good deal; the Huguenots were a real example of persecuted Protestants. But the example set by Louis XIV. was bettered in Ireland. During the eighteenth century Protestants had it all their own way in Waterford, then the most loyal of cities. Portraits in the Town Hall attest their devotion: William III. and George I., painted by Kneller, and a much better picture by Cosway of George III.

Yet even when the town was Catholic, the "mere Irish" had little chance there. In 1459 it was ordained that no man of Irish blood be received into the freedom of the city. Another ordinance prohibited the use of the Irish language in public pleadings. All these edicts survive in a singularly fine collection of archives, often beautiful in script and richly emblazoned. It was a pleasure to find them in charge of a secretary who loved and venerated the ancient artistry, and who maintained the tradition by keeping the Council's minutes in a decorative hand of real character and beauty.

But the mere Irish have a way of coming by their own, and in the great council-room of John Roberts's building hang portraits of far more interest than those of the Hanoverians, though sadly inferior in artistic merit. One shows Thomas Meagher, the first mayor elected under the Municipal Reform Act, a Repealer and one of Dan O'Connell's men. Opposite to him is his son, Thomas Francis Meagher, the orator of the Young Ireland party. Meagher's was the speech which advocated physical force against O'Connell's peace-at-any-price policy, and gained him his nickname "Meagher of the sword." His oration brought about the final breach when Young Ireland severed from the Old Ireland of O'Connell. So bitter was the quarrel that in 1848, when the son contested Waterford, his father, O'Connell's follower, opposed his son, the friend and ally of Smith O'Brien, Mitchel, Duffy and the rest. The end of Meagher's

story is told by certain objects opposite the Hanoverian portraits: two tattered flags, a sword of honour, and certain medals in a glass case.

Here is the outline of it. After the abortive rising of 1848 Meagher was captured and tried with Smith O'Brien at Clonmel, and, like him, sentenced to the extreme penalty, which was, in both cases, commuted to transportation for life. Meagher escaped from Van Diemen's Land and reached America. The flags in the glass-case were carried by Meagher's Irish Brigade at the Battle of Fredericksburg; and none of all the Irish regiments in the service of Austria, France, Italy, or England had a prouder record than that which followed this "felon by the law." Meagher assuredly made good in battle the title which his eloquence had won.

1848 is long ago, yet not so long but the present Mayor of Waterford remembers it. I met the kind old gentleman in his place of business, and he told me how he had taken out and buried one man's pike on Mount Misery, the rocky bluff opposite the town above the Great Western station; how he had helped to get another man away safe from the pursuit which raged through the country. He remembered Meagher's election too, and why it was lost. In 1848 the French Monarchy fell. Meagher was getting Tory support against the Whig whom O'Connell backed; but when someone ran up a tricolour flag from Meagher's committee-rooms, Conservative voters came no more to the poll.

He remembered, too, another famous or notorious election when Bernal Osborne was returned. In those times Catholic children used to fight the "Blue Boys," as the Protestant children of Bishop Foy's foundation were called. He remembered many meetings when Parnell spoke at Ballybricken, the open green at the top of the town; and later faction-fighting between Parnellite and anti-Parnellite; and now after it all he lives to see his member and his leader, Mr. Redmond, triumphant at last.

Names of streets throughout the town suggest the same varied history: Parnell Street, Gladstone Street, Beresford Street, Meagher's Quay. Yet perhaps there is nothing more significant than the tombstone in the little Catholic graveyard near Ballybricken, which commemorates James Cloony, who fought at Castel Fiderdo, Spoleto, and Perugia for "an independent Pope and an independent Church": who later, in quite another cause, fought in the army of the Potomac at Malvern Mills, Fair Oak, Caine Oak, and lastly at Antietam, where he fell on September 17th, 1862—a veteran, aged twenty-one.

Strange race, strange destiny. One of Meagher's family, Thadée de Meagher, crossed the sea with the "wild geese," passed through the French Army into the service of the King of Poland, became a General in the Polish Army, and was sent as Plenipotentiary to negotiate terms with Frederick the Great. Thomas Wall, another Waterford man, took service about the

same time in the Spanish Navy, transferred himself to the Army, and finally in 1754 became Minister for Foreign Affairs. Nor was it only soldiership and diplomacy that Waterford men carried out into the wider world. Between the days of Elizabeth and Cromwell no less than five Waddings, theologians and annalists, adorned seats of learning and religion on the Continent with qualities which they were forbidden to exercise at home.

In the later days of Catholic emancipation, since Irishmen were free to serve their country as teachers and thinkers at home, no town has a prouder record than the city by the Suir. The De la Salle College, where hundreds of the Irish national teachers now get their training, was founded in 1887 by the brothers De la Salle. But far more interest attaches to the modest Mount Sion School, which was the very cradle of the Christian Brothers, a teaching order whose service to Ireland cannot be valued. Here, in 1802, Edmund Ignatius Rice, a merchant of Waterford, founded a school to give suitable training to the Catholic boys of his city; and so began a brotherhood of lay teachers, bound under temporary vows, whose work is flourishing in every town in Ireland, supported less by donations from the rich than by the pence of the poor, and giving for the lowest possible fee an education that is most shrewdly adapted to all the practical business of life, making of their pupils everywhere good citizens and good Irishmen.

Waterford has been, and is, a centre of education,

and here naturally the new gospel of the Gaelic League took strength, and one of the most characteristic figures of the movement has been a Waterford priest, Dr. Henebry, learned in the Irish tongue, a mine of pithy proverbs, a passionate student of the traditional Irish music, and the most redoubtable upholder of all the orthodoxy of every traditional Irish dance. At my first visit to Waterford, some years ago, I was early afoot and strolling about the town. An old man, exchanging greetings with a woman on her morning supply of milk, spoke Irish, to my surprise, for although the tongue lives strongly in the mountains and on the seaboard of Waterford, it was long disused in the city. I fell into talk, and found the old fellow jubilant on the change. "I was fifty years in Waterford, and I'd be afraid to speak Irish in it. I'd get my mouth broken, till Dr. Henebry came." What was once in disrepute is now the mark of honour. "*Gaedheal mise, agus ní náir dom e,*" says Dr. Henebry; and every man too says in Irish and in English, "Gael am I and not ashamed of it."

There is a new pride to-day in Ireland, and pulses beat stronger in every cottage, for the excellent reason that there is more food in the bodies of men and growing children. Such an interior as Mr. Thomson has sketched on the Island has changed, in this respect, that the black pot over the turf fire holds meat at least once a week. In the 'fifties, labouring men had nothing but potatoes to live on, with a little salt for their only "kitchen"; and even in a farmer's house

tea and bread were doled out for a special privilege only to their ploughman—a slice of bread, and tea that had been perhaps thrice watered and boiled. Meat was scarcely thought of; and milk for the poor harder even to come by than it is now. An old man like the Mayor of Waterford sees to-day a country more prosperous, better clothed, and better fed than he ever knew it.



A Cottage Hearth.

Yet in the towns life is still stagnant. Waterford has its industry of bacon-curing, and it has little else. Corn comes into the port, and maize; cattle go out of it. When I passed there last, lamentation was widespread, for the embargo caused by the foot-and-mouth disease had checked the whole flow of trade and movement of money. To-day the port is open again,

and the bullocks go out in jostling droves as Mr. Thomson has drawn them; but there is a general feeling of insecurity.



The Triumph of Mind over Matter.

Ireland has too many eggs in this one basket, and this visitation would be a blessing in disguise if she were driven to export, not live stock, but carcasses;

not cattle, but beef; and so be driven to deal herself with the by-products of her staple export in hide, horn, and offal. A brisker life would then circulate in the old leisurely streets of this typical Irish town. As it is, it lies there by the water's edge, spreading over the gradual slope of hill in a kind of lazy beauty, as seen from across the river, that is lost when one approaches the somewhat sordid details of its streets. About the Protestant Cathedral and its precincts, bishop's palace and decorous deanery, is a look of solid order and comfort; yet of a leisurely comfort, which extends to the broad Parade where are the Town Hall and most of the public buildings. But the rest is unkempt.

Still things are changing. When I saw Waterford at first, the noble river was spanned by a wooden bridge, where tolls were charged; and infinite money had been wasted at Westminster in the effort to procure legislation which would free the traffic and enable a new modern structure to replace the old. To-day the new bridge is there, solid, handsome, and free of toll: Redmond Bridge, no bad monument for a man, no bad beginning for a new era. From it, but best of all in the dark, when lights shine along the quay and festoon the hillside, you can study the town: see the river narrowing towards you, between villas and their wooded grounds on either side, till Reginald's Tower is reached—heart of the town, heart of its history. A mile from the Tower, upstream from the bridge, is the bluff cliff where Ireton

posted himself in strength till the *urbs intacta* fell to him. There, watching the flicker of light on the grey glimmer of salmon-haunted water, and still distinguishing the masts and cordage of sailing ships and the funnelled steamers that lie along the quay, one's mind goes back over the past to the days when Danish galleys drove their boats high upon soft mud-banks where now are timbered wharfs; to the mailed Normans coming in upon now half Irish Norsemen; to Henry's power, John's luxury, Cromwell's angry passage, James's ignominious flight; to the times of Protestant ascendancy, to the gradual Catholic emancipation and rise of Irish national spirit in opposition to all the interests that allied themselves with the legislative union: to Roberts and Beresford on the one side, Meagher and Redmond on the other, and the *Irish Volunteer* selling in every shop along the quays. These contrasts, these antinomies, this medley of elements each noble and strong, yet still imperfectly fused, present themselves everywhere in Ireland, and here not least, at the Gateway by which for so many centuries the stranger has come in and the Irishman gone out.

CHAPTER II

DUNDALK

FROM any of the hills near Dublin, whether the outlying mass of Howth to the east, or all that huddle of rounded heights which approach the city on the west, you can see the vast central plain spreading far and wide. West and north-west, nothing breaks the low horizon; but on a clear day you will see to the north a long low serrated range, the Carlingford Hills, and beyond them, faint in the far distance, all the peaks and shoulders of the Mourne Mountains, stretching some twenty miles inland from the sea. With them Ulster begins.

All the level land, the grass of Meath, the arable soil of Louth, was easily overrun by whoever held Dublin; though to the west of it bogs and woods offered a place of refuge, full of military difficulties. The natural route to the North has always led, as it leads to-day, along the unindented coast to a bridge over the Boyne at Drogheda—Droichead Atha, the bridge of the ford—and thence straight north for another twenty miles to Dundalk, where the mountain barrier blocks the way.



100. 6. 1900. 1111. 10000.

Here, roads diverge. One line of the railway strikes north-west, following the valley of the Inny river into Monaghan and so to Fermanagh, and finally through Tyrone into the County of Derry—a country of many rivers and little lakes among uneven, marshy ground; poor, inhospitable, and tenanted by a hardy race of men. The other branch, which is the main one, passing Dundalk, carries the traveller up a steep gradient into a wild, narrow gorge, the Moyry pass, which skirts the western end of the Carlingford range, and as it rises brings you on to a bleak moor. Here Slieve Gullion mountain on your left makes a part of County Armagh, and on your right is County Down, with Slieve Donard and all his brethren of Mourne. This is the Gap of the North; it leads into the true Ulster, that north-eastern region of Ireland which has always held somewhat aloof and apart from the rest—which is in many ways more aboriginal than any other part of the country, and which was fiercely and indomitably Irish when all the land up to Dundalk was shire-ground, fully within the English pale.

Dundalk, standing on the marches, at the point where this pass debouches on the plain, a frontier town between Ulster and the rest of Ireland, has been inevitably connected with great events, a link between North and South. To-day overwhelmingly Catholic and Nationalist, it has still much the character of an Ulster town, and, as shall be seen, primitive history included it with Ulster, when Ulster

was most Irish and most distinct. But for the moment my business is to relate it to the early days of Norman rule.

When Henry II. left Ireland, he held strongly the country pertaining to the seaports of Dublin, Wexford, and Waterford; he had received the submission of all Munster, and even of Connaught. Meath was his, and the adjoining kingdoms or principalities of Oriel and of Breffny had submitted to him. But with Ulster, as Ulster then was understood, he had not even intercourse.

In historical theory, the King of Northern Ireland was the head of Cinel Owen, the northern O'Neills, whose seat was at Ailech, overlooking Derry, on the ridge between Lough Foyle and Lough Swilly. But in reality the seat of the O'Neills' power lay far south of this, about Dungannon, to the south of Lough Neagh. Tyrone was theirs undisputed, and Derry and most of Armagh. But to the west of them lay the wild territory comprised in Donegal and North Fermanagh, and over this the O'Donnells of Tyrconnell bore a sway which admitted little of O'Neill's lordship. They, the Cinel Connell, were at perpetual war with the Cinel Owen, and their mutual raids and wars kept them fully occupied whilst the Normans were establishing their power over the southern kingdom. Nor was the power of the O'Neills more real or decisive in the region which lay on their eastern flank - the region whose western boundary is Lough Neagh and the Bann. The Bann, as it flows from

that huge lake into the sea, separates Antrim from County Derry, then the country of O'Neill's chief clansmen, the O'Cahans; but its upper course makes a boundary between Armagh and Down. To the south of the Mourne mountains Carlingford Lough drives a long narrow wedge of water into land, and the Newry river, winding round the mountains to fall into this, completes the boundary of what Giraldus Cambrensis calls Ulidia—that is, Ulaidh, the original Ulster.

These two counties, Antrim and Down, had in the twelfth century their own separate king, not without rivals; but even by its feuds Ulster was little related to the general body of Ireland. The northern O'Neills came of the same blood as the Kings of Meath; but in the glens of Antrim and about the base of the Mourne Mountains there survived something of a stock more primitive than the Milesian.

Just as in England Henry had given to Strongbow a licence “more ironical than serious” to take what he could get in Ireland, so in Dublin he told one of the boldest among the band of adventurers, the giant John de Courcy, that Ulster might be his if he cared to take it. Once more the jesting permission was translated into grave earnest.

John de Courcy, ‘more of a soldier than a general,’ says Giraldus, set out from Dublin in the winter, about the end of January, 1177. He had two-and-twenty knights and about three hundred rank and file; himself fair to whiteness, he rode on a white

charger, carrying on a shield argent three winged griffons; thus equipped, to fulfil Columbkil's prophecy, that a white man on a white horse should conquer Ulster, he at the head of his little army rode through Meath; then, fording the Boyne, passed up through the principality of Oriel and past Dundalk through the Gap of the North; thence guiding his followers through the hills where no man looked for such an invasion, he swooped upon the city of Down. The king, MacDunlevy, had no resource but flight; whilst de Courcy, having got into the town, proceeded to strengthen his position there. The forced march had told on his men and horses; he had reached Down on the fourth day, quicker than news of his coming could travel; but there was plenty of provender for man and beast in the captured city, a place of ancient renown, where Saint Patrick himself lay buried.

But in the meantime MacDunlevy was also busy, and within a week he had a great host of clansmen ready to attack the invaders of his kingdom. They may not have been ten thousand, as Giraldus alleges, but they were probably ten to one; and the Normans had to come out into the open against them. But the coats of mail won; John de Courcy himself did prodigies of valour, and MacDunlevy was repulsed. It was the first of four battles fought in that same year up and down through this territory, and de Courcy was not always victor. Yet he held his ground, and soon strengthened his position with a notable alliance, marrying the daughter of Gothred,

king of the Norse in the Isle of Man. Before long he is to be found assisting the men of Ulidia—that is, Dunlevy's people—against the attacks from the O'Neills, who had crossed the Bann and were pillaging the country about the Giant's Causeway. The Normans, here, as elsewhere, called in to defend, soon made their own of what they defended, and within a hundred years all to the east of the Bann—but nothing west of it—was thoroughly Anglicised and settled.

Here too, as elsewhere, the Norman was founding abbeys where he built castles, and, after the Norman policy, everywhere making friends with the Church. In one of de Courcy's battles the Irish brought into the field against him for a luck-bringer the famous Book of Armagh, believed to be St. Patrick's own writing; and de Courcy won the Book among the spoils of battle, but after keeping it for some months he restored the treasure to its rightful place in Armagh.

Thus the Normans, man by man, carried out Henry's ecclesiastical policy, at least in name. Yet soon it became apparent that Church as well as State was to be a Norman appanage. Every preferment was filled by men of the invaders' race, and these clerics interpreted in all its strictness the principle that there should be English law between Englishman and Englishman, but between Englishman and Irishman no law at all. After a hundred and fifty years' experience of the rule to which the Pope had given his sanction, Irishmen appealed to the Pope, and the

appeal came from Ulster. Donal O'Neill, "King of Ulster and of all Ireland, the rightful heir by hereditary right," claiming to speak, as his pedigree entitled him, for the whole line of Ard Righs, wrote, "on behalf of the Kings and magnates and the whole laity," a letter of protest to Pope John. He recited how, since the coming of Henry, the English had ravaged Ireland; how John had belied Henry's promise that he would extend the boundaries of the Church; how the cathedrals of the Irish were plundered and their bishops imprisoned; and how the very clergy of the Englishmen asserted that it was no more sin to kill an Irishman than a dog. The monks of the Cistercian Order at Inch, in the diocese of Down, were cited as men who beyond doubt put shamelessly in practice what they preached, "for, appearing publicly in arms, they attack and slay the Irish, and yet celebrate their Masses notwithstanding."

The complaint was not of England's supremacy; it was of the English King's failure to maintain justice between his subjects in the land. "They (the Anglo-Normans) affirm that it is lawful for them to take from us by force of arms our lands and property of every kind, not considering this anything to trouble their consciences even at the hour of death. It is they who by their crafty and deceitful scheming have alienated us from the King of England. We sent forward a letter describing these outrages and abominations aforesaid to the King of England and

his Council through the Bishop of Ely, and made a courteous proposal that we should hold our lands immediately from the King *in capite*, according to the conditions in the Bull of Adrian, a full transcript of which we transmit herewith; that he should with the consent of both parties divide our lands according to some reasonable plan between us, and thus avoid wholesale bloodshed. We have, however, received no answer to this application."

Then follows the sentence which relates the document to this chapter. The Irish King wrote to the Pope not so much appealing for redress as justifying what he and his had done. "Let no man then be surprised if we are determined to save our lives and defend the privileges of our independence against these cruel tyrants and vampires. We are ready to prove our statement by the evidence of native Bishops and others, and have invited Edward Bruce to our aid and assistance."

Bannockburn was fought in 1314. During the long war Edward of England had drawn much help from the Anglo-Irish. Also Edward Bruce began to have ambitions of his own, and Robert Bruce was not sorry to let his brother's energy find an outlet in a quarter where it ought to hinder reinforcements from reaching England. It was a light matter to ferry troops across the narrow water which divides Scotland from Antrim, and accordingly Edward Bruce landed at Larne in 1315. The Anglo-Norman lords were too much divided to com-

bine against him: de Burgo, the Earl of Ulster, refused to act with Butler, then the Lord Deputy, and all but all the Irish at once sided with the new-comer. Bruce marched through Ulster almost unopposed, and according to some accounts was at Dundalk crowned King of Ireland. What is more certain is that he burned the place and pillaged the monasteries; it was the beginning of a course of action which he maintained for three years and a half, marching up and down through Ireland, establishing nothing, destroying everything, until in 1318, while marching northwards, he was assailed by the barons of Meath and Louth under Bermingham, and the two armies came to grips on the hill of Faughart, where the road from Dundalk rises on its way to the Moyry pass. In this battle Bruce fell, to the universal joy of Ireland. An Irish monk, Thady Dowling, Chancellor of Leighlin, compiling his chronicle about the year 1600, broke out of Latin in order to celebrate the "event." "Suddane clyming, suddane falling, an high flood, a low ebb. Mappas a jugler knocked him with II bullets in a bagg and killed him, et ipse super eum occisus et terra a rege dabatur heredibus suis 4 polles." The Annals of Clonmacnoise, written in Irish, say:— "There was not a better deed that redounded more to the credit of the Kingdom since the banishment of the Fomorians out of Ireland than the killing of Edward Bruce; for there reigned scarcity of victuals, and breach of promises, ill performance of covenants,

and the loss of men and women throughout the whole kingdom for the space of three years and a half that he bore sway, inasmuch that men did commonly eat one another for want of sustenance during his time.”

Ireland was rid of King Stork; the desperate remedy had only aggravated her disease. Wise governance might have made English rule, or any strong centralised rule doing equal justice, a welcome blessing, but no such blessing came. The one serious result of Bruce's invasion was that north of the Mourne mountains Norman lordship disappeared. Here and there some of the English settlers remained; but one clan of these, the Savages of the Ards, became by Tudor days “mere Irish”; and the Bissets, who kept their hold on the Glens of Antrim, soon intermarried across the water with MacDonnells of the Isles, to whom the lordship passed; and these new Scottish lords were the only rivals to O'Neill in the control of Ulster, which became once more all but absolutely Irish, the part of the country most completely alien to English influence. Not for nearly three centuries after the coming of Bruce did English troops pass freely and without fear through the Gap of the North.

The head of Edward Bruce was conveyed for a trophy to England, and Thady Dowling tells a story of it:—

“The ambassador of Scotland expected of the King of England some despatch, and he, as is said, thought to have given Bruce Ulster; the head of Bruce and

other heads after a great feast or a banquet were laid before them, *confusi surrexerunt et discesserunt.*”

A glance at Faughart will show why Bruce took up his position there. The hill, about two miles north of Dundalk, is covered with an important mound or “mote” of stone and earth and surrounded by a deep trench, now almost obliterated. There was also, when Wright described it in his “Louthiana” as long ago as 1748, trace there of an octagonal building—probably Norman; for the Normans began with rough forts raised on these conical mounds. Many another army encamped on Faughart—for instance, that of Mountjoy in 1600, when he was observing O’Neill, Earl of Tyrone, then holding the Moyry pass on the hills. On the western slope is a churchyard with the ruins of a very ancient church, and somewhere here the headless trunk of Edward Bruce got burial under a rough unhewn mountain stone. Tradition fixes the spot at the south-west corner of the churchyard, and country people say that such a stone is embedded there under the grass and clay.

But there are at Faughart memories more ancient and more venerable than these. Here was born, in 450 A.D., “the mother of all the Saints in Ireland,” Saint Brigid, daughter of an Irish noble, Dubhthach or Duffy; but she was the daughter of a slave concubine who was driven out through the jealousy of her mistress, and took service with a Druid here on the hill slope above Dundalk. It was not at

Faughart but in King's County that Brigid took the veil, and the great seat of her religious foundation was Kildare. All through Ireland Brigid travelled preaching and teaching while Patrick was still alive, and it is said that her hands were privileged to weave the winding-sheet for his burial. Here at Faughart, her birthplace, "stations" are still made in honour of her memory, and men show St. Bridget's Pillar and St. Bridget's Well.

This is a far cry back from Norman history, but the name of Dundalk allies itself to still remoter ages: and by the town there stands a monument that links on to epic days, when Christianity was but yet a name, and when Armagh with its great dun of Emain Macha was the centre of an Ulster kingdom and chivalry. Greatest of all the heroes of the Red Branch fellowship, Achilles of the Irish cycle, was Cuchulain; and Cuchulain's fort was at Dundéalgan, an outpost beyond the mountains, where this warrior of warriors kept guard over Ulster at its gate.

Nothing is more unmistakable than Cuchulain's dun—Castletown, as modern usage has come to name it; a steep hillock rising from the level ground a mile west of Dundalk, capped by a mound some forty feet in height. The outline of what must have been a far-seen landmark is now obscured by trees planted on mound and rampart, and on the top there stands a ridiculous dwelling known as O'Byrne's Folly, which was erected in 1780 by one Patrick O'Byrne. No earthen monument, not even Tara, is more

interesting, and none has been more stupidly disfigured.

Cuchulain's lordship was Muirthemne, the country between the Boyne and the mountains; and it comprised the rocky peninsula of Omeath, dividing Dundalk Bay from Carlingford Lough. This was Cuailgne, and it is called Cooley to-day. The great Irish epic is the *Táin Bo Cuailgne*, or *Quest of the Steer of Cooley*, and it tells how Maeve of Connaught made a hosting across Ireland to carry off the Brown Bull of Cooley, which was without a match among the cattle of Ireland. Single-handed, for the Ulstermen were held by a mysterious sickness, Cuchulain resisted the advancing host for sleepless days and nights, and the country-side is full of memoirs. Faughart is Focherd Muirthemne, "the throwing place of Muirthemne," where, at the hosting of the *Táin*, Cuchulain did his heroic casting. So does that old Irish book, "The Colloquy of the Ancients," allude to the hero's marvellous sling-throwing by which he terrorised the host. Another name is more disfigured. Near Dundalk in the Castletown river is a place called "The Car Pass,"¹ where no cars can pass. Mr. Tempest's ingenuity has identified it with *Ath na Carpat*, the Ford of the Chariots, mentioned also in the "Colloquy." This ford that was no ford is described in the *Táin* :

"Maeve's host marched till they came to the head

¹ Nowadays it is called Bay View; only old people remember it was once called The Car Pass.

of the tideway, and they endeavoured to work their way across the tide, but they were not able to pass from the force of the floods, and the chariots that went down into the water the tide carried off with them into the ocean; it is called the place of the swallowing of the chariots." They made their crossing at last lower down, "where the tide licked the foot of the mountain," and the entire host passed over "by the light of torches shining on the dense drove, from whence it has got its name of the place of the Exploit of the Tide's Passage." Place and name are lost alike, for embankment has altered the tideway now; but within living memory there were two fords between the town and the sea where the tide licked the mountain. And in the mountain country itself, where the host was seeking for the Brown Bull, Cloch an Iolair, the Eagle's Rock, is still known. "The men of Éire proceeded," says the Táin, "till they entered and settled for the night at Drum Éair, in the district of Conaille Muirthemne, and Cuchulain climbed up into the eagle's nest that was near at hand, and he took his arrows and brandished them over their heads."

These are vivid pictures, surely, from the literature composed at least a thousand years ago in the Irish speech which still survives in the mountains of Omeath. But to me the finest passage in all the Cuchulain story is that which tells how to "sunny, bright Dundalk" a messenger came from Émain Macha, telling how a young warrior had landed on

the Irish coast and had refused to tell his name except to one who defeated him in fight: how he had dispatched one after another of those sent against him; and how Cuchulain was needed to confront him for the honour of the Red Branch.

The rest of that tragic episode is nowhere better told than in a song written in Irish of the fifteenth century, which I wrote down in Donegal from the lips of an old scholar who could neither read nor write. The hero father unknowingly slays his hero son—who has fought, knowing whom he fought against; but he has fought in silence, bound by his pledge to his revengeful mother, Cuchulain's cast-off love. All the token he could give was to make one cast so ill-directed that Cuchulain should have guessed no enemy threw it. But the fight goes forward, and only when dying does the boy proclaim his kinship. Here is Cuchulain's lament:—

Grief for my son I put from me never
Till the flagstones of my side crumble;
It is in me and through my heart
Like the sharp flame in the hoary rushes.

Were I and Conla of my heart
Playing our kingly feats together
We would march from wave to shore
Over the five-fifths of Ireland.

With that deed, luck left Cuchulain, and at last his enemies surrounded him alone on the plain of his own territory, Muirthemne, that is between the Boyne and Dundalk; and one drove a spear through him



On the Way to Market.

so that his bowels fell out. He asked leave then of his enemies to go to a lake that was near by to get a drink, and they granted it, and he gathered up his bowels with his hands and went down and drank, and then called to his enemies. There was a pillar stone west of the lake, and he tied himself to it with his belt so that he would meet death standing up, and his enemies stood far off, afraid to approach him, for the hero light that came on him in battle was still shining over his head. But at last a bird came and lit on his shoulder. "It is not on that pillar birds were used to settle," said one; and then another, seeing the man was dead, drew near and lifted the hair from his shoulders and struck his head off.

About four miles south of Dundalk, a couple of gunshots from a bog which might have been a lake, there stands a pillar stone called Cloghanfarmore—that is, the Big Man's Stone. Local story—such as women tell each other on their way to market—only knows that a great man once died there and split the stone in his struggles. But Mr. H. G. Tempest, the Irish antiquary of Dundalk, thinks the Big Man was Cuchulain, and that here life ebbed from him, and here his horse, the Gray of Macha, that had fought hard to defend him, came up and nuzzled his head in the dead breast. I saw it in a melancholy landscape, with a sky like a pall and mountain-tops looming up to the right of that sinister stone.

Many an army has traversed the Moyry pass since Cuchulain guarded the way to Emain Macha. Most

decisive of Irish history was the force that came under Schomberg in August, 1689, perhaps fifteen thousand men, the advance guard of William's force. They encamped outside Dundalk, and James hurried up from Drogheda and tried to draw them from their entrenchments, but failed, and was afraid to attack the camp, where they stayed till November of that year, losing terribly by disease, which finally constrained them to withdraw to Newry. Next year, when William landed at Carrickfergus, James held Dundalk, but he was not able to check the Dutchman in the Moyry pass, and gradually fell back across Muirthemne to the Boyne. There was little of Cuchulain about James II.

It is not the memories of either James or William that are most celebrated in Dundalk; a memorial to the "Men of 'Ninety-Eight" attests the sympathies of the town, which is strongly Irish and Nationalist. But I remember that when I came there first I had been travelling far through Ireland, and realised quickly that I was at last in a Protestant house. The waiter or boots or general factotum was a friendly, genial Orangeman—"An' it's worse I'm getting every day," he told us. But he explained, too, how no good Orangeman could be anything but a good citizen, and he reprobated with honest anger the doings of which Orangemen gets the discredit. I thought him an exception at the time, but having seen Orangemen put restraint not only on themselves but on those whom they would not admit into their

order, I begin to have more respect for my friend's judgment; and I am sure, too, that whatever comes and goes in Ireland, he and I will meet friendly as we have always done since our first acquaintance some ten years ago. He has commended a speech which he listened to me making, certainly from no Orange platform, and he has sympathised with small injuries which I received in an election riot from no Orange hands; and the pleasantest memory that I carry in mind of Dundalk is of this homely, friendly Orangeman, warden of the gates of Ulster.



A Young Woman.



Galway from the Claddagh.

CHAPTER III

GALWAY

THERE is no other place in Ireland so precisely marked out by nature for the site of a town as Galway. Lough Corrib runs for a matter of thirty miles due north and south, making an unbridgable water barrier; and the short river Corrib, flowing from it, traverses swampy ground until just at the head of the tideway a rocky point interposes between the river and a tidal lagoon whose name is Loch an t-Súile, Sea Lake. This offered a healthy place for habitation, and an island in the river made the inevitable point for two bridges, across which all land traffic between the vast region of Connemara and the rest of Ireland must find its way. These features indicated a town, a place of interchanging traffic; but what marked out the future city was the presence

at this precise spot of a superb natural harbour. Mutton Island, lying off the outfall of the river, screens an area of deep water from all the waves that come from west and south across the great bay; and the river channel allowed vessels of four hundred tons burden to run right up to the city where the river shore was banked into a quay.

It is, perhaps, the best proof of the inaptitude of Irish civilisation for municipal development that no Irish town of note existed at such a conjunction of advantages. Something in the nature of a town indeed there was, for the Danes ravaged it under Turgesius in the year 835; but they did not establish themselves anywhere on the West Coast north of their settlements on the Shannon. By the twelfth century, however, a considerable village was growing up, under the over-lordship of the O'Flaherties, chiefs of Connemara, and in 1124 a Castle was built at Galway. Castle and town were destroyed in 1132 and again in 1149 by invading forces from Munster; but these must have been structures only of wood and wattle. The greatness of Galway is post-Norman; and it is connected with the history of one Norman family, the de Burgos, or Burkes, which, however, soonest of all Norman breeds, became completely Irish.

Henry II., despite the treaty of Windsor which he made with Rory O'Connor in 1175, granted four years later the entire province of Connaught to William Fitzandelm de Burgo and his heirs. The grant remained for many years a concession on parch-

ment only, and the first title by which the Normans entered Connaught was the same as that by which they came into Ireland; they were called in as allies in a quarrel between Irish claimants.

From 1230 onwards, a main object in their operations was the possession of Galway, which O'Flaherty fortified and defended in O'Connor's interest. De Burgo took the place, O'Connor retook it; but, finally, the Anglo-Norman established himself there and made the town his principal stronghold. Its history, however, begins about 1270, when the inhabitants appear to have received from Edward I. a murage charter, authorising them to collect customs to be expended on making and maintaining walls. This was an idea of which the loose-knit Irish polity afforded no example. Within the ambit of their defences there grew up a new kind of life, of which the Danish cities had known something, but which was strange to the wholly Gaelic community in whose midst this city was planted. It was the Normans who brought to Galway, and to a score of other places in Ireland, municipal institutions,—a great gift, and one essential to the progress of civilisation.

Imagination is sluggish, and the sharp distinction between town life and country life in an unsettled state of government would not have been real to me without the chance of a few days' travel in Morocco before Europeans swooped down on that land. Our little party had pitched its tents twice in the open, on the second night among an encampment of ragged

tribesmen whose chief trade was cattle-lifting; and on the third day we came in sight of a town, its high walls rising clear and clean from the sea beach. We rode in—there was just room for a horse to pass the gate—and found narrow streets six inches deep in black mud; we discovered with difficulty an open space of ground by no means clean on which to set up our tents; and I was for moving on and camping again in the open. But my guide said firmly: “No. It is very pleasant to be inside walls.” Here, except for petty theft, property was secure; horses and baggage were in no jeopardy; we were part of an ordered regular existence, on which the gates closed at sundown. Here, in the streets, no man went armed; the inhabitants were, as the inhabitants of Galway described themselves to the Pope in 1484, a “modest and civil people,” many of them richly dressed; warehouses held ample store of goods; and the chief governor sat daily in his chair delivering judgment. To me he was extremely courteous, and I regretted much to read, a few months later, how a force of the wild tribesmen from the country had entered the town and unceremoniously hanged this civil gentleman in his own market-place. “This gate was erected to protect us from the ferocious O’Flaherties,” was written up in stone on the West Gate of Galway, facing the bridge which led to Connemara; and some similar inscription would have been much in place on the walls of Arzila.

Very probably that inroad may have been headed

by some chief whom I met in Laraiche or Tangier; handsome, well-dressed, and quite as civilised as his neighbours, but drawing rents in corn or figs from some country clan, and commanding their services on occasion. Raisuli, who to-day is Governor of the whole district about Tangier, was at that moment an outlaw on his keeping in the hills, a sort of brigand chief, ill-provided with followers. Such changes of fortune were common in the history of the nobles, Irish or Anglo-Irish, who held sway in the regions about Galway.

The analogy would, however, have been more complete if I had visited Arzila some centuries earlier, for the noble walls of the town were Portuguese-built, and the cannon on the ramparts had inscriptions on them in Latin or Portuguese which explained that they were there to keep out the heathen. Heathen people the Irish were to the builders of Galway; yet Arzila became Moorish, and Galway became Irish, and one may be certain that from the first hour the building began there were plenty of the native race within the walls as well as outside them—watched with suspicion, no doubt, permitted on sufferance, yet gradually gaining in numbers and importance. But the ring fence of ramparts could, and did, keep the community inside separate and distinct for hundreds of years.

What the Normans brought to Ireland was the habit of building stone defences; and this meant the power of creating in towns a more settled and con-

tinuous polity than was known to Irish history. It was the first condition of commerce as a profession. Before the Normans, the Danes were the only real merchants; under the Norman auspices there grew up guilds and communities of traders whose way of life was wholly apart from that of the surrounding regions, yet who benefited, and were benefited by, the whole countryside. Commerce had existed before in Ireland from of old, but never in anything like the same volume; and Galway is the extreme typical example of the new order. No town was more successful, and none was more cut off from the general English Government; for Connaught, as a whole, lay 'by west of English law.'

In such a case it may be said, almost without reserve, that the Normans' coming brought unqualified gain. As lords territorial, their fundamental conception of government, their whole ideas of property and of the succession to property, were alien to the Irish mind; collision was inevitable, and much must perish. But in the matter of town life they could create without destroying, for there was little to destroy. In Ulster, where they did not conquer, no real town grew up for centuries. In Connaught, the best that Connaught was permitted to know of civilisation was centred in Galway. The native Irish civilisation which had left its expression in the cathedral arch of Tuam or in the Cross of Cong, was a civilisation of loose-knit country life with centres of culture largely ecclesiastical. Mediæval civilisation,

in which art and culture blended with commerce, grew up in Sligo, in Athenry, and, above all, in Galway—a civilisation English at first, yet becoming more and more Irish as the decades multiplied and the races fused into one.

From the building of the walls and fortifications in 1270 and onwards, the population and trade of Galway increased; what had been formerly little more than a market became an emporium of wares; and from this period dates the coming of families famous in Galway annals—the Blakes, the Bodkins, the Joyces, the Lynches, the Martins. The town customs were farmed out in 1303 for £32 to Richard li Blake—(that is, quite simply, the Black; he was Dubh, in Irish). His payment sufficed to keep up the walls; thirty-two pounds went far in mason work at that period.

All the settlers were English, and they were under the general protection of Richard de Burgo, Earl of Ulster, then the most powerful potentate in Ireland. But his power did not run seawards, and to secure their commerce and harbour against pirates the merchants of Galway paid twelve tuns of wine yearly to the O'Briens of Clare, who were lords also of the Aran isles which screen the mouth of Galway bay.

When Edward Bruce traversed Ireland he did not reach Galway, but a Connaught force, under Felim O'Connor, marching to his assistance, was defeated with terrible slaughter at Athenry in 1317.

This battle blotted out for ever in blood all the claims of the O'Conors to rule in Connaught; the Norman was now lord paramount. Three years later, Galway men founded the Church of St. Nicholas, which has ever since then been the most remarkable object in the city. St. Nicholas—Santa Claus—is the patron saint, not only of children, but of sailors, those bigger children; the merchant venturers chose him by natural selection; it was no impediment that he was also the special patron of thieves.

The church they began to build so long ago is one of the very few in Ireland which has come through many centuries unbroken and little defaced; and well they built it. But before its building can have been completed even to the original design, there came an event which marked decisively that, even if the Normans ruled Connaught, they ruled it as Irishmen. In 1334 the third Earl of Ulster was murdered at Carrickfergus; his only heir was a young girl, and the junior branches of the de Burgos determined to assert their freedom. Sir William de Burgo and his brother, Sir Edmond, divided the Connaught territory between them, Sir William taking what is now County Galway, with the title of MacWilliam Iachtar (that is, Lower), Sir Edmond taking Mayo as MacWilliam Uachtar (that is, Upper). Their descendants became, in due course, the Earls of Clanricarde and of Mayo, but for two centuries they existed as wholly independent Irish chieftains, speaking Irish, ruling and

transmitting their rule according to the Irish law and custom.

MacWilliam Iachtar claimed to be lord of Galway; yet the people of the town within the ring-fence of their walls were too strong to be domineered over by any chieftain. Their trade was now accumulating riches, and Edmund Lynch Fitzstephen, who built in 1342 the great West bridge by which the main street still reaches the island, was called Eamonn na Tuaine, Edmund of the Tuns, from the greatness of his wine trade. Galway, thrust away out into the west, lay fair for the traffic with Spain and Portugal; a westerly wind would carry a man's ship from Galway Bay to Cadiz, or from Cadiz to Galway, without shifting a sail. In 1361 the town had returned to its allegiance and owned the lordship of the Countess of Ulster, then wife to Lionel, Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward III.; and she obtained for the burgesses a charter authorising special customs to be levied during five years for strengthening the walls.

The specification of these dues gives a good idea of what the traffic was. Corn, malt, meat, and salt were taxed a penny the crannock; wine paid four-pence a tun, a tun of honey the same; a horse-load of honey was taxed a penny, but probably the tun was strained honey. Sixteen salmon should have been equal to a tun of wine, for the due on every salmon was a farthing. A man's load of sea-fish, or a hundred of fresh-water eels paid the same rate; but one lamprey, though not a large fish, paid as much

as a salmon, so great was the store set on this delicacy. Irish cloth of wool was on sale in Galway; English and foreign linen cloth came in by sea. Iron, gads of steel, coloured glass, and white glass, would all be imports; but a notable local trade was done in hides and pelts. Wolfskins and catskins are on the list—presumably wild cats—and squirrel skins, which must have meant martens, for the squirrel is of recent introduction into Ireland. The pine marten still exists in mountains, though very rare, and its bushy tail would account for the confusion.

But although these dues were all regulated by enactment from the King of England, the King was far off, MacWilliam Iachtar was near, and when the corporation were forced to choose between the two they inclined to the nearer allegiance. In 1382, when de Burgo was in open revolt, the citizens of Galway rang the common bell and paid their tribute to ‘the King’s enemy, MacWilliam,’ who in the name of fealty received from them rents of fishing weirs and other emoluments, and even the keys of the town gates. But this was a passing movement, and, with growing prosperity, the town’s desire was for increasing independence. In 1484, Galway’s status was finally fixed by a charter which gave power to elect a mayor and two bailiffs, and added specially that “Neither the Lord MacWilliam of Clanrickard or his heirs should settle anything in the town” without the leave of these burgess-magistrates.

At the same time, these new authorities obtained

a special recognition from the Church. Hitherto Galway had been part of the Diocese of Annaghdown, to-day a village betwixt Tuam and Galway. The nature of this See is sufficiently described by a letter of 1532 in which the Lord Deputy apologised for recommending an Irishman to hold it on the ground that it was too poor for "a foreigner of reputation," and that, being situated among the "inordinate wild Irish," it could only be governed by one who had "the favour of the country." The people of Galway represented themselves to the Pope as "a modest, civil people," using the English tongue, and desired to be put under more congenial governance. It was conceded to them that St. Nicholas' should become a collegiate church governed by a Warden and eight Vicars, and the right of appointing these was given to the mayor, bailiffs, and citizens of the town for ever. This charter of their spiritual autonomy was exercised almost to within living memory. Only in 1831 was Galway made into a bishopric of the Roman Church: and old men remember Father Daly, the last Warden of Galway.

This strong growth of an urban community, self-controlled and distinct, was typical of the time. While the country was torn with perpetual strife between English, Irish, and Anglo-Irish rulers, the towns of Waterford, Limerick, and Galway had virtually developed into self-governing republics. "They elected their own magistrates," says Mr. Wilson, "excluded the King's judges, contributed

nothing to the King's revenue, declared war and concluded peace without the smallest regard for the Deputy and the Dublin Parliament." Thus, in 1524, the constant jealousy which arose out of Limerick's claim to trade free in the Connaught city, while levying its own tolls on the Galwaymen, broke into open war, and the hostilities were concluded by a formal treaty. Both these cities, lying on the same coast, had the same trade-outlook: but Galway was specially connected with Spain. From that connection arose the most celebrated incident in its municipal history, and it took place a very few years after the chartered ratification of the town's privileges.

In 1493, James Lynch Fitzstephen was elected Mayor; and, seeing that the interests of Galway lay in establishing the best possible relations with Spain, he himself went on a voyage there and was entertained at Cadiz by Gomez, a wealthy merchant. To consolidate the bond, Lynch proposed that his host's son should accompany him back to Galway and there become his guest. So it was done, and the young Gomez lived in the Mayor's house on the friendliest terms with Lynch's son, a youth of his own age, till the ancient cause of discord intervened. Walter Lynch was paying his addresses to a girl whom we only know of by her baptismal name, Agnes; and the father of Agnes, also a merchant, spoke Spanish fluently and delighted to encourage the visits of young Gomez to his house. It seemed to Walter Lynch that daughter as well as father welcomed this

guest too willingly; in a passion of jealousy he attacked Gomez, stabbed him, and threw his body into the sea; then fled for shelter to the woods near the town. By the morning he had already determined to give himself up, when he saw armed townsmen approaching to apprehend him, and his own father was at their head. The Mayor of Galway was no petty magistrate; life and death lay in his sentence. His wife and daughters saw him conduct his son, a bound captive, to the prison, which was at the very door of their house. They saw him pass that door next day to take his place on the seat of justice, where there was no need to labour proof, for the deed was confessed; and they saw him come back, having passed his verdict. It was no common murder; the law of hospitality had been outraged; and the murdered man was, in a sense, a public guest; the honour of the whole town was involved.

James Lynch had gone to Spain to advance the interest of Galway; he had brought back the Spanish lad to cement commercial ties with friendship, and this was the end. He pronounced judgment according to the law. Then began entreaty, and when entreaty failed, it was the turn of threats. The mother, a Blake, ran to her own people, made them raise their faction to effect a rescue, and to intimidate when they could not persuade. As the father accompanied his son from the prison, where father and son had together received the Sacrament, a mob surrounded the escort; the armed men gave way, but

the Mayor led his prisoner upstairs from the street, and brought him out into full view of the crowd, which now threatened his own death. Undismayed, there in the sight of all, he himself did the duty to



"Lynch's Castle."

which no other man in the town would put his hand. Then he stood for a few moments awaiting what might happen to himself; but that fell courage had stupefied all beholders. He went back to his own house unmolested—never, it is said, to be seen out-

side its door again. Who, indeed, could doubt but that a man so clear in his interpretation of what lay upon him must understand that such a deed cut off the doer of it for ever from the common ties of the world? a mystery of horror would cling about him, palpable as he walked the streets.

The memorial slab, with death's head and cross bones in black marble, erected by some descendant Lynch six generations later, in 1624, at the spot of the execution, was not needed to keep alive the memory of so tragic justice. Yet by a strange irony public remembrance has perverted the very essence of that deed. James Lynch Fitzstephen, who hanged his own son against the clamour of a mob, executed the law without respect of person; but the word 'Lynch law' derived from this very event has become the byword for brutal and summary vengeance administered without respect of law by a mob.

The matter has another aspect which is worth considering. Lynch's act proves conclusively that, at a time when all Connaught was under the Irish Brehon law, English law had force in Galway. An Irish brehon, called upon to give sentence in such a case, would have imposed a fine; and, no doubt, the blood-price would have been heavy. The judge would have done his utmost to give satisfaction to the friends of the slain man, but he would not have sought that satisfaction in spilling more blood. The other law, which is in its essence Roman law, carrying the conception that such an offence as young Lynch's is,

above all, an offence against the State, has prevailed throughout the European world; but who that reads the story will be sure that Lynch Fitzstephen's law was the law of wisdom?

This much is certain; that, in criminal matters, the English law, with its hard and fast penalties, has never been adopted as their own law by the Irish people. They will go to Court willingly for awards as to civil claims; but the more important the criminal case, the slower is an Irish jury to convict. Forty years after Lynch's day a case of man-slaying was decided in the Court of Galway by an Irish brehon, who imposed his eric; the tendency to adopt Irish methods of jurisprudence rather than English was everywhere strongly felt. In 1519 the Council of Galway prohibited formally what was plainly the growing practice of introducing Irish judges and lawyers to plead in the Common Court, and the reason they assigned for their decree is interesting. "It agreeth not with the King's laws, nor yet the emperor's in many places." Galway had to consider what principles of law would be understood, not only by Englishmen, but by the Spanish subjects of the Emperor Charles V.

Mrs. Green has justly pointed out that the long series of by-laws which the Corporation of Galway aimed against Irishmen and Irish customs prove, not an absence of intercommunication, but its presence. A decree of 1518 runs thus: "That no man of this town shall host or receive into their houses at

Christmas, Easter, nor no feast else any of the Burkes, MacWilliams, the Kellies, nor no sept else without licence of the Mayor and Council on pain to forfeit 5*l.*; that neither O ne Mac shall strut ne swagger through the streets of Galway." This was a prohibition of dangerous friendships, whether with Norman-Irish Burkes, or their neighbours in Clancricarde, the O'Kellys of Hy Many; and it is clear proof that these hospitalities existed. The reason why they should be discouraged is not far to seek. What happened to my acquaintance, the pasha of Arzila, might happen to the Mayor of Galway, in a sudden raid of wild clansmen. Likewise, in the reign of Edward VI., the town sought to limit the privilege of burial in the recently suppressed Monasteries within the borough "inasmuch as the sept of the O'Flaherties and other Irishry claimed a right to bury their dead in the Church, under pretence whereof they often tumultuously entered the Town endangering the lives of the inhabitants and destroying the place."

All throughout the sixteenth century the town was busily employed in trying to keep itself English, but, in spite of all, Irish it was becoming: and it was most Irish in the time of its greatest prosperity.

In 1585 an inquiry held by direction of the Lord Deputy, Sir John Perrot, into various abuses of the town revealed the necessity for various sumptuary enactments. No young man, "prentice or other-

wise," was to "wear no gorgeous apparell ne silks, either within or without their garments, nor yet fyne knitt stockings either of silk or other costlie wise." They must "wear no costly ruffs, thick and starched, but be contented with single ruffs"; they must avoid embroidered "pantouffles" and stick to plain shoes. As for the women, "they shall wear no gorgeous apparell, but as becometh them to do according to their callings, and in special they shall altogether foregoe the wearing of any hatts or cappes otherwise collored than black, and upon these they shall wear no costlie hatt bands or cap bands of gold thread, the mayoresses only excepted." Making of whisky, "aqua vitæ of corne," had to be restrained "for that the same is a consummation of all the provision of corne in the commonwealth." Workmen's wages were fixed by rule—twopence a day for carpenters and masons, with meat and drink, yet "the artificers" had by 1585 so far asserted themselves that "they do exact and take for their work far more than is allowed unto them by the assize of this town, and besides their exaction of money they exact and take aqua vitæ, wyne, meat and drink, bread, broth, candles and flaxe, with many other things." Among these "artificers" were goldsmiths (who had just issued a new "statute" for their craft), glovers and skippers, weavers, millers, bakers, and butchers; and with these are enumerated harpers, the musicians of Ireland, whose skill even Spenser praised.

What the skill of the sixteenth-century masons was

can be seen by the beautiful tomb-niche of some Joyce in St. Nicholas; its stonework, flamboyant to a peak, has the lightness and the springing curve of a tree's branches. Galway merchants of this day supplied almost the whole of Ireland with wine; they had great vaults for a distributing centre at Athboy, in Meath.

Yet the women of this prosperous mercantile town keened the dead in their houses and in the streets "after the Irishrie," says the Regulation Book of 1585 which disapproved such demonstrations. Also in 1569 Dominick Lynch wrote to the Privy Council: "Even they of the best houses, the brothers of the Erle of Clanrickard, yea and one of his uncles and he a bishop, can neither speak or understand in any manner anything of their Prince's language, which language by the old Statutes of Galway every man ought to learn and must speak before he can be admitted to any office within the Corporation." English and Irish were becoming one people in Galway, and that people Irish.

The breaking up of this strong social order and arrest of the happy fusion between the two elements began in 1569, when the Lord Deputy Sidney, at work on that re-conquest of Ireland which lasted throughout Elizabeth's reign, established Fitton as President of Connaught. Returning after seven years, Sidney "found the town of Galway much decaied"; its leading inhabitants were migrating from it and taking up their lot in Mayo under the

protection of MacWilliam Uachtar, with those other Burkes whom British rule had not yet subjugated. So began the business of turning busy merchants into landlords, a class that in Ireland has never been very laborious. Those who remained in Galway were discouraged, they had "lost their wits and hearts" in the general confusion and disorder which attended Sidney's attempt to reduce the rebellious sons of Lord Clanricarde—the Mac an Earlas. In 1579 the town, for the first time in its history, received a garrison of other troops than its own local body of "young men," regularly trained and armed.

At the same time a heavy tax on the town's main trade in wine was imposed. Ormonde claimed a prisage of one tun in every nine imported, and Galway had long maintained its freedom from this exaction, but now the Butler's claim succeeded. "Black Tom" was the Queen's cousin, through Anne Boleyn. Then came the Armada, and many ships were wrecked along the Galway coast; the old friendship of the city stood to the wrecked Spaniards till Fitzwilliam, the Lord Deputy, came down, made a general massacre of these poor people, and punished their entertainers. Yet for all this the town remained loyal to the Crown, and in 1596, when the northern Irish were making a last great stand against the power of England, Red Hugh O'Donnell came before Galway, but was denied entrance, and finally driven from his position on the high ground about the Augustinian Abbey.

That Abbey had been built by Margaret Athy, while her husband was on a trading journey to Spain; he returned to find church and steeple standing where not a stone had been laid when he set sail; and the southern side of the building facing the sea was all made of polished green marble—a noble monument. But Margaret Athy had chosen her site too well. Red Hugh's eye first saw the commanding nature of its position; and four years after his repulse, when the war against him and Tyrone reached its height, Mountjoy ordered a fort to be erected which included the monastery within its walls. So came the place by its name of Forthill; though to-day this rising ground between the railway station and the harbour is crowned only by a walled graveyard, fort and abbey having alike been done away with.

This construction of a garrisoned stronghold for the regular troops marks the close of Galway's history as a quasi-independent community. The central government of England was extending its power all over Ireland—yet not to regulate or control, but to destroy whatever was not wholly English. This attempt to impart uniformity extended to spiritual as well as temporal rule, and it touched the very soul of the people—trampling with a heavy foot on what was most precious in the national life. Under James I. a commission was appointed to inquire into the state of education, and its head was Ussher, afterwards Archbishop, a man of real learning, a student of Irish history and antiquities. Yet this was how

Ussher dealt with educational institutions in the West of Ireland, by his own report, dated 1615:—

“We found at Galway a publique schoolmaster placed there by the citizens, who had great numbers of schollers not only out of the province of Connaught but out of the Pale and other parties resorting to him; wee had proof during our continuance in that city how his schollers profited under him by the verses and orations which they presented us. Wee sent for that schoolmaster before us, and seriously advised him to conform to the religion established; and not prevailing with our advices, we enjoyned him to forbear teaching; and I did take recognisance of him and some other of his relatives in that city, in the sum of 400*l.* sterling, to his Majesty’s use, that from thenceforth he should forbear to teach any more without the special license of the Lord Deputy.”

This man, Alexander Lynch, had no less than 1,200 scholars in his school, and among them was Roderic O’Flaherty, author of the “Ogygia,” a very curious account of Connemara, the O’Flaherty’s country. Even more famous was Lynch’s own son, John Lynch, who wrote with cumbrous erudition a refutation of Giraldus, called “Cambrensis Eversus.” John Lynch ended his days as Archbishop of Louvain; the exodus of whatever was distinguished in Ireland began early in the seventeenth century— a direct result of the centralising English rule.

James passed away, and, under Charles I., Strafford undertook to upset every title by which land was held

in Connaught. In Leitrim, Roscommon, and Sligo juries found dutifully that all property was still vested in the Crown, and might be resumed at pleasure. A Galway jury, to its honour, was not so compliant. Thereupon, wrote Strafford, "We bethought ourselves of a course to vindicate his Majesty's honour and justice," and he fined the sheriff a thousand pounds for returning "so insufficient, indeed so packed a jury," and sentenced each juror to pay four thousand pounds, and to be imprisoned till payment was made. It is not amazing that in 1641 part of the citizens of Galway joined in the general uprising of Catholic Ireland. But Clanricarde held the fort for the King, and by his influence gradually brought the town over. Its return to allegiance was no mere formality; Galway was the last place in either kingdom that held out for Charles II., and even then it only surrendered on most honourable terms.

The treaty was broken shamelessly in every particular. The town was plundered without remorse, the religion of its inhabitants was dishonoured, and dragoons stabled their horses in the aisles of St. Nicholas' Church. Far worse, more than a thousand of the inhabitants were sold for slaves to the West Indies; fifty priests were among these folk who went to join the negroes in the sugar plantations. These things were not exceptional; the curse of Cromwell was felt through all Ireland; it is a grim fact that till recently a bastard Irish was spoken in a West Indian island by a coloured race into which had been absorbed

the breed of those Irish who were rooted out of their ancient country. But in Galway, perhaps more discernibly than elsewhere, the whole fabric of a highly civilised prosperous community was destroyed, and the most worthless elements set in its place. After the Cromwellian conquest little more is heard of the old “tribes of Galway” as merchants, as citizens, as corporators. In 1655 an order was issued that “taking into consideration the extraordinary strength of the town, and the great intercourse the inhabitants had for many ages with the dominions of the King of Spain”—in a word, considering the greatness and prosperity to which the folk of Galway had brought their city—therefore “all the Irish and other popish inhabitants should forthwith be removed out of the town in order that accommodation should be provided for English Protestants.” This order was issued on October 30th, and with the beginning of winter the townspeople were driven out on the wild countryside. The great stone houses were seized upon and occupied by a mere rabble, so that in 1658 a despatch to England painted the town as one of “many noble buildings, uniform, and most of them of marble, yet by reason of the general waste made by the impoverished English residing there, now become very ruinous.” The writer went on to advocate that the town and lands should be sold to the corporation of Gloucester for “colonisation.”

The restoration of Charles II. stopped this laudable project, yet the citizens, who had fought to the bitter

end for the King, in vain endeavoured to replace their supplanters. Robert Martin of Ross demanded his house back from Mr. Eyre, the Recorder, who appealed to the Dublin Parliament, of which he was a member; and Parliament found that Eyre should not be disturbed.

For a further indignity, Charles granted the market dues of the town to Elizabeth Hamilton, wife of one of his courtiers; and they finally had to buy out her claims for a large sum—so recovering what they had mortgaged to pay for the cost of fighting the King's battles. Then came James II., and Catholics once more sat on the Corporation, Catholic clergy returned to the churches—not without legal challenge; but soon came the challenge of war. For a second time Galway was besieged, by Ginkel, fresh from his victory at Aughrim; for a second time it capitulated, and for a moment the provisions of the treaty were observed.

With the reign of Queen Anne came the extreme form of the penal laws, and in 1703 it was enacted that no Papist should come to dwell in either Limerick or Galway; and that such Papist inhabitants as were in them must give sufficient security for loyal behaviour or quit the place. Security was given, yet even so, when rumours came of invasion by the Pretender, Catholics were turned out of the town. These visitations were annoying and humiliating rather than effective persecution, and trade revived.

But in commerce Catholic traders were hampered

by restrictions which affected all Irishmen alike; the export of wool was prohibited, and commerce became largely an affair of contraband. The walls of the town were honeycombed with holes and breaches easily opened, through which goods were smuggled in and out. This was a state of things far indeed removed from the time when the proverb ran, "Proud as a Galway merchant."

The Corporation, now, of course, exclusively Protestant, consisted mainly of mean men. Colonel Eyre, appointed Governor in 1747, wrote that "all put together have not a thousand pounds of property in the world. The mayor is the son of a man who was Lord Tyrawly's footman. One sheriff is a beggar, the other a shoemaker, and a poor one. Alderman Ellis is a broken dragoon, and the Deputy Recorder is a poor, antiquated man of seventy who is supported by the Papists." To this pass a century since Cromwell had reduced the body which once governed "the Rome of Connaught," with her twice seven tribes, twice seven gates, twice seven bridges, twice seven altars.

By Hardiman's time—he published in 1820—the Corporation had become "little more than a name." So far back as 1770 the Dalys of Dunsandle had captured the entire control of it and of its patronage, and of the parliamentary representation, by the votes of non-resident freemen. But in matters other than those of municipal jobbery the old tribes took the lead. Galway was the first town in Ireland that deter-

mined by resolution neither to import nor consume any goods from England till Ireland's commercial grievances were redressed; in 1779 the town enrolled its body of volunteers under Richard Martin, member for the county, the famous duellist who was later known as "Humanity Dick" because of his parliamentary crusade against cruelty to animals. Some taunted this warrior of a hundred single combats with inconsistency. "Sir," he answered, "an ox cannot hold a pistol."

But the descendants of the old Galway merchants—Martins, Blakes, ffrenchs, and the rest—were landlords by now, and had little sympathy with the democratic impulses that swept Ireland after the French Revolution. Galway took no part in the United Irish movement nor in the rebellion of 1798; and it was one of the few places that passed a resolution in favour of a legislative Union, and probably Dick Martin's support of that measure was a main determining cause.

Irish life in the eighteenth century and preceding the great famine of 1848 has often been described, and by good hands; the features which Miss Edgeworth drew in *Castle Rackrent* are emphasised again in Lever's books—all the devil-may-care, untidy, open-handed eccentricities of a society which was both religious and lawless in the extreme. The truth is that the position accorded to the Protestant gentry put them almost above the law, while that of the Catholic peasantry was almost below it. The result

was to develop in people naturally courageous and high-spirited an extraordinary arrogance on the one side, and on the other a deference which had much in it of servility; while both were constantly resourceful in expedients for avoiding any settled ordinance. Every man came to be much of a law to himself, influenced far more strongly by the usages of his class than by written enactment. Ireland of the early nineteenth century was, as a whole, a singularly undisciplined community, and the further west a man lived, the more loosely he sat by any rules but those of his own choosing. In Galway, by general consent, the traditional types presented themselves in the greatest exaggeration; duellists were more fantastic in the causes of quarrel, more reckless of consequence in carrying out their punctilio. Horsemanship was a passion, and the hunt even across the stoniest country did not suffice; men started "pounding matches" in the field, and one bold rider challenged another to follow him till a leap was found that "pounded" one or other of them. The life of the towns was less extravagant in its humours than that of the country, but the country came into the town at certain occasions. Galway was then three days' journey from Dublin—further than it is from Paris now—and Galway, like every other important Irish town, had its season, to which the countryside came up for pleasure. In Galway the occasion was sea-bathing, and though the richer classes have long ago discarded this fashion, it survives among the workers

on the land; on any day in autumn you may see the road at Salthill crowded with solid farmers and their wives come in to "take the salt water"—no mere phrase, for part of the tradition is to drink it. But a hundred years ago all the rank and fashion of Western Ireland were doing the same thing, half a dozen pretty young ladies in a bunch driving out of a morning from the town to refresh their graces after the rout or assembly of the previous evening.

Latocnaye, a French *émigré* who wrote in 1797 an account of his walking tour through Ireland, describes this pretty custom; he is eloquent about the charms of Connaught ladies and their *esprit de coquetterie*. The season, he says, lasted three months, and every day there was a public entertainment, which visitors attended in full dress, half dress, or undress according as it was styled assembly, drum, or promenade; and the prices of admission varied in proportion.

The town itself, though far indeed from retaining its old commercial importance, kept its dignity of aspect. Latocnaye says that it was different from all other towns in Ireland; the houses were built with gable to the street, with entrance to a courtyard through a large gate. One of these *portes cochères*, which gave to Galway the look of an old Continental town, may be seen set up in Eyre Square; the date of its construction is inscribed on it, 1629, built for a Browne who had married a Lynch. The city's population increased, too, in the days after the

Union, as did that of all Ireland, till it probably reached forty thousand; it is fourteen to-day. But it was an increase resting on miserable economic conditions, and the town was extravagantly dirty. Pigs wandered in the streets, and fish offal was thrown to accumulate where it fell; every citizen had his own midden at his own door. At last, however, a man was found to cope with this state of things, during one of the lesser famines which preceded the great one—they recurred at least once in ten years. He was a Protestant parson, and he proposed to pay the destitute for a thorough cleansing of the streets. The town crier was accordingly sent forth, according to the story which Miss Caldwell preserves, ringing his bell and chanting :

“This is to give notice that yez is all of yez to remove the dirt that yez has put upon the streets, for if yez does not, the minister will take it for himself. God bless the King and the minister both.”

The innovation was resisted by an armed force, each man holding his own dunghill with flail and pitchfork. But the resourceful parson organised a charge in force of the manure carts, and with one bold galloping rush he dislodged the defenders of the biggest midden. After this, victory was his; the work was carried through.

But the high noon of Galway life was reached in those days only during an election. Even in our degenerate times enough of primitive spirit survives to make the occasion joyous for everyone but the

candidates. I have never seen so much sticking-plaster displayed as in the streets of Galway on the day following a poll. Yet we have come far from the times when George IV. asked Colonel Richard Martin which candidate would be elected, and Martin answered gravely, "The survivor, sir." In those happy times all the electoral interest centred in the town. Over and above its own spirited contest for representation of the borough, it held the hustings where every elector for the county must come in and give his voice. Dick Martin brought his tenants in by hookers sailing from the Connemara shore, and the first struggle was to fight their way on to the quays. The men were then lodged for the night in one of the big grain warehouses, and even here they did not escape trouble, since the opposite, or Daly, faction set fire to the warehouse. Martin's mob then attacked a house in which the opposition had bestowed some voters, and matters grew so serious that the candidate's brother, in resisting the attack, shot a butcher dead. After all these methods of persuasion Martin was returned, but a Committee of the House of Commons not merely unseated Martin on petition, but gave the seat to his opponent. Later, in 1832, "Humanity Dick's" son, Thomas Martin, became Member for the county, and so continued till he died in 1847 of famine fever, having lost his life, as he had lost nearly all his fortune, in trying to save from destruction his people in Connemara. So ended, bankrupt of all else, but rich in honour, courage, and

originality, the Martin dynasty—the extreme characteristic type of Galway landlordism.

The Blakes, who were to the city something of what Martin was to the county, were less fortunate in that they survived. Even in Richard Martin's day they were in sad difficulties, and Sir Valentine Blake of Menlo, when not protected by the privilege of a Member of Parliament, became a "Sunday boy"—confined to his own house during the six days of the week in which a warrant could be served. However, this afforded a good appeal to the electors at a dissolution, who were urged to "give Sir Val back his freedom"; they did so, and forthwith rushing to the shore of Corrib, where their candidate sat in the safety of a boat, they summoned him to land and be chaired up to the bonfire which celebrated his victory and his deliverance.

Other times have come in, and the old castle at Menlo on the river was burnt some years ago by evil chance. Little is left now of the old Galway except the ruins of its walls, and here and there on some ancient door-front the escutcheon carved in stone of one of the "tribes." Lynch's "castle" in the main street stands unbroken, a surviving fragment of what Sir Oliver St. John described in 1614:—"The towne is small but is faire, full of statelie buildings, the fronts of the houses towards the streets are all of hewed stone uppe to the top, garnished with fine battlements in an uniform course as if the whole towne had been built upon one modle." Lynch's

Castle, lonely fragment of old grandeur, is stately still on the outside, but it is long since a Lynch of the old stock lived there. Yet the only connection of modern civic life with the old families exists in the person of a Lynch: Mr. Lynch of Barna has for very many years occupied the chair of the Harbour Board, and that is where the pulse of the town's distinctive life should be most plainly felt.

That activity is grievously strangled. Galway was a great harbour in days when it was wonderful that a ship of 400 tons burden could berth at her quay. Ships grew in bulk, and Galway strove to keep its position; the old dock was one of the first floating docks constructed in the United Kingdom. But its designers paid the penalty often incurred by pioneers; they planned on too small a scale; and soon the increase of tonnage left these quays almost useless. Then in the 'eighties they began again to deepen their harbour accommodation, and a fine basin was hewn out of the living rock; but when fifty thousand pounds had been spent, the work was left there incomplete, a twenty-foot pool of water in the dock, but with an entrance giving only of twelve feet just outside the dock-gate. Since then the harbour has been paying off an accumulated debt for expenditure which, till the work is completed, is no more use than a second storey with no stair to it.

There is a hope now that this may be done; cargoes of corn, maize, and the rest would then come straight to Galway instead of being transhipped in the smaller

craft at Belfast and Dublin, and so relieve the town's industries of a heavy handicap. Galway has one of the few important water-powers in Ireland, and half of this great asset runs to waste to-day. Yet there are signs that it will not be so always.

Everywhere in the countryside the "magic of ownership" is working great transformation. I found a singular evidence of it in the fact that coach-building, elsewhere a falling trade, is prosperous in Galway; where there were two establishments, there are now three, and each of them full of work, turning out side-cars and light traps for the farmers, nearly every man of whom can now afford himself this convenience. But there is a better mark in the big modern factory established beside the river in a derelict malt store, where a turbine of the newest pattern is installed in a water-lead that for decades had run idle to the sea. Here manures are being made on the large scale for the countryside that is learning every year the lessons of improved farming; it is the enterprise of a Galway merchant in whom lives the spirit of the old venturers—serving the town where he gives employment, serving the countryside to which he cheapens and improves the provision of a necessary.

That is not the only sign of reviving life. Close to the weir stands a well-equipped woollen mill, its plant, its output, its number of hands employed, all steadily increasing; putting no shred of anything but wool into its fabrics, and scarcely a pound of wool

that is not grown in Connaught. To the west of Galway is the Joyce country, a great breeding-ground for small mountain sheep; to the east are great limestone plains where wethers and ewes grow as big as little donkeys; and so the mill is well placed for buying, and the wool market thus created improves the farmers' chances; and somewhere about two hundred men and women find employment in their own city. The factory is a living monument to one man's ability and energy, and that man a priest. If ever I needed to prove that a priest may be a valuable citizen I would cite, for my first instance, the case of Father Peter Dooley, who lived some forty years in Galway, preaching religion, preaching temperance, preaching thrift, but over and above this, labouring as a volunteer to provide employment for his people. The establishment of this industry was only one of his good works; and he had, of course, good help and backing from the men who to-day direct it and from others who are dead now. But everyone in Galway knows that he was the essential factor in launching and in guiding an enterprise, which has steadily earned a good profit for its shareholders, by turning out substantial, honest stuff, and paying a good wage to its workers. Much foolishness has been talked of the Irish priesthood, and especially of those who take part in politics. There was never a keener politician than this Irish-speaking Galway priest, and I, at least, have never met a more practical philanthropist, or a better citizen. The best proof of his

worth is that, when he died, his work went on as before. What he had built stood.

Industry multiplies, one good factory helps the growth of others; Father Dooley's work has promoted also the prosperity of other smaller mills in private hands, where hand-loom weaving is kept alive as well as the machine work. It is a pleasure to see industrial activity reviving anywhere in Ireland, and few things could be more curious or interesting than one of these little mills, whose owner has recently harnessed one of the derelict water-leads. Himself a working engineer by trade, he had put up his own machinery; and the country people who brought him in their fleece to buy, or their wool to be woven for them, asked whether he could not also grind their little provision of meal, for every man who has limestone land in Galway grows his own acre of wheat to keep himself in bread. Accordingly, a "drive" was taken off the main shaft and a grinding place established; and you may see in this one factory hand looms at work, besides power looms and spinning jennies, and bags of flour and of malt coming down the rough, ramshackle old stair; while the billiard-room of a disestablished public-house makes the wool store. It all belongs to a rudimentary stage of industrial civilisation, but the ingenious mind is at work there, improvising for the countryside what the countryside wants. Town life must, for many a year to come, in the West of Ireland, anyhow, be the servant of the country; we are in the day of small

things; and there is a deal to be learnt in Galway about the organisation of an Ireland in which peasant proprietors have replaced landlord ownership. On another of the water-leads is a newly-set-up factory of agricultural implements, where I became aware, for the first time, that every county or district in the West uses its own type of spade; all of them one-



In the Claddagh.

sided, long-shafted implements, but varying in breadth and length of blade, till you come down to one forged for the stoniest ground, which is not much wider than a crowbar and not much less strong.

At the quay in Galway you can see, too, the slow but gradual transformation which is altering the methods of taking fish. The Claddagh is to-day what it has always been—an Irish-speaking fishing village,

lying outside the limits of the city proper, and living its own life apart. Outside every Anglo-Norman town there grew up an "Irish town" beyond the walls, beyond the city pale; and at Galway its people were fishers, who have probably, since the beginning of time, complained that 'the fish are not in it as they used to be.' At all events, a bye-law of 1585 enacted that no fisherman "do take in hand the ploughe or spade that would barr them from fishing." But if the harvester of the sea was forbidden to seek labour on the land or in the town, the community recognised that the fisher needed help in his precarious job; and they enacted that fishers or their wives "be reasonably served before others with all necessary sustenance and food, whereby they might have the better hope." To-day in Galway, as anywhere else, there is complaint of the trawlers; and now the local sailing trawlers, of which the Claddagh complains, are, in their turn, complaining of the steam trawlers which sweep their grounds mercilessly. The Claddagh men, or the older of them, cling to their old, high-sided boats, beautiful sea-craft; yet side by side with these you will find the larger flush-decked "nobbies" and "Zulus," which the Congested Districts Board have introduced on the Connemara shore and in Aran. Claddagh has never taken kindly to these; but it has gone a step beyond them, and a motor-boat, the *Claddagh King*, now follows the sign of herring all round the Irish coast. So we get on, even in Claddagh. Sail has got to give way, whether to steam



1850

Galway Fishwives.

or to oil, just as surely as hand-looms are bound to yield to power-looms; and Galway should be a true centre for a big fishing trade, with its outpost at the Isles of Aran, nearer to the grounds. Aran has always been closely connected with the city, and the Mayor of Galway's jurisdiction as Admiral of the port was extended to the mouth of Galway Bay and as far as the Isles of Aran. A little steamer now connects the islands with the city by a regular service; here, too, sail is superseded.

Yet for pleasure at least, I think, sails will always be there, and I know no pleasanter place to spend a summer day than that superb stretch of water with the hills of Burren south of you, the hills of Connemara to the north. You can spin for mackerel to heart's content, and if you see a shark's fin, as often happens, you can mount a mackerel on some powerful gimp tackle and spin for shark; one of my friends killed thirteen of these creatures in a day. Or if lake and river please you better than sea, there is Corrib river and lake at your command. Those who planted one of the Queen's Colleges down in Galway made a fine choice, and the building, quadrangular like our Oxford Colleges, is dignified and beautiful.

But very unlike the Oxford life is the life of students here. Galway is essentially a poor man's college—and the better for that. Removed within the last few years from Government control, self-governing now in a self-governed National University, it begins to play its part in re-shaping the life of Connaught. Connaught students are more than a

hundred where they used to be less than fifty; and the college which, in one brilliant year, sent out Antony MacDonnell to be the ablest Indian statesman since the Lawrences, and T. P. O'Connor to become head and front of English journalists, may turn out other Connaught men, not less gifted, to as great a career at home in Ireland.

Near by to the building of 1840 stands another of more recent date, less costly, less elaborate, yet, to my mind, of quite as much artistic interest. This is the new diocesan college which, in one long façade, rises like a cliff dominating the hill westward. It is like a cliff and not like a shop-front, because, by skilful variations, what looks uniform is, in reality, skilfully modulated. The Irish architect who



planned it had a large sense of decorative effect; and as you slip up on the flood tide in the quiet dark of a summer evening through the shadowy glimmer of water with the quay's lights reflected on it, that long, craggy outline up against the remnants of western glow in the sky is a fine link that carries up the profile of the town to the heights on the Connemara side. So seen, with the velvety dusk flung about it like a Spaniard's cloak, there is no place in Ireland more romantically beautiful than Galway.

CHAPTER IV

MAYNOOTH

IN the title of this book no regard has been paid to the conventional use of the word "city," and here perhaps apology is needed. Maynooth, apart from the question of its ecclesiastical status, has never been a *civitas*; it was in the past, it is to-day, a village rather than a town, but a village overshadowed by the neighbourhood of a great seat of governing power. To-day it is the focal centre of the Roman Catholic ecclesiastical organisation in Ireland. Four hundred years ago, it was to Dublin what Windsor is to London.

At Maynooth in the twelfth century either Maurice Fitzgerald or his son Gerald built a castle, which was among the first erected by any Norman in the rich plains that lie about Dublin. It was in the territory of Offelan, which made part of the Irish Leinster, and the first title borne by this branch of the Geraldines was that of barons of Offaly. They held under a grant from Strongbow; he was their overlord. But Strongbow's name and lineage passed away-- to

use an Irish phrase, the foam on the wave was not gone quicker: the Geraldines took root and flourished all over Ireland. A hundred and fifty years after the Conquest four great nobles were practically independent rulers of all the country that was not still in Irish hands. These were de Burgo, or Burke, Earl of Ulster and Lord of Connaught; Butler, Lord of Ormonde; the Geraldines of Desmond, and the Geraldines of Kildare. When, in 1334, all the Burkes in Connaught abjured the English ways and English lordship, and became officially Irish, Ormonde, left between the two Geraldine powers, was constrained to be constantly on the English side and in touch with English power, lest the Geraldines should combine to crush him. Of the two Geraldines, Desmond, remote in Cork, Kerry, and Waterford, grew more and more independent and more and more Irish, though still regulating the succession to his title by the English use of primogeniture and not by the Irish system of tanistry. Kildare, whose stronghold was little more than an hour's ride from Dublin Castle, was of necessity closely under Government's observation. He had less independence than either Desmond or Ormonde, yet greater power through his influence over the Castle. By the beginning of the sixteenth century the Earls of Kildare had come to consider the office of Lord Deputy as almost hereditary in their house.

But the power which they exercised as Lords Deputy ran only within the English pale, and by

1500 that region was restricted to the counties of Louth, Meath, Dublin, and Kildare, with the "march" or Irish border district attached to each shire. Thus Monaghan was the march of Louth, Westmeath of Meath, Wicklow of Dublin, and King's and Queen's Counties the march of Kildare. But over a far wider region the Earl of Kildare ruled as overlord in his own right; he had castles as far north as Strangford Lough, in Down, as far south as Adare, in County Limerick. In these places he was, like Desmond or Ormonde, an Anglo-Irish lord with hereditary palatine jurisdiction in his own right; and this power was strengthened by diplomatic alliances. Daughters of the house of Kildare intermarried with the princely Irish houses—with McCarthys in Cork, with O'Neills in Tyrone, with O'Conors in the Leinster marches.

But the Geraldines of Kildare never became, as did the Burkes of Connaught or the Geraldines of Desmond, purely Irish speaking. They were indeed the true connecting link between English rule and Ireland. In 1320, after the disastrous period of Bruce's invasion, the second Earl of Kildare obtained the right to subject any of his tenants to the laws of England; in other words, to give them the protection of the law by which he himself was bound. The Geraldines, whether in Leinster or Munster, never took part in the policy of exterminating the native Irish.

Maynooth was described by a sixteenth-century

annalist as the chief residence of the Earl of Kildare, and "one of the largest and richest Earl's houses in Ireland"; and it was not merely rich and spacious, but a great and real centre of culture. The ninth Earl's portrait was painted by Holbein to hang on its walls, as it hangs now on those of Carton; and this nobleman was called "the greatest improver of his lands in Ireland." But in his conception of civilisation there was no hostility to Irish hands or Irish brains. The catalogue of his library, made in 1526, shows almost as many books in Irish as in English; he was the friend of Irish bards and minstrels, and, none the less for that, one of the great nobles of Europe. The handsomest man of his day in Ireland, he made a striking figure in King Henry's train at the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

He is linked, too, to the literature of England by a singular circumstance. Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, was, during one of the periods when Kildare fell out of favour, sent over to supersede him as Lord Deputy. But before this Surrey had met and adored Kildare's daughter, to whom so much of her race's hereditary beauty had been transmitted that she was known to all as The Fair Geraldine. Scott has retold in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" how Surrey in his fantastic passion paid great sums to a wizard who conjured up for him the vision of his absent mistress, and very tactfully showed her alone and occupied in reading Surrey's verse. The verses, in the Petrarchan manner, were published in Tottel's

Miscellany. A few of them may be cited here by way of illustration:—

“From Tuskane came my Ladie’s worthy race,
 Fair Florence was some time her ancient seat,
 The Western isle, whose pleasant shore doth face
 Wild Camber’s cliffs, did give her lively heat :
 Fostered she was with milk of Irish breast :
 Her sire an Earl—her dam of prince’s blood :
 Bright is her hue and Geraldine she hight.”

The allusion to “Tuskane” recalls the reputed origin of the Geraldines; they were Gherardini, and in May, 1507, correspondence passed between the head of the family in Italy and the great Earl Garrett, who wrote as follows:—

“To be given to all the family of Gherardini, noble in fame and virtue, dwelling in Florence, our beloved brethren in Florence :

“Most grateful to us have been your letters to us, most illustrious men. In order to increase your joy, I will briefly inform you of the state of your relatives living in this part. Know then that my predecessors and ancestors passed from France into England, and having remained there for some time, they arrived in this island of Ireland, and by their swords achieved great possessions, in so much that I, by the grace of God, possess by hereditary right the Earldom of Kildare, holding divers castles and manors, and by the liberality of our Most Serene Lord, the King of England, I am now his Deputy in this island of Ireland, an honour frequently obtained heretofore by my father and my predecessors.

“There is also a relation of ours in these parts called the Earl of Desmond, under whose lordship there are 100 miles in length of country. Our house has increased beyond measure in a multitude of barons, knights, and noble persons holding many possessions and having under their command many persons.

“We are most desirous to know the deeds of our ancestors, so that if you have in your possession any history we request you to communicate it to us.

“If there is anything we can procure for you through our labour and industry, or anything that you have not got, such as falcons or horses, I hope you will inform me of it.”

It may be worth while to set beside Surrey’s eulogy the praises of another Fair Geraldine, Inghean ni Gerailt, but celebrated not by any English bard. The writer was Egan O’Rahilly, and it was in the early eighteenth century that he described Lucy Fitzgerald, the Geraldine’s daughter, but a Geraldine of Desmond, not of Kildare:—

“ Branching, plaited, in long folds, in clusters,
 Brightly shining, limber, are her locks like gold :
 Pearls her eyes, as the Star of the morning,
 Narrow her eyebrow as the stroke of a pen.
 Shining her breasts as swans beside the sea shore,
 Her lime-bright snow-white body of beauty like the seagull.
 Bright red are her lips, her white teeth without blemish
 Would save from disease thousands such as I.
 The noble speech of her tongue learned in histories
 Brought lads over mountains by the sweetness of her voice.
 There is no man living that would look in the morning
 On her face without sorrow whose grief she would not dispel.”

That has more of the root of the matter in it than Surrey's Petrarchan sonnets, more glow of adoration than his laboured love story, which, some think, was purely an affair of the imagination. At all events, the story of Surrey and his Fair Geraldine links itself with incidents of a far more poignant romance, whose theme is the destruction of Maynooth Castle and all that Maynooth embodied. Surrey's mission to Ireland was only a symptom of the growing distrust which Henry VIII. felt for these great Anglo-Irish lords—a distrust which was not ungrounded. The Geraldine of Desmond had engaged in negotiation with Francis I. of France, and his great Irish neighbour, Conor O'Brien, last King of Thomond, was in the same league. Kildare, as Desmond's kinsman, was suspected of over-leniency towards the other Geraldine's treason. In 1527 the Earl was summoned to London to defend himself against Wolsey's accusations; he did so with a force that won admiration and respect, yet it was thought necessary to detain him in the Tower, and when he returned, Skeffington, an Englishman neither distinguished by rank nor ability, was sent over, with instructions to govern by Kildare's advice. Skeffington after three years' appointment was recalled, but he left his creature and Wolsey's to represent him, Alen, the Archbishop of Dublin.

The end approached. Kildare, active as ever, was leading in some border war the attack on a castle of O'Carroll's, when he was wounded in his head. The

wound paralysed him; "he never after enjoyed his limbs nor delivered his words in good plight." His enemies wrought against him, the Butlers of Ormonde, with Alen for their tool in Dublin and Wolsey for their ally in London. Little more than a year after the wound, he was again called to London to defend himself. The injury that he had taken in the King's service crippled his speech; his hesitating utterance was set down for a proof of conscious guilt, and he was consigned to the Tower.

Before he left he had committed the sword of office to his eldest son Thomas, Lord Offaly, in whom the beauty of that splendid house was renewed. "Silken Thomas," as the Irish who loved him called the superb lad, had spirit and courage, but at twenty-one he was too young for policy, and a plot was brewed against him which might have undone wiser heads. Alen and his party determined to goad the young man into rebellion, and a letter, in all probability composed by Archbishop Alen, was addressed to one of Skeffington's party in Dublin, declaring that "Kildare was already cut shorter, as his issue presently should be." It was skilfully contrived that this letter should, as if by accident, fall into the hands of a Geraldine retainer. This man took it to Delahide, one of Offaly's counsellors, and Delahide counselled instant rebellion, not only to revenge the supposed execution of Kildare, but to prevent the doom which seemed almost certain to befall Kildare's son.

On a day in June, 1534, Silken Thomas put himself at the head of seven score horsemen and rode out from Maynooth. An hour later they galloped into Dublin with wild clatter of feet to St. Mary's Abbey, where the Council was sitting. The young noble entered the Chamber with his men at his back, and flung down the sword. "It is bathed in the Geraldine's blood," he said, "and now newly whetted for further destruction. I am Henry's Deputy no longer, but his foe, and I desire rather to meet him in the field than to serve him in office." Then follows a trait which shows how far even the most English of Anglo-Irish nobles had become Irish in heart and fashion. The Archbishop of Armagh, a loyal friend of the Geraldines, entreated the young man to abandon his project. He spoke in English, and Silken Thomas's followers could only guess at his meaning; but they guessed, and they interrupted the old man with taunts, and their taunts found an Irish voice. Kildare, like the Irish chieftain that he was, kept his own Irish bard, O'Neylan. O'Neylan now raised a chant of the Geraldines' house, reminding Thomas of the deeds of his forbears, and crying shame upon the Geraldine who would not uphold the rights and the honour of his race. Song was more eloquent to persuade than the Archbishop to deter him, and Thomas left the chamber roughly, while the Council broke up in panic.

So began the Geraldine revolt which lasted for about a year. Desmond and O'Brien joined in from

the south and O'Neill from the north; the chief brunt of the fighting fell upon the Butlers of Ormonde, and they fought well, using not only the sword, but a skilled diplomacy that raised rival claimants against Desmond and against O'Brien, and spurred on O'Donnell against the O'Neill.

The decisive moment came, however, when Skeffington, who had been sent back as Deputy, laid siege to Maynooth. The place was defended by a hundred men, of whom sixty were gunners. But the attacking ordnance was too strong, the wall was breached, and after two-thirds of the garrison had fallen, the fortress surrendered at discretion. They got what came to be known as "the pardon of Maynooth": every man was executed—except two choristers, whose lives were spared for the sake of their voices at the intercession of a church dignitary. Stanihurst tells that the captain of the defences, Paris, agreed to make his men drunk and so betray the place for a sum of money; that the money was paid into his hand, and the head was forthwith struck off his body. Mr. Wilson doubts the story because the same incidents are told in Herodotus. I see no reason why Skeffington's mind may not have followed the same line of reasoning as that of the old Egyptian. Brave men have been betrayed in all ages, and their betrayer has himself often been betrayed by those who bribed him.

There was, at all events, no reach of perfidy and cruelty beyond the range of Henry and his advisers.

The fall of Maynooth terrified Kildare's allies (Silken Thomas was Kildare now, for the old Earl had ended that splendid life in miserable captivity). Lord Leonard Grey, who was now chief in the Irish command, and Butler, Ormonde's heir, pledged their personal honour for the rebel's safety if he surrendered; and on this assurance Silken Thomas was allured to yield. Grudgingly, to save the credit of his sureties, he was kept alive in the Tower during some eighteen months, destitute, half-starved, all but naked, he whose horse-boys had gone in silk; and when at last the Council thought it not shameful to execute him, they exacted heavy interest for their delay. With him were executed five of his father's brothers, two of whom had actually taken part against their nephew for the Crown. Their arrest was made at a banquet to which the Lord Deputy had invited them as guests of honour.

So perished every adult male of the great house of Kildare; but Silken Thomas had left a half-brother, the child of Earl Garrett's second marriage. Henry's Vice-Treasurer wrote to counsel the destruction of this young boy. "My poor advice shall be to discharge this land of all the sect of them." Henry was willing enough to follow this sage precept; and it seemed easy, for the boy lay within the Pale, at Donore, and sick of the smallpox. But Ireland wrapped great arms like a watchful nurse about the Geraldine's heir. He had been left with a tutor, one Thomas Leverous, who had been fostered at the same

breast with one of Kildare's sons; that tie in Ireland held till death. Leverous lifted the boy out of his sick bed and carried him to his half-sister, Lady Mary O'Connor, wife to O'Connor of Offaly. But thence he was taken far south-west to O'Brien of Thomond, and there for several months he was in safety, while the Deputy parleyed with O'Brien, to no purpose. At last he was removed from Thomond to the southern Geraldines, and Desmond placed him with his father's sister, Lady Eleanor, widow of McCarthy Reay, lord of Carbery in Cork. Out of this, notable events flowed. O'Neill and O'Donnell had made up their lasting feud, and O'Donnell, seeking an alliance with the Geraldines, proposed marriage to the Lady Eleanor. Her main care being to find asylum for the heir of her own house, she consented, and, in the spring of 1537, she, with Gerald and the constant Leverous, traversed Ireland from Cork to Donegal—escorted to Desmond by McCarthy Reagh, by Desmond to O'Brien, by O'Brien to MacWilliam of Clanricarde, by him to MacWilliam of Mayo, and so over the border to Tyrconnel. There O'Neill, who was Gerald's kinsman, joined them, and Lady Eleanor drew O'Donnell and O'Neill into a strong covenant to take part with Gerald against the Crown. She did not rest there, but laboured and intrigued until all Western Ireland from Cork to Donegal was in revolt.

The Geraldines were loved, and the attempt to slaughter out the stock bred horror; but there was more than a boy's life at stake. In 1535, Browne had

been appointed to the Archbishopric of Dublin, with orders to push forward the Reformation, which had scarcely reached Ireland. England's policy of keeping the native Irish in outlawry had thrown the country's whole education into the hands of the friars—devout Romanists; and Ireland had no cause to love a religion because it was the King's, and no willingness to accept King Henry as head of the Church. The Archbishop of Armagh himself argued that Ireland was *insula sacra*, and that the King of England had no title there but by the Pope's grant. A Parliament was called in 1536, which passed the Act of Supremacy, and also pronounced the attainder of Kildare and his kinsmen, and the confiscation of their lands. Irishmen all over Ireland knew well that refusal to conform in religion would be made a plea for despoiling them. No men ever had more desperate cause for rebellion, and their resistance was stubborn.

Gray, an able man, seeing that, however often he devastated the country, war broke out again, counselled a new thing—the extension of rights to Irish chieftains. He was denounced for the policy and finally condemned; but they let him do the fighting till he had driven Lady Eleanor at last to ship young Gerald out of Ireland to France with his attendant. The Earl of Kildare fled, disguised in a peasant's cloak, and with his flight the combination broke. Gradually the Irish nobles began to accept the offer made to them, and in 1541 a Parliament was held, in which an Earl of Desmond sat for the first time

for more than half a century, and there were present, also, O'Briens, MacMurroughs, O'Neills, and McGillpatrick of Ossory. Within a few years, O'Brien and O'Neill were peers of the realm.

Thus, the downfall of the Geraldines of Maynooth is linked to great events in Irish history—the introduction of the reformed religion and the acknowledgment of Henry's kingship by the independent Irish rulers. When Mary succeeded to the throne, petition was made for the fugitive Geraldine, who had grown up abroad, untainted by Irish ways; and the Earldom and estates were restored to him.

Maynooth must have been repaired before this, for Lord Gray stayed there more than once; but it was far from its old splendour. It still made a meeting-place, and the great Hugh O'Neill is alleged to have met and plotted with O'Donnell there in 1606; indignant letters from a lady of the house disclaim all complicity. In 1612 the sixteenth Earl rebuilt the house, with money provided by his father-in-law, Boyle, the "great" Earl of Cork, a singularly successful adventurer. From this time forward the owners of Maynooth were never strong on either side. In 1641, Kildare refused to take sides with the rebels, and, in 1642, they pillaged Maynooth, carrying off, alas! Earl Garrett's library. In 1646, Preston, advancing with the Catholic army on Dublin, dismantled the place, and it has never since been inhabited. The wars of the latter part of the seventeenth century drove the Geraldines of that day out of

Ireland, but the ancestral love prevailed, and the nineteenth Earl, when he succeeded to the title in 1714, came back to Ireland with the intention of rebuilding Maynooth. Finding it too dilapidated, he built the great house of Carton, whose long avenue begins at the other end of the village from that where Castle and college stand.

This Earl of Kildare not only came back to Ireland, but married into a great Irish clan; his wife was Lady Mary O'Brien, Lord Inchiquin's daughter; their son became the first Duke of Leinster—who built Leinster House in Dublin and had enormous popularity; he took the Irish side boldly against the English in Parliament. But all the popularity and romance of the race combined, in the next generation, upon the Duke's son, Lord Edward Fitzgerald—for whose sake, if for no other, the Geraldine name would be beloved as those are loved who sacrifice much for Ireland. Youth, beauty, station, the love of wife and child, and a happy heart, this last rebel scion of the Geraldines gave, and no man ever gave more gallantly.

A last stage has yet to be noted in the history of the house of which Maynooth was the creation and the cradle. From the day when the young Earl fled Ireland in saffron homespun, no Geraldine of Kildare was a ruler possessing direct right of government; but great landlords they remained, kindly, friendly, generous to their people. Had all landlords been such in Ireland, the old order might have lasted; but

the old order has passed, the Geraldines are landlords no longer, and it was a Geraldine by blood, a Geraldine by sympathy, a Geraldine by inherited beauty and charm, who was the immediate agent of the change. George Wyndham, the great grandson of Lord Edward and Pamela, as Chief Secretary, carried the Act which determined, in principle, that the land of Ireland should pass from landlords to the ownership of those who worked it; and as a private citizen, trustee for his nephew, the young Duke of Leinster, he sold at once to the Leinster tenants the vast Geraldine estates. He assuredly never wished, perhaps never feared, that this transfer of responsibility would leave Carton derelict or sever the tie that for seven centuries had knitted his mother's house into the closest fibre of their country; and one may hope that the generous culture of the race, their special veneration for Ireland's own tradition may never be lost from a land to which they, as conquerors, brought no less than they gained there.

If, to-day, the name of Maynooth is known far and wide over the world, wherever an Irish priest has worked—and what region in the globe has not seen their labours?—it is because, after many generations had been denied access to learning at home, statesmen at last took in hand the work for which, three centuries earlier, a Geraldine's bounty had sought to make provision.

The history of education in Ireland under English auspices is a singular chapter. From the middle of

the thirteenth century Irish students were flocking to Oxford as, in the days of Bede, English students had flocked to Armagh. At Oxford there was, by 1250, an "Irishman's street," an "Irishman's meadow," an "ancient Patrick hall," and many other tokens of Irishmen's frequent resort to the University. Then in the reign of Henry V. came a series of edicts forbidding Irish students to attend the English Universities, or to study at the Inns of Court, or to practise the law they had learned. This was part of a deliberate policy to keep the Irish in ignorance of English law. In the sixteenth century, Archbishop Curwen opposed the establishment of a University in Dublin, because the Irish might learn "the secrets of the English."

In the same spirit was framed a statute of 1416, forbidding any one of the Irish nation to be chosen bishop, abbot, or prior, or elected to any benefice. By these wise measures combined, the supply of Irishmen educated either in law or theology failed, and Ireland lay defenceless to all the wars of chicane.

Such a policy was alien to the whole spirit of the Geraldines. Garrett Oge, the ninth Earl, was a true lover of learning and of Irish learning; he kept his ollave at Maynooth, O'Mulconry, the choicest scholar of Ireland, for Irish traditional scholarship; but he desired to establish a more general culture, and in 1515 he founded a College at Maynooth. But the plan of keeping the Irish race starved for knowledge, ignorant of "the secrets of the English,"



Maynooth.

View from the

which Henry V. had begun, found a new sanction under the eighth Henry. In 1536 the work of the Reformation was seriously taken in hand, and, while the heir of the Geraldines was an outlaw, the centre of learning which his grandfather had established was abruptly suppressed. This is an interesting comment on Archbishop Browne's letter to Thomas Cromwell in 1536. "This island hath for a long time been held in ignorance by the Romish orders." The happy industry of Browne, of Ussher, and of a score of other prelates, backed by the labours of statesmen, ensured that any Irish Catholic must either abandon his religion or expatriate himself if he sought knowledge—more especially if he sought training for the priesthood. This was the policy of England. Ten years after Protestant Ireland had a free Parliament, the policy which England had pursued for nearly three hundred years was reversed. The Act of 1793 not only gave to Irish Catholics privileges greater than England allowed to Protestant Dissenters, but permitted the establishment of colleges no less distinctly Roman Catholic than Trinity College and the chartered schools were Anglican Protestant.

The need was urgent in 1793, for the provision which Catholic Ireland had made had been suddenly destroyed. They had, in Paris, two colleges; one each at Nantes, at Bordeaux, Douay, Toulouse, Lille; besides these there were colleges at Louvain—the nursing mother of Irish scholarship—at Antwerp, at

Salamanca, at Lisbon, and at Rome. Europe was dotted over with these exiles of learning, and nearly five hundred students were yearly in residence at these various schools—but the bulk in France. Then came the French Revolution. Daniel O'Connell, for example, had to leave Douay.

In O'Connell's case there was no thought of the priesthood, but most were training for priests, and those in Ireland who worked most zealously for complete religious equality found that the foreign-trained priests, like the surviving remnant of Catholic Nobles and gentry, were little disposed to occasion any serious trouble to the government which maintained Protestant ascendancy. In 1793 a movement was set on foot to raise funds among Irishmen for the establishment of a college in Ireland. The United Irish leaders were concerned in it, and the Liberal Catholic merchants, such as Keogh; but these men looked on the clergy with suspicion, and the clergy suspected them. Official countenance was given to this movement of the laity; it could not well be withheld; but in 1794 Archbishop Troy approached the British Government with a memorial craving State assistance in educating Irish Roman Catholic ecclesiastics at home. To send them to France would, he urged, be to expose young minds to the contagion of sedition and infidelity. The British Government, which has at all times inclined to use the Catholic ecclesiastics against the Catholic laity, was, at this moment, in a frame of mind to regard Catholicism

as one of the conservative forces in Europe, and it welcomed the suggestion. Lord Fitzwilliam carried through the negotiation. The title of the Bill, as originally announced, described its purpose as "the better education of persons professing the Roman Catholic religion, and intended for the clerical ministry thereof." But the Bill, as introduced, did not conform to the title, since no clause contemplated specially the training of priests; and the title was subsequently altered. It had, however, one significant provision: it forbade, under penalties, the admission of any Protestant. Against this deliberate segregation of the religions, Liberal Catholics protested through the mouth of Grattan; but Government had its way. The original grant was of £10,000. The buildings, consisting of three sides of a quadrangle, had provision for two hundred students. With a fine irony, the foundation stone was laid in the presence of Lord Camden, one of the chief architects of the legislative Union and chief directors of the process of corruption. Already part of his policy revealed itself, which was to conciliate the Catholic hierarchy. From the function at Maynooth he carried the bishops back to dine at the Castle, and the Archbishop was asked to say grace. "This was the first time since the Revolution," says a Catholic pamphlet of 1796, with touching exultation, "that a Catholic Bishop was permitted to dine or sit in company with a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland." The writer added that Lord Camden had won for himself

and for his Government an affectionate loyalty which time would never efface.

Time, however, does not always work to order. The new college was filled chiefly by the sons of farmers, and even of peasants. Education there cost less than it had cost to send a son to France. The lay college established in 1802 did not prosper, and was suppressed or amalgamated in 1817; but the number at the training college rose, and the quality of its output differed very greatly from that of the Continental seminaries. The old school of priests had been, as Wyse says in his *History of Catholic Emancipation*, "mild, amiable, cultivated, learned, polite—welcome guests at the tables of the Protestant gentry." The new priests who had never left Ireland were a rougher product; they were, said O'Connell, giving evidence on the subject in 1815, "more identified with the people," and therefore had not so much of "what is usually called loyalty." When the British Government attempted to secure the right of a veto on the appointment of Catholic bishops, Rome was willing to agree, the Irish bishops were tractable; but the Irish laity, as they had led the bishops in fighting for emancipation, so now led them in resisting this attempt to limit the freedom of the Church which they supported. When the subject was raised again, in 1815, "Maynooth began to be felt." There was a democratic priesthood growing up and a priesthood that became fiercely political. Priests trained at Maynooth helped to drive

the Beresfords out of the representation of Waterford county, which they regarded as their feudal right; priests trained at Maynooth supported O'Connell in every stage of his career from 1825 onwards. So disappointing was the outcome of that enterprise to which in 1796 Camden put his hand.

The policy of 1796 had at least one merit; it was frugal. No one could tax Lord Camden's Government with vain expense. Macaulay wrote afterwards:—

“When I consider how munificently the colleges of Cambridge and Oxford were endowed, and with what pomp religion and learning were there surrounded . . . when I remember what we have taken from the Roman Catholics, King's College, New College, Christ Church, my own Trinity; and when I look at the miserable Dotheboys Hall which we have given them in exchange, I feel, I must own, less proud than I could wish of being a Protestant and a Cambridge man.”

The annual grants to Maynooth were for a long time precarious, and averaged some nine thousand a year. It was Sir Robert Peel who had the bold conception of trebling the grant, making it permanent, and erecting the trustees into a corporation. Yet the political purpose with which Maynooth had been founded was unaltered; the added endowment was, in Lord Morley's phrase, part of “the policy of conciliation with which Peel was now endeavouring to counter O'Connell.” It was one more attempt to

find in the Irish hierarchy an ally against the national aims of the Irish laity.

Mr. Gladstone, who very characteristically left Peel's Government on the question, and then voted for the Bill, completed this history a generation later by endowing the college with a capital sum out of the Irish Church's estate.



Maynooth.

The building of which Macaulay wrote so contemptuously is not, after all, disagreeable to the eye; ivy masks its plainness, and the approach to it has interest enough to atone for deficiencies in the architecture. On the left hand is a magnificent yew spreading its boughs over a circuit of some twenty yards in diameter, and a fable associates it, after Irish

fashion, with the unluckiest and most romantic of the Geraldines. Silken Thomas's tree it is called, and it may well have stood there three or four hundred years ago.

Facing it is the great ruined block of castle, ivy-clad too, and beyond this on the right is the Protestant church, which by an odd chance stands within the grounds of the greatest Catholic seminary in the world.

Maynooth has twelve hundred students now, and to the old plain quadrangle has been added an inner and larger one of lanceate architecture, beyond which again the great church of the place shoots up its white spire, a landmark for miles in that level country.

All the quadrangles are mapped out, as it were, with limes, whose golden leaf was falling when I saw the place, and with rows of dark yew. Hundreds of black-robed figures moved in the long, straight walks; but in the playing fields beyond was a group at football, another at hurling, while nearer by was a four of stout, active young fellows in their shirt-sleeves vigorously pursuing the old national sport of handball against an alley.

The college has been disagreeably described of late by one who should know it. My own impression, though I have only a visitor's acquaintance, is curiously different, for it results mainly from the personality of a man who for long years has been among the outstanding figures of that community---

in a sense, at the very head of its teaching; a man of wide note for strong and original philosophic thought, a student, but assuredly no bookworm; one of those human beings who carry with them breaths of the clean moorland breeze, and who not once only has shown example of high courage and of honest, downright speech upon matters of sharp controversy in education and in politics. Among hundreds of teachers, I have never known a more manly man; and no professor in Maynooth has ever, so I am told, commanded more affection.

It would be indeed matter for lamentation if that institution were not guided on sane and honourable lines; for from this reservoir of youth a veritable flood of human energy pours forth yearly. Maynooth is providing priests not only for Great Britain, but for Greater Britain, and Australia is all beholden to its walls.

Many of us look forward to a day when the priesthood will be less invariably the choice of a farmer who wants to advance his son in the world. There is not only an element of splendour in this annual consecration of so many strong young lives; there is an element of rather petty calculation as well. Irish folk, and especially Irish country folk, are very slow to take risks; and a son launched in the priesthood — often after a desperate struggle with grinding poverty — is safely provided for, materially and also morally. Very many are directed towards Maynooth by the same reasons as create the rush for civil service em-

ployment; what an Irish countryman desires most for his son is a secured livelihood and position.

Yet above and beyond all this there is a passionate idealism, and an Irish mother's life holds no day greater than that on which she hears her son first celebrate the mass. In the young men themselves, too, there is that missionary flame which draws Irish clergy, Protestant as well as Catholic, out into all the heathen places of the world. So it has always been since the days of Columba, whom Maynooth honours only less than St. Patrick—whom indeed Maynooth specially commemorates now by a league of young men pledged to speak to each other only in Irish.

Here, too, the old order gives place to new. The old-time priest who sat after dinner over his glass of punch has been succeeded by a coffee-drinking, bicycle-riding generation who hustle their seniors and bring very often a tremendous civic zeal into the service of their parishes.

Maynooth, moreover, is to-day less segregated; a recognised college of the National University, it is being drawn into the general stream of University life. Something is being done to repair the ravage of wasteful centuries when the passion of learning which really dominates in Ireland was deliberately dulled out of the race, just as eyes blinded by long dark might cease to desire the sun.

CHAPTER V

KILKENNY

IRELAND, being an island and not greatly affected by modern industrial development, is a country of villages and seaports. A few towns in its one manufacturing district have grown to some importance, and Athlone, on the great waterway of the Shannon, ranks with these. But there is and has been for seven centuries one true city which the tide did not reach; and it is characteristic of Ireland's history that when Ireland in her long struggle had for a few months a capital, that capital was inland, at Kilkenny.

Yet even this city was not Irish in its origin. There exists in manuscript a Latin tract on "The Diocese of Ossory"; its author was probably the last Catholic bishop who sat of right in the old cathedral of that diocese, a man passionately and pathetically devoted to his diocesan seat; and this is how he described it, between 1624 and 1641:—

"So this city is commonly called Kilkenny, that is, the fane or cell of Canice. Seated on the river Nore, which flows beneath two marble bridges distant from

each other about two furlongs, its greatest length is from north to south. On the north stands boldly forth the large and magnificent cathedral church sacred to St. Canice the Abbot; southwards and verging towards the east rises the castle, or rather a fortress guarded by many castles and bulwarks. From this twofold source sprang the civic community—the



St. Canice's Cathedral.

temple and the fortress were the nurses of its infancy—the civil and ecclesiastical polities contributing equally to the growth of its buildings. To the inquirer as to the period of its foundation I reply that it is coeval with the English Conquest in Ireland.”

Canice, that is Cainneach, whose name is thus commemorated in Ceall Cainnigh, Kenny's Cell,

had, of course, nothing to do with England. He was the friend and fellow-worker of Columba, but, unlike that missionary saint, he did not cross the channel to evangelise heathendom. Living in Ireland, he made his main foundation in the monastery at Aghabo, in Queen's County. Counties are modern divisions, but the ecclesiastical boundaries follow old frontiers, and the modern diocese of Ossory corresponds roughly with the old kingdom or sub-kingdom of that name.

Even as an ecclesiastical centre Kilkenny was of little note in pre-Norman Ireland; the first mention of it in Irish annals is in the year 1085, when "Ceall Cainnigh was for the most part burnt," say the Four Masters. We can guess what was burnt—the wood and wattled huts of monks; and we can see with our own eyes what escaped that burning.

Beside the cathedral, almost touching its northern wall, rises one of the ancient round towers which were built here and there over Ireland, none of them later than the tenth century, none certainly earlier than the sixth. Unquestionably this place was an ecclesiastical centre before its building, for the tower was built on the clay of an old graveyard. The antiquary's spade has disclosed human skeletons buried in the Christian fashion, with feet pointing eastward, under the floor of the tower, and some of them actually under the superincumbent walls. But on top of this stratum, with its trace of orderly burial, lay a mass of calcined clay mixed up with charcoal

and human bones, some burned, some unburned. The eight floors of the belfry were fired from below and fell; but the high walls stood firm.

The ecclesiastical settlement was rebuilt after 1085, for it was ravaged again; and the place appears to have grown in importance, for a party of the first Norman invaders under Prendergast here joined the king of Ossory, and it would seem that they built a mote here. But its greatness did not begin till after Strongbow's death. He had left no son, and his vast inheritance with the lordship of Leinster passed to his daughter, Dermot MacMurrough's grandchild. Her husband, William Mareschal, was the first who built solidly and permanently on the steep bank above the Nore. Under his strong protection the town must have grown rapidly, for he, as feudal lord, gave it a charter in 1207, under which it could levy dues to spend on its own defence and improvement.

But it was not only the fortress that dated from the English Conquest. There was indeed an ecclesiastical settlement about the round tower, but the diocesan seat was still at Aghabo, and the bishop, Felix O'Dullany, was still an Irishman. When O'Dullany died, the Earl Mareschal saw to it that no Irishman succeeded; the next bishop was Hugh de Rous, who described himself as *primus Anglicus episcopus Ossoriensis*; and he lost no time in removing the seat of the see from Aghabo, an outlying Irish district, into the heart of the English settlement.



St. Canice's Steps.

In the modern Roman Catholic Cathedral, a lanceate building, graceful, grey, austere, refined, not unworthy of the lovely stone which glorifies all buildings in Kilkenny, there is a slab on which are engraved the names of all the Catholic bishops of Ossory. There are a round dozen previous to 698, all saints; none later attained sainthood officially. It is interesting to note the appearance of surnames after the tenth century. From Donnchad O'Cellachar (that is, Keller or Kelleher) to O'Dullany the Irish series runs; and then comes the break, de Rous, Malveisin, Ledred, Mapilton, and so on; not for more than two hundred years is there a native Irish name.

But in Kilkenny, as in so many places, the Normans were givers no less than takers. The old parish church of Kilkenny, built in the round-arched Irish style, was replaced by the beautiful building which still glorifies the city—a superb cliff of masonry, the dove-grey stone ruffled by time as grey-blue water is ruffled by a shimmering breeze, and this enriches its colour, so temperate yet so warm. The little patches of yellowish lichen on the fabric and on the grave-stones in the surrounding burial ground add to this beauty of tone. What struck one in the building was the great look of mass—its main ornament the simple quatrefoil windows and string-courses of boldly-cut blocks; yet everywhere there was a sense of relief in light and shade given almost without sculpture; and this noble bareness tempts the eye to dwell all the more gladly on the fine fluting of the

pointed doorway. Those who built that in the thirteenth century were true artists and true agents of civilisation. They added, in Ledred's bishopric, an east window of coloured glass so precious that in the seventeenth century an Italian Cardinal sought to buy it for seven hundred pounds, the equivalent of at least ten thousand of our money. Unlucky the pride that refused; five years later Cromwell's soldiers made an end of it; only a few fragments have been unearthed to show how glorious were the ruby and purple of that forgotten day.

Yet if Kilkenny did not suffer even more—if, on the whole, it comes to us through the centuries less defaced than any ancient town in Ireland, outside the capital—the reason is that Kilkenny was protected through the centuries by the one great Anglo-Norman house which knew no ruinous reversal of fortune.

Earl Mareschal's line was scarcely more enduring than that of Strongbow, and his inheritance passed to female descendants, who married out of Ireland. In 1391 Kilkenny was purchased by the Butlers, who had come to be the principal lords in the region drained by the Suir, the Nore, and the Barrow. Here was their chief territory, but their possessions stretched clear across to the East Coast, where they held the old Danish port of Arklow.

The first of them, Theobald Fitzwalter, came with John in 1185, as "Bottiler" to the King, no empty honour, but one rewarded with the prisage of all wines coming into Ireland—practically a tithe on the

trade. The Butlers fixed their seat at Gowran, in Kilkenny, where a castle commanded the pass on the main route between Dublin and the South; and they



Kilkenny Castle.

acquired Carrick on the Suir, where, also, they built a great fortified home. For service against Edward

Bruce they were rewarded with the Earldom of Carrick, but Carrick's son married a granddaughter of Edward I., and was ennobled with the greater title of Earl of Ormonde—that is, East Munster. The second Earl of Ormonde was Lord Deputy of Ireland, and his tomb is in St. Canice's Cathedral. The third Earl bought Kilkenny.

The importance of the place had long been recognised. In 1311 a Parliament was held there, to which eighty-seven persons were summoned. It was the most central point for the Anglo-Norman community, and none but Anglo-Normans were summoned there; native Ireland had no part or lot in this assembly. Yet, already, sharp jealousy of the Norman-Irish was growing up, and, in 1341, Edward III. proposed to resume the royal grants in Ireland, and to remove from office in Ireland all of Irish birth. The answer was not slow in coming. Desmond called a rival Parliament of the Norman-Irish to meet under his presidency in Kilkenny.

It is a very singular thing that no mention of this assembly is made in the Annals compiled in the Franciscan Friary at Kilkenny by a friar named John Clyn. This curious document, which was edited long ago by the erudite Dean Butler, gives us brief jottings of contemporary events in Ireland and on the Continent; it preserves naturally in more detail what came under the writer's observation. Thus Clyn tells us that in 1322 the belfry of St. Canice's fell and carried a great part of the choir with it "so that it was a

horrid and frightful spectacle to the beholders." He tells us that in 1335 there was set up a market-cross of stone—now lost, alas! "at which time many persons flying to the cross were marked on the naked flesh with the sign of the cross with a red hot iron that they might go to the Holy Land"—recruits for the Crusades, which affected Ireland as they affected all Europe. Nor did Ireland escape the visitation which swept Europe in 1348; Kilkenny knew the Black Death when penitent and confessor were carried together to the grave, and men scarcely dared perform the offices of piety or of piety. "Many died of boils and abscesses, and pustules on their shins and under their armpits; others died frantic with the pain in their head, or spitting blood. The year was, beyond measure, wonderful, unusual, and, in many respects, prodigious, yet it was sufficiently abundant and fruitful. And I, Friar John Clyn, of the order of Friars Minor and of the convent of Kilkenny, write in this book these notable things which happened in my time, and which I saw with my eyes or which I learned from persons worthy of credit; and lest things worthy of remembrance should perish with time and fall away from the memory of those who are to come after us, I, seeing these many evils, and the whole world lying, as it were, in the wicked one among the dead waiting for death till it come, as I have truly heard and examined, so have I reduced these things to writing, and lest the writing should perish with the writer and the work fail together

with the workman, I leave parchment for continuing the work, if haply any man survive, and any of the race of Adam escape this pestilence and continue the work which I have commenced.”

There follows one more entry for 1349, and then, in another hand, this note: “Here it seems the author died.”

The Franciscan Friary where Clyn lived and wrote has had a strange history. After the penal days it became a barracks till the roof of it fell in, and in Dean Butler’s time (1849) it was used as a racket court by the citizens of Kilkenny. To-day it is only an item in the long count of Irish ruins.

But perhaps the best known of all associations with the town dates from a time after Clyn’s death, but before the Butlers got the Castle. In 1367, Lionel, Duke of Clarence, called the Parliament there which passed the celebrated Statute of Kilkenny—a real landmark in Irish history.

That Statute opened with a complaint that the colonists had become Irish in speech and habits; and, recognising the chief cause, it declared intermarriage with the Irish to be treason. It also forbade, on pain of forfeiture, the use of the Irish language, or Irish dress, the playing of hurley—most gallant and dashing of games; it forbade the entertainment of Irish minstrels, bards or harpers. It added provisions to prohibit the Irish from holding fairs (what right had they to buy or sell like citizens?) It declared that no Irishman might hold ecclesiastical preferment

among the English, thus fixing by enactment what had been the custom at Kilkenny.

The Statute did nothing to advance the Conquest; in the ten years which followed it, much territory was won back by the native race. "What the Statute did," says Mr. Bagwell, "was to separate the two races more completely."

The house of Ormonde, at Kilkenny, was somewhat less affected or infected by Irish ways than almost any other Norman-Irish stock—yet they intermarried freely with the great native houses. But their chief relations, whether of marriage or of war, were with the two Geraldine houses of Desmond and Kildare.

In the sixteenth century the overthrow of Kildare enhanced the greatness of Ormonde; yet the Butler of that period wept for the ruin of the other great house—so closely connected with his own by blood—and was amongst those who pleaded hardest for the restoration of the young Geraldine fugitive. The Butlers stood well at Court in Tudor days, not only through their constant loyalty, but through their affinity with the sovereign. Anne Boleyn's father was of Ormonde stock, and actually held the earldom against a Butler claimant. Elizabeth used to speak of the tenth Earl, the famous "Black Tom," as "my black husband," and he withstood her arbitrariness more successfully than her other admirers; perhaps because he never seems to have "parleyed euphuism" like the rest in the cult of Gloriana. His attentions

were of another kind; he sent her the Earl of Desmond's head "pickled in a pipkin."

When James came to the throne Ireland had been "pacified" with the bloody peace of Carew and Mountjoy; Desmond was a wilderness, the Desmond house was obliterated; Kildare, now the merest tool of Government, counted for little. Ormonde alone of the great Anglo-Irish chieftains survived; and if the increasing power of the Crown had somewhat lessened his palatine independence, everything else had gone to heighten his wealth and his power.

There is nothing to match or to approach Kilkenny Castle in the Ireland of to-day. The railway does not bring you into the town, which lies on the right bank of the Nore; you come therefore into Kilkenny over the bridge which spans that river—alas! no longer the bridge I knew there ten years back; steep in pitch, inconvenient, but lovely in the poise of its arch and in the finished beauty of its balustrade. Now a concrete structure replaces it—ugly enough, but it must be allowed that Kilkenny horses have reason to be thankful; and nothing has impaired or can impair the view. To the left of the bridge the river bank rises almost to a cliff terraced up with strong masonry, and above this, behind and beyond a screen of noble trees, looms the great pile of the Castle. The pool which the bridge traverses is broad and very deep; salmon lie there and great patriarchal trout, for the Nore is none of your hungry waters, but flows through rich land. Along its bank a

beautifully planted walk is kept for the whole length of the Ormonde demesne; the place has the look, so rare in Ireland, of having been tended with watchful pride for many generations, and it teems with memories.

Here, by the river, they are of the later Ireland. On the left bank a big, plain-looking building stands in its own grounds, obviously a school; but how many schools have such traditions? Swift passed there his morose, unhappy boyhood, having among his class-fellows one singularly unlike him, Congreve, who before he was five-and-twenty added the prestige of a great writer to that of the handsomest young man about town. Most undoubtedly at Kilkenny Congreve would have looked down on and patronised and bullied the far greater immortal, his school-fellow, who after a more than usually protracted experience of the ugly duckling's lot emerged suddenly strong-winged and splendid. Swift, apart from his literary fame, was a great leader in the revolt not of this clan or that faction, but of Ireland against English misgovernment; and, in a sense, modern Irish history begins with the publication of the "Drapier" letters.

In that history there are few more poignant or illuminating documents than the *Dialogues* of another pupil of Kilkenny School, Berkeley, the bishop, philosopher, and saint. He pleaded for justice and reasonable government in Ireland with a gentleness perhaps more persuasive than all the terrors of Swift's

irony. Literature is the richer by both; and if at the moment they seemed to help Ireland little, yet these great writers gave edge, direction, and impetus to the resistance against intolerable wrong; they ennobled, because they gave to it a reasoned and coherent voice, the deep and brooding resentment which lay at the heart of a people often famed for their easy gaiety.

Yet the fame is not unmerited. From the same school as Congreve there came also Farquhar, a younger, happier rival in drama; one more name which illustrates how much England's stage is in debt to Ireland for its laughter. When you have taken out Congreve, Farquhar, Goldsmith, Sheridan, and Shaw, what is left of English prose comedy? Yet the river bank by Kilkenny keeps vivid memory of one who was more fully representative of Ireland than any of these illustrious wits—the Irishman most typical of modern Ireland that ever lived, except perhaps Dan O'Connell—her own favourite of favourites, “the sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,” and yet for all that the merriest of companions, the wittiest of talkers, and a born play-actor Tom Moore.

He came here play-acting early in the eighteenth century while Kilkenny was still a social centre, and the great event of Kilkenny's year was the fortnight of amateur theatricals. Moore, then living in Ireland and writing the best of his Irish Melodies, was at the height of his popularity; young,

extremely pleasant to look at, admired by women and much beloved by men for this curled darling had spirit and courage and good fellowship and the Irish gift of fun. He was the bright star of Kilkenny's stage, a twinkling star of comedy, and, as it would seem, Kilkenny trusted no amateur actress with the leading woman's parts. For these, professionals were engaged, and so there came to Kilkenny for two separate seasons Miss Harriet Dyke and her young sister Bessy. Nobody ever has suggested that Bessy Dyke was a great actress, but she was as pretty as a girl can be at sixteen; and at sixteen she spent long summer evenings wandering along the river-path by the Nore, under the august shade thrown by Kilkenny Castle and its cliffs—wandering with the most enchanting of young poets. The upshot was a love match of extreme imprudence, but, happily for Moore, his penniless girl had sense and goodness in rare measure. They owed much happiness to that chance meeting in Kilkenny, and when the days of unhappiness came, it only drew them closer. No woman ever did more for a man than Bessy Moore for her poet; and if in the days of his glory he left her to mind the babies in the country while he kept his songs alive in town by singing them in adoring drawing-rooms, it would have been a very bold person who would have gone to offer commiseration to Mrs. Moore. She was from first to last entirely proud and contented, the wife of one who gained not only the homage of drawing-rooms,

but the worship of a grateful nation from every cabin in Ireland. Tom Moore did more for Ireland than Swift could do; he fed not the passion of a slave's resentment, but the nobler aspiration of men who thrilled to the memories and hopes that he awakened, undismayed by a tragic record of defeat.

If I have turned aside here from the natural evolution of my subject to follow incidental links which connect with a later time, it is because here at Kilkenny the chief associations of the place are with the blackest hour of all in Ireland's story; because the events that must be recalled to mind are such as the mind shrinks from, and such as can only be rightly seen if the whole picture be held in the vision of memory. Ireland's history is worth studying if for one reason only: it tells in a thousand ways how the soul of a nation may preserve its living quality in the most mortal disaster; how a people's heart may be unshaken by cruelty, by oppression, by misfortune, and, worst of all, by the proof of its own incompetence.

The Norman Conquest brought to Ireland mixed good and evil, and when the account is reviewed perhaps it will seem that the power for good of the Geraldines, the Burkes, the Butlers, and of the lesser men who under their protection built up civic life in Ireland, outweighed the harm done by the policy which is summed up in the Statute of Kilkenny. With the Tudor Sovereigns a new period opened in which Ireland became the theatre of a war whose pur-

pose was deliberate extermination. The Reformed religion in Ireland sought its inspiration from the Old Testament, in those chapters which told how the chosen people dealt with the Hittites and Jebusites. Much has been said of bringing to superstitious people the blessings of "the open Book." From the days of Henry VIII. to those of Cromwell that Book was always open at a page which extolled the work of slaughter. Yet religion had little to say in the matter; under Catholic Mary the pious work went on, and King's County and Queen's County, with their Philipstown and Maryborough, record the memory of the first Irish "plantation" when Irish land was given over to English settlers as a deliberate policy of replacement. But Elizabeth's little finger was thicker than her sister's loins, and the Desmond wars marked the first wholesale devastation carried out over a period of years. Ploughland went back to pasture, but no cattle were left to eat the grass; men and women strove with the beasts for cress and sorrel. At the end, half a million acres of good land in the warm south were declared forfeit and derelict, ready for distribution to those who would buy at such prices as men pay now in Western Canada.

Yet here the "undertakers," having got their land, were well content to employ native Irishmen to work it, and these starving souls and bodies asked no better than a means to live. Payne, one of these undertakers, wrote of them:—"They keep their promise faithfully, and are more desirous of peace

than an Englishman, for that in time of wars they are more charged. Nothing is more pleasing with them than to hear of good justices placed among them. They have a common saying which I am persuaded they speak unfeignedly, which is, 'Defend me and spend me,' meaning from the oppression of the worser sort of our countrymen."

What they asked, in a word, was a return to the civilised order which English hands had destroyed. Payne testifies to the excellence of their Brehon law:—

“As touching their government, in their corporations where they bear rule is done with such wisdom, equity, and justice as merits worthy commendations. For I myself divers times have seen in severall places within their jurisdictions well near twenty causes decided at one sitting with such indifferency that for the most part both plaintiff and defendant hath departed contented.”

Yet even this same praiser of Irish ways blames the undertakers for their tolerance of Irish tenants; which he explains by avowing that the Irish were willing to give bigger rents for the privileges of working the land which had once been their own tribal possession.—Here is the birth of the central Irish problem.

Under James I. the process was carried out more drastically in a different part of Ireland. The wars against O'Neill and O'Donnell terminated in the last days of Elizabeth by a submission of the Irish chiefs

on honourable terms. But the King's Bench, early in James's reign, decided that all the traditional system of landholding in native Ireland was illegal and invalid; and thus, as Mr. Lecky observes, "without a struggle and without compensation the proprietary rights of the natives were swept away." In 1607 came the flight of the Earls, who took ship at Lough Swilly, and the whole of their lordships were declared confiscate; the task of removing and replacing the natives began. The plantation of Ulster was not soon over; it continued till the end of the seventeenth century; but it was thorough and drastic. The image of it rose up clear three hundred years later, when men sat together to endeavour to determine which part of Ulster was Protestant and which Catholic. A map in relief was prepared, marked with religious distributions; and it was seen that in Tyrone, Fermanagh, Donegal, Monaghan, Cavan, and Armagh, the Protestants held the cultivable valleys, while the Catholics were away up on moor and mountain.

Ulster was dealt with under James I.; with Charles I. came Strafford, who designed the same work in Connaught. In this province an arrangement had actually been made in 1585 by Sir John Perrot, who decreed a "composition" with "the nobility, spiritual and temporal, and all the chieftains and Lords of Connaught," which was to give them a sound title in English law. But Strafford undertook to rip all this up, and it has been seen how he dealt with the Galway jury who refused to find that

the Crown might redistribute at its pleasure all the land in Connaught. Here, too, plantation was projected; only Strafford's fall saved the natives of Connaught from the fate that had befallen those of Ulster.

These were operations on the grand scale. Pettier confiscations of the same sort were attempted all over Ireland—notably against the O'Byrnes of Wicklow. Meanwhile, individual enterprise was busy; the privateers in this war of chicane, "discoverers" of imperfect titles (titles imperfect in nearly every case from the neglect, sometimes deliberate, of English officials), earned rich rewards; and man after man of the old stock, Irish or Anglo-Irish, found his substance filched from him. At the same time, with the rising power of Puritanism, went a growing severity of persecution directed against the Catholic faith. There was talk, and no mere idle talk, of a "severe determination to extirpate the Irish Papacy out of this Kingdom"—to rout out the idolaters for the profit of them who undertook a "godly conquest" of the land.

Under these promptings the great rebellion of 1641 broke out in Ulster. It began with a simple expulsion of those who, within living memory, had taken confiscated lands; but they were a multitude, they resisted, and the rebellion degenerated into a *jacquerie* with its massacres.

Now, indeed, there was a pretext for a truly scriptural settlement. Power in Ireland was vested in the

Lords Justices, Parsons and Borlase, of whom Parsons was the leading spirit, and no more grasping adventurer ever plundered a country.

The rebellion was a rising of the native Irish to recover their lands, and to protect their religion; the Catholic gentry of the Pale had no hand in it, and even offered their services to the Government. The Lords Justices might have localised the trouble, might, perhaps, have crushed it at once by prompt action; but two strong motives swayed them, timidity and greed. If they waited, a strong army might be sent over from Puritan England; if they waited, confiscation might drag with a wider net. They wrote to Lord Leicester, the Lord Lieutenant, who still was on the English shore. "These great counties of Leinster, Ulster, and the Pale now lie the more open to his Majesty's free disposal, and to a general settlement of peace and religion by introducing the English."

In February, 1642, Parliament decided to raise a loan by offering two and a half million acres of Irish land for allotment to subscribers. £600 entitled the venturer to 2,000 acres in Leinster, £450 to an equal extent in Munster, £300 in Connaught, and £200 in Ulster. This Bill, called the Adventurer's Act, passed through all its stages in a week: Catholic Ireland, loyal and rebel alike, had full notice what to expect.

A lead was given by the clergy of Ulster who, in a synod held at Armagh in March, decided that an



Kilkenny. The High Street.

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assembly representative of all Ireland should be convened, and Kilkenny was fixed for the meeting-place. In May, at this new capital of inland Ireland, a supreme Council of nine was chosen, and, on October 24th, 1642, the general assembly of the Catholic Confederation met.

For the first time, resistance to English power came, not from any chief or group of chiefs or lords, but from Ireland as a whole. Old Irish and Anglo-Norman were side by side in the streets of Kilkenny, the Celt in his flowing mantle and peaked shoes, the Anglo-Norman in doublet and hose. With them were many of those Irishmen who now for the first time saw a chance open to them in their native land; priests who spoke French or Italian more easily than either English or Irish, soldiers whose military life had been spent abroad; one above all amongst them, Owen Roe O'Neill, claimant to the lordship of that great house, who returned with a band of comrades sunburnt from long service in the wars of Spain.

Outside the market in Kilkenny an inscription shows where stood Richard Shee's house, which can have been no petty mansion for in it assembled eleven spiritual peers, fourteen temporal peers, and two hundred and twenty-six commoners.

They proposed nothing but loyalty to the Sovereign; their coinage bore the twin legends *Floreat Rex* and (on the verso) *Quiescat Plebs*. Their decrees accepted the English law as the base of their constitution, in all points not contrary to the Roman

Catholic religion, or inconsistent with the liberty of Ireland.

The framework of their constitution comprised county councils, provincial councils, and a supreme council of twenty-four, with a president—six members for each province; and here came in the germ of fatal weakness. The Leinster six were all Anglo-Irish; the Ulster six, all old Irish; the rest mainly English or Anglo-Norman. The old Irish were heavily outnumbered, yet they possessed the only first-rate soldier. Jealousies decreed that there should be a military organisation by provinces, and Owen Roe was confined to Ulster and hampered even within that sphere.

The President was Lord Mountgarrett, a Butler and, as such, a kinsman of the most formidable antagonist whom the Confederates had to face. The lord of Kilkenny was the man who destroyed the Confederation to which Kilkenny gave its name.

Black Tom, the tenth Earl of Ormonde, had died in 1614 without a son to succeed him, and his heir, Walter, the eleventh Earl, became the object of an intrigue directed against him by King James and Buckingham, and was for eight years imprisoned in the Fleet. This Earl was a devout Catholic: "Walter of the beads and rosary," the Irish called one who was none the less a stout soldier. But while he lay, an old proud man, in prison, his son and heir was drowned, and the succession passed to his grandson, James Butler, of Kilcash. The Court of Wards then

intervened, and while the grandfather was kept in prison, the heir was taken from his mother's care, and brought up at a Protestant school in the guardianship of the Archbishop of Canterbury. That stroke of State did much to save the English power in Ireland, and to protect the fortunes of the house of Ormonde.

In the first place, the handsome lad contrived early to repair his ruined fortunes by marriage with his cousin, Elizabeth Preston, to whom had passed Kilkenny with the main Butler property—a marriage impossible unless he were a Protestant. In the second place, his change of religion ensured that the most powerful of Anglo-Irish nobles should, in this war, not be found on the Irish side.

From the beginning of the struggle Ormonde was, nominally at least, Commander-in-Chief; later he became Lord Lieutenant, and through him all parleyings were conducted. He was a competent soldier, a competent diplomatist; but what counted for most, he was a man of known honour and of humanity, at least by the standards of those days. He had a score of near relatives among the leading confederates; and these men, who were honestly attached to the Crown, found it difficult not to enter into negotiations with him. It was Ormonde's influence that procured in September, 1643, a cessation of hostilities, which was bitterly opposed by the party of old Irish and by the Papal Legate, Father Scarampi, who had recently arrived with supplies. For at this moment,

and at this moment only, in Irish history, the Vatican was supporting an attempt to make Ireland a nation strong enough to hold its own, to defend the faith and the property of its own citizens.

Ormonde's triumph was Ireland's defeat. The old Irish had seen clearly enough that neither party in England, Royalists or Parliamentarians, would be content without reducing the Irish and the Catholics in Ireland to mere servitude.

Then came negotiations through Glamorgan, the agent of Charles, who probably exceeded his instructions in promising to the Catholics full freedom of their religion and the churches not then actually in Protestant use. The breaking down of these negotiations, the disavowal of Glamorgan, all precipitated the breach between Old Irish and New Irish. Yet the factions still held together, though with much jarring, when the Papal Nuncio, Cardinal Rinuccini, landed on the south coast of Ireland and proceeded to Kilkenny.

He was received outside the town by fifty students who recited verses in his honour; he advanced into the city in full processional array under a canopy—much needed, for the rain fell heavily, as he halted by the Market Cross to receive the address of the burgesses; he proceeded to St. Canice's, where he was met at the great entrance by the aged Bishop Rothe, who, eleven years earlier, had erected a monument to commemorate the restoration of the cathedral to the old worship. Thence, after high devotions, he went

from the Cathedral, and across the little river Bregagh, which divided the Irish town from the English town, and so to the Castle where Mountgarrett sat in State as President. Mountgarrett rose to meet the Cardinal, but advanced no step—a lack of deference which the Pope's Nuncio resented, though he praised the tapestries which weavers introduced into Kilkenny by an earlier Ormonde had woven, and he had no cause to find fault with the seat allotted to him, since it was made of damask and gold.

There is no use in trying here to follow the varying fortunes of that incoherent struggle. Owen Roe won the sole great victory of the war when he defeated Monroe at Benburb on June 3rd, 1646; but the Anglo-Irish still parleyed with Ormonde, and concluded a peace without consulting either Owen Roe or the Nuncio, the true heads of the war. Proclamation of that peace was posted on the door of St. Canice's, but it was soon denounced by the fighting party. Rinuccini even issued an interdict against those who accepted it, and O'Neill marched against Kilkenny as a hostile town. Ormonde, who had been called thither for negotiations in his own Castle, had to flee, and O'Neill entered in triumph with Rinuccini. There was a great high mass in St. Canice's in January, 1647, when envoys from France and from Spain were present, and the Nuncio sat to the left of the high altar, lit by the coloured rays from the East window, which he had desired to purchase. Two hundred and twenty-four nobles and gentry assisted

at that celebration : McCarthy Reagh and O'Sullivan More from West Cork, O'Donnell and Magennis from Ulster, the O'Conor Don and the O'Conor Sligo from Connaught, and from Leinster Preston and Talbot, along with those hardy hillsmen, the O'Byrnes of the Wicklow mountains; while over them waved the torn standards taken at Benburb. Yet it was not long before the Supreme Council were denouncing as a rebel the man who won them at Benburb. It mattered little when Rinuccini withdrew and took ship from Galway; but when Owen Roe died of a chance illness at Derry, all was ready for the coming of Cromwell. When that advent took place, Anglo-Norman as well as Celt, new Irish as well as old, Spenser's grandsons as well as those "mere natives" whose obliteration the gentle poet had counselled, were given their simple choice of "hell or Connaught." In all provinces but one, and that one the poorest, all lands were confiscated that were not in Protestant hands.

Cromwell stabled five hundred horses in St. Canice's; his troops made short work of Bishop Ledred's East window; and you may see where they spent some labour in chiselling from Bishop Rothe's commemorative slab the words: "I cleansed this church from heresy and schism." Yet, for all that, Kilkenny Cathedral is far richer in undefaced memories of the past than any other in Ireland. The troopers spared whatever did not offend them. "Anything that was plain, they had no pick at all

upon it," said the custodian to me. I have not space here to review the monuments that were erected in days before Cromwell. Of later generations, the life commemorated is, of course, that of the surrounding Protestant gentry, and here, as everywhere in Irish cathedrals, are names illustrious in English military history. Sir Denis Pack is buried in St. Canice's; he fell at Waterloo leading "Pack's brigade." No braver soldier died there; but how many Irish Catholics earned a nameless grave in that same fight? The tombstone of a Kavanagh of Borris recalls the fact that one great native Irish family, descendants and representatives of the MacMurroughs, survives in power and wealth—honoured among their fellow-countrymen, with the peculiar good will that is shown in Ireland to members of the old Protestant gentry who display national sympathies.

Another tablet illustrates, but illustrates sadly, the same truth. Captain Otway Cuffe, who died in 1912, was one of the best Irishmen of his generation, and Kilkenny recognised his worth, for he was Mayor of the Corporation, despite the fact that he took no definite political side. They knew him as a good citizen, a man who really tried to foster prosperity in Ireland. His true monument is not inside Kilkenny, but it belongs to it.

A walk along the Nore, up stream from the town, brings you past rich fields, along banks with many trees, through scenes full of that leisurely prosperity which Kilkenny seems to typify—Kilkenny, the true

capital of Leinster, richest of Ireland's provinces, and rich with Ireland's traditional wealth of flocks and herds, hay and corn, and roots. But after a mile or so of this pleasant walking you come to an attempt to build up in Kilkenny something of that industrial well-being in which Leinster, like all southern Ireland, is deficient. Here is a cloth mill, with modern plant, employing many hands, started with local capital, but owing its inception to one man's energy. Near by is a wood-working industry, turning out much attractive furniture—another monument to Otway Cuffe; and opposite to them another thing to see, yet more welcome in Ireland, an artisan's village planned on garden city lines; the houses trim and even beautiful in their small way. Here Otway Cuffe's kinswoman and helper, Ellen Lady Desart, has carried on and carried out the good work.

Thus, in its surroundings and in its history, Kilkenny is full of charm as well as of interest; I have always thought it the pleasantest town in Ireland to look at, and its eighteenth century Tholsel, of which Mr. Thomson has sketched the outline, is graceful and distinctive. The Parade, which leads up to the Castle, quite keeps alive the tradition of that century with its fine dignity; here, no doubt, lived Kilkenny's professional men, and they were well housed. In the Clubhouse Hotel there is a big mahogany sideboard of the Sheraton type, work done almost to a certainty in Kilkenny by some fine local craftsman, when work

of that very distinguished type was being done all over Ireland.

But, of course, the place in which to read the history of Kilkenny, and not alone of Kilkenny, but of all Ireland, is the Castle. Its muniment room contains signed letters from every English Sovereign since Henry II. Its long and splendid picture gallery is all hung to the very ceiling with canvases of historic interest, so crowded as to do injustice to the works of art. Black Tom is there in ruff, peaked beard, and peaked eyebrows; and the great Ormonde of Charles's day is there, a little pompous as befitted one of whom it was said that no other sovereign in Europe had so great a subject.

Yet I must confess that in all the gallery no picture so much appealed to me as one quite modern; the portrait of Lord James Wandesforde Butler. A slab in St. Canice's tells you that he was President of Kilkenny Society of Antiquaries, "an ardent student of his country's history." This picture reveals that he was a master of foxhounds as well; and there he sits on his horse, painted by one who knew an Irish gentleman and an Irish horse when he saw them. It is an example of the work of William Osborne, whose son, Walter, excelled him in skill, and equalled him in all lovable qualities. Here the old animal painter is seen at his best; horse and man are right in sentiment, right in tone; the leisurely, well-bred ease, and the look of race is in both.

We have all of us in Ireland a tenderness for "the

old stock ” wherever it is found. May it flourish undiminished at Kilkenny Castle in the Ireland of a newer day! a day whose atmosphere, whose temperature, whose colour, is determined by all that has happened in all these years since the incoming Norman first planted his stronghold on the Cliff above the Nore, and set to work to design and build the noble Cathedral which commemorated the native Irish Saint.



An Old Woman.

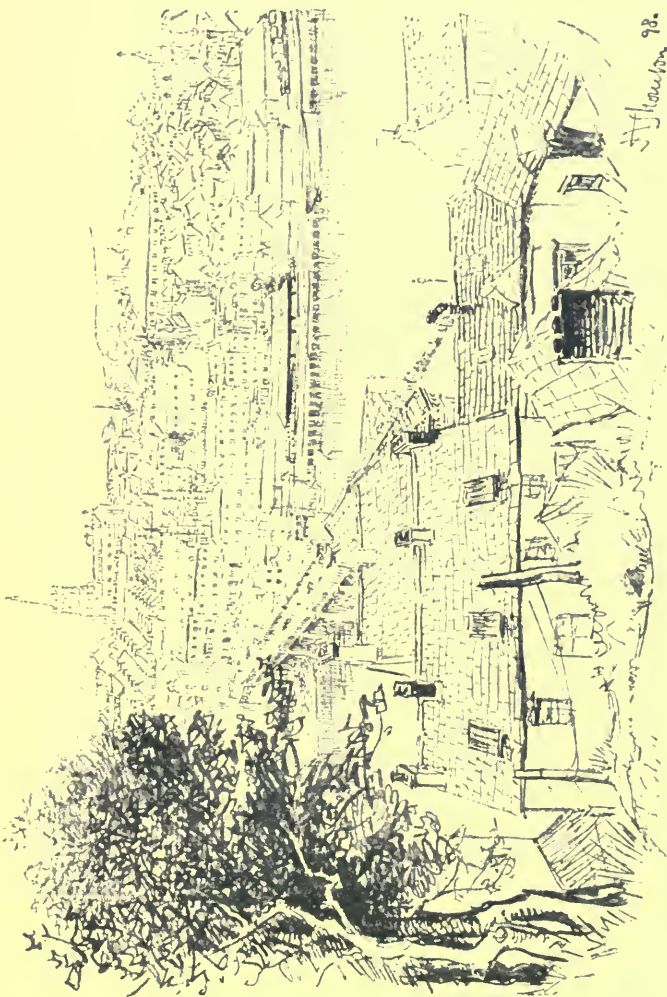
CHAPTER VI

DERRY

DERRY is to one-fourth of Ireland a kind of holy city, a symbol, a flag, rather than a mere group of habitations. And although much that it has come to symbolise is distasteful to Ireland as a whole, yet no good Irishman will grudge Derry its peculiar pride, its honest fame.

Here we are in a stratum of history wholly different from any which has been illustrated by the towns so far studied. In Derry's history the Norman has no part. The place has very definite associations which go back to the early days of Christianity in Ireland; but nothing exists to link the earlier history with the later, except rock, earth, and water, the configuration of the ground, and enduring names that keep alive the memory of a great saint, a great man. A glance should be thrown backwards to those far-off beginnings of a common civic life on that isolated hillock by the Foyle, for these are the memories that unite.

Doire, Derry, or "the Derry," as it was long called,



Derry.

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means the oak wood; and it was here that Columba established his first monastery; it was from this abode that he set out on his missionary journeys; it was for Derry that (in the poignant Ulster phrase) he “thought long” in Iona. Verses are attributed to him:—

“ Ah, rapid the speed of my curragh
 And its stern turned to Derry :
 I grieve at my errand over the noble sea
 Travelling to Alba of the ravens.”

And again in another poem:—

“ Derry mine ; my own oakgrove
 Little house, my cell, my love.”

Whether the authorship of these verses in very ancient Irish be truly ascribed to Columba is matter for question, but not in question is the record of Columba’s life. Archbishop Healy says:—

“Columba was the greatest saint of the Celtic race; and after St. Patrick he is the most striking figure in our Celtic history. What is stranger still, monk and priest though he was, his memory is cherished not only by Catholics but by Protestants, and even by Presbyterians also. . . . He was fortunate, too, in finding a biographer who has written his life in a spirit of loving sympathy; and in our times the biographer has found an editor to publish and illustrate his work with great learning and complete impartiality.”

So the Catholic scholar-prelate from Connaught praises with dignity the labours of the Protestant

Bishop Reeves, an Ulsterman, as was fitting. For Adamnan, ninth Abbot of Iona, who wrote Columba's life in the seventh century, was an Ulsterman from Donegal; and Columba, who founded Derry and founded Iona, was not only an Ulsterman and a Donegal man (the best kind of Ulsterman), but belonged to the royal house of northern Ireland.

The cathedral church which stands to-day as it has stood for nearly three centuries on the top of the hill enclosed within Derry's walls: which treasures by its altars flagstaffs captured in the great siege: which is the very heart and focus of Protestant Ulster to-day as it was when guns were planted on its tower to hurl back defiance and the words "No Surrender": that cathedral is St. Columba's Cathedral, and it is the parish church of Templemore, Teampull Mor, the Big Church, that grew up beside Columba's monastery.

Columba was born in 521 A.D. at Gartan, by the beautiful lake from which the river Lennan rises to flow into Lough Swilly, and he was reared at Kilmacrenan, five-and-twenty miles from Derry. He was trained in the school which St. Finnian had opened on Strangford Lough, in County Down, and thence he went into Leinster to be a pupil in the bardic school of Gemman. Then he passed to Clonard, on the Boyne, and to Glasnevin, outside Dublin, where Saint Cainneach, the founder of Kilkenny, Saint Ciaran, founder of Clonmacnoise, and Saint Comgall, the founder of Bangor, were his class-fellows. Then

at the age of twenty-five he turned homewards to Ulster with thoughts of founding a church.

Columba's first cousin, Ainmire, was then prince of the northern Hy Neill. The official seat of the northern monarchs was Ailech, the ring fortress of drystone walls which stands on the back of the ridge dividing Lough Foyle from Lough Swilly. But it seems that Ainmire had placed his own abode on a site more convenient and less windy, the island of Derry.

“It was a rising ground, oval in shape, containing two hundred acres of land,” says Archbishop Healy, “surrounded on two sides by the Foyle, and on the third by marshy ground since known as ‘The Bog.’ The slopes of the hill were covered with a beautiful grove of oak trees.”

Ainmire gave his own dwelling to his kinsman for the site of a church. According to Archbishop Healy, this original building was where the Roman Catholic cathedral now stands—that is, outside the city walls, on the bog side. But Teampull Mor was built on the crown of the island; and other historians maintain that Columba's original monastery is now covered by the grounds and palace of the Protestant bishop, a stone's throw from the church. To this opinion I should incline.

But one thing comes down in the records which has the ring of human truth. Columba had so strong a feeling for his trees that he would not build his church with the chancel eastwards because some of

the oaks must be cut down to make room for it. He fitted in his church as he could and where he could, and left the trees standing; adding peremptory



Beside the Foyle.

instructions that the sacred grove should be spared; if any tree was blown down, it was to be divided in

three parts, one for the poor, one for the guesthouse, and one for the citizens.

It was from this monastery that Columba's fame spread all over Ireland: that he went out to found Durrow and Kells, seats of learning and of the illuminator's wonderful craft: and it was to Derry that he came back to prepare for the mission laid on him as a penance. Columba was a choleric saint, and when he failed, as he thought, to get justice from the King in Tara, he called on his partisans in Ulster to make war on the rest of Ireland. They made it, and Ulster was beaten; three thousand fell at Cuil-dreimhne, now Cooladrummon, in County Sligo; and Columba went to his confessor, St. Molaise, who told him he must leave Ireland and preach the gospel outside it, where he would gain as many souls as lives were lost in the battle, but that he would never see his country again.

O felix culpa! says Archbishop Healy, that drove him to set out from Derry with twelve monks, men of his own blood, and to coast along the north-eastern shore of Ireland till they were in the narrow seas, Sruth na Maoile, the Moyle, and headed across for Scottish shores, visible some fifteen miles away.

There was peace in Derry till the coming of the Danes, when it was many times burnt by them, and later burnt and burnt again in those wars which devastated Ireland after Clontarf. The ecclesiastical settlement, however, grew steadily in importance, for in 1158 an assembly of the clergy, held in Meath,

ordained that the coarb or successor of Columbkille should be supreme over all the abbots in Ireland. This was part of the general reorganisation attempted just before the Norman invasion.

The conquerors when they came did not reach Derry till 1195, when they burned the Abbey; and even then the expedition was really undertaken by Dunlevy, King of North-eastern Ulster, supported by his one-time enemy, John de Courcy. In this part of Ulster the Normans made no real lodgment. At the very climax of Norman power the Red Earl of Ulster built a castle, Green Castle, on the shores of Lough Foyle, and in 1311 Derry was granted to him. But immediately after that came the invasion of Bruce, and of Anglo-Norman power not a wrack was left behind in Ulster west of the Bann.

Inishowen, the long ridge of land between the Swilly and Lough Foyle, to which the island of Derry belongs, was the country of the O'Dohertys, a clan very considerable to-day, and always numerous. All to the west of them was O'Donnell's country, Tyrconnell; all to the east was O'Neill's, Tyrone, and they paid allegiance now to one chieftain, now to the other. Ailech had ceased to be important since the twelfth century, and the main seat of the O'Neills' power was further south, about Lough Neagh; so that on the whole Inishowen inclined to the nearer lords of Tyrconnell.

The O'Donnells were great princes, and at the time when Henry VIII. adopted a policy rather

designed to assimilate than to destroy, they came in as English nobles. In 1541 Sentleger for the first time came face to face with the chief of Tyrconnell, who met the Lord Deputy in O'Reillys' country, that is in Cavan, and expressed his willingness to accept the King as his Sovereign, and to conform to English law. Sentleger wrote after the interview to King Henry:—

“The said O'Donnell's chiefe counsellor desired me very instantly at his departing from me to be sewter to your Majesty for some apparaill for his master. If it may stand with your Highness's pleasure to give him parliament robes, I think it shall be very well bestowed upon him, for I thinke him to be furnisht of other apparaill better than any Irishman; for at such tyme as he mette with me, he was in a coat of crimson velvet, with agglets of gold, 20 or 30 payer; over that a great double cloke of right crymoisie satin, garded with blacke velvet, a bonette with a fether sette full of agglettes of gold, that methought it strange to see him so honourable in apparraill, and all the reste of his nacion that I have seen as yet so vile. There is about him one that is a right sober young man well lernyd and hath been brought up in France, for whome the said O'Donnell desired me to write to your Majestie that it might please your Majestie to give unto him a small bishopric that lyeth in his country called the Bishoprik of Elphanencies. If it may so stand with your pleasure I think it shall be bestowed well, for your

Highness hath never yet given the same; and by the gifte hereof to this parson your Highness shall attayne the possession according to your Highness's right."

The letter throws an interesting light on Irish life and English policy. But here it is only needful to recall that when Shane O'Neill "made all Ulster a trembling sod," and "was able if he chose to burn up to the gates of Dublin and go away unfought," O'Donnell withstood him; and it was a defeat in battle by the O'Donnells at Letterkenny which finally brought down Shane the Proud.

Before that, Derry had come into the story. The English under Sir Henry Sidney, looking for a place accessible by sea where they might make war "on the backside of O'Neill," sent seven companies of foot and a troop of horse to the Derry to establish a fort there.

In 1588 the fort was blown up by the explosion of a magazine and became derelict. But the English were now fully determined to make an end of resistance in Ulster, and in 1587 they had kidnapped the heir of the O'Donnells by black treachery in Lough Swilly. Red Hugh escaped from Dublin Castle, and, mere boy though he was, soon set the heather on fire. Hugh O'Neill, the great Earl of Tyrone, was driven to join in that war by many compulsions; above all, he had every reason to fear for himself. The war grew into a general rising of Celtic Ireland against the despoilers, and in 1600 English troops

were once more sent round by sea to Derry. The monastery was still great and flourishing, but the new commander, Sir Henry Docwra, "tore down the monastery and cathedral, and destroyed all the ecclesiastical edifices in the town and erected houses and apartments of them." So say the Four Masters, but Docwra himself described it as a place "in manner of an island, wherein were the ruins of an old abbey, of a bishop's house, of two churches, and at one of the ends of it of an old castle." He was very proud that in two years a town was there, able to house two thousand men. He was beleaguered in his walls by a force of O'Donnell's men under Red Hugh's kinsman, Neil Garbh, or The Rough; but gold and the promise of English support for Neil's personal ambitions raised that blockade.

Docwra's diplomacy was busy also to make friends of the O'Dohertys. When their chief died, Red Hugh had one candidate for the succession, but Docwra contrived to establish the late chief's son, a mere lad. He did more, he encouraged Cahir O'Doherty to live in his own house, he trained him in English ways, he knighted him. When the last page in the story of O'Neills and O'Donnells came to be written—when Red Hugh had been poisoned in Spain by Carew's agent, and his successor, Rory, although at peace with England, and ennobled as Earl of Tyrconnell, was driven to fly from Lough Swilly in the same ship that bore away the great Earl of Tyrone—there was an inquest on the cause of

flight. Cahir O'Doherty sat as foreman of the jury that investigated the matter at Strabane, and pronounced the Earls to be traitors and their property forfeit to the Crown.

The history of Derry, or rather of Londonderry, turns on that verdict. But there is another phase to be recorded.

Cahir O'Doherty, much more at home now among the English than his own people, continued to live in the town. But Docwra's successor, Paulet, lacked Docwra's tact; or, possibly, Cahir O'Doherty had served his turn. Anyhow, Paulet quarrelled with the young man and struck him in the face. O'Doherty withdrew, raised his clan, attacked Derry by surprise, took it, killed Paulet, and burnt the town. This happened in April, 1608. Within three months he was hunted down and shot in a skirmish at Doon Rock, near Kilmacrenan. All was ready now for the new order.

The verdict which Cahir O'Doherty had announced, finding the fugitive Earls guilty of treason, when placed in the hands of Jacobean lawyers, proved a terrible engine. Every sod of land over which the two great chiefs had exercised lordship was declared forfeit to the Crown. It was not their property; it was owned by their clansmen, who had no share in their guilt, if guilt there was; but that mattered nothing. Opening was seen for a stroke of statesmanship, and the Cecil of that day, Lord Salisbury, pressed upon King James the project of a solid Pro-

testant colony which should be distinct, and remain—in Lecky's phrase—like a spear-head embedded in the living flesh of Ireland. The policy was faithfully carried out, and Lord Salisbury's descendants have studiously kept alive the tradition of it. No one else has maintained in our day with such distinctness that these people were sent to Ireland to be anti-Irish, and have discharged their proper mission in remaining so.

The plan was far reaching, no half measure. As for the O'Doherty country of Inishowen, thirty miles in length, that went to the Lord Deputy, Chichester, who had been the chief deviser of the intrigue by which the Earls were driven into flight; and so came the family by their title of Earls (and later Marquises) of Donegal. But over and above this, "the greater part of six counties named Armagh, Tyrone, Coleraine, Donegal, Fermanagh, and Cavan" were proclaimed available for allotment. Some part, indeed, was to be left to the Irish; the plantation contemplated that possibility; they also were to hold of the Crown, but to hold at a rent forty per cent. higher than that paid by English and Scottish settlers. It was necessary to make this exception to the general principles, in order that the land might not go into desert; for there was much delay in taking up offers, and, at last, the City of London was approached by emissaries of the Government.

"The late ruined city of Derry situated upon the river of Lough Foyle, together with one other place at or near the Castle of Coleraine do seem the fittest

place for the City of London to plant." So the proposal was worded; and along with these sites went the entire territory between these two places—the land inhabited by the O'Cahans, who were O'Neill's chief *urraghts*. Described in the proclamation as the county of Coleraine, it soon took its name from the more important town. The grant comprised the salmon and eel fishing on the Foyle and Bann; and for twenty-one years, the customs and admiralty dues. All church patronage in the territory was to go to the City; and the sum to be raised in purchase of all this was twenty thousand pounds.

The document addressed to the London Corporation detailed in the manner of an auctioneer all the advantages of the offered estate; how well the soil and climate were adapted to produce food stuffs, cattle, and fells of beasts; how madder, hops, and woad might be cultivated in that region; how hemp and flax grew there "more naturally than elsewhere"; how plentiful and convenient were the materials for building and for shipbuilding; how rich the sea-fishing; how the havens lay well for "Spain and the Straits," and were nearest of all ports for Newfoundland. The City entertained the project, and sent over, as general agents, Tristram Beresford and John Rowley; so came the Beresfords first to Ireland, and this agency became an heirloom with them.

Management was vested in a Committee of the Corporation of London. It rebuilt Derry, and built Coleraine; twenty thousand pounds over and above

the purchase price had to be raised and sunk in the general expenses. When all was done they divided up the estate into twelve parts among the various subscribing guilds and corporations, Skinners, Haberdashers, Merchant Taylors, and the rest, and the portions were assigned by a solemn drawing of lots. But the towns and the seignorial rights over lands and woods and fisheries were retained by the parent committee or company of the City of London, which came to be called the Irish Society.

Not unnaturally the name of Derry was embellished with a prefix. It became Londonderry; and it is so still on the maps, and the English post office so recognises it. But Derry is Derry, and nothing else to Irishmen, Orange or Green.

In Derry, however, the plantation spirit has been, and perhaps is, stronger than anywhere else in Ireland. In 1614 they forbade by decree the taking of Irish apprentices. Elsewhere, the policy did not work so smoothly. In 1615 James wrote to Chichester to complain of the undertakers, "some having begun to build and not planted, others to plant and not to build, and all of them, in general, retaining the Irish still upon their lands, the avoiding of which was the fundamental reason of that Plantation."

Under Charles I. all titles were challenged, and the Irish Society's possession was sequestrated by Star Chamber decree; but the City of London was too strong for Charles. When the rebellion broke out in 1641, the City was prompt in sending four ships

with ordnance to strengthen the defences of Londonderry, and they saved it. In 1649 a Royalist Army besieged the place, but Coote, a Puritan Englishman, and a bitter and savage despoiler of Irish territory, held the place for the Parliament till it was relieved by an Irish army under Owen Roe O'Neill. The most fantastic of all combinations in that strange war had taken place, and the Old Irish were siding with the Puritans against Anglo-Irish and Royalists.

Owen entered Derry, was honoured with a banquet, after which he suddenly died. There was a widespread belief that he was poisoned; but had this been so, Coote would have claimed credit, as Carew did for the poisoning of Red Hugh O'Donnell in Spain.

Under Cromwell, the Irish Society's position was legally re-established, and to make an end of whatever doubts the Star Chamber might have raised, new conveyances were granted to the twelve companies. But with the advent of a Catholic king to the English throne, the Society's possessions were again endangered. In Ireland, James was replacing Protestant officers by Catholics; the Catholic Viceroy, Tyrconnell, was also raising troops among the native Irish, and Protestants everywhere were in alarm.

On November 23rd, 1688, Mountjoy's regiment was withdrawn from Derry, and was to have been replaced by Lord Antrim's newly-raised body of Irish and Highlanders. But Antrim was not ready to march in and did not appear till December 7th (old style). Then he and his men were seen on the march

along the right bank of the Foyle, which was not then bridged. They crossed in boats and advanced rapidly up the hill to Ferryquay Gate. In the town, respectable elders talked of refusing them admittance; but the gate was open and the troops were coming on. It was a small group of apprentices who took the law into their own hands, dashed up to the Main-guard in the centre of the town, where the Diamond or irregular square crowns the hill, seized the city keys, and dashed back to the gate in time to slam it in the face of Antrim's soldiers, who were scarcely a stone's throw off. From that day to this, Prenticeboy has been a name of renown in Derry.

The history of the famous siege is the only chapter in Irish history which everyone knows; Macaulay has seen to that; and I need not attempt to retrace its outlines here. The landmarks are everywhere in the town. Derry walls still stand; Ferryquay Gate admits you as you drive up from the station to the Diamond. "Roaring Meg" is in her place of honour at an angle of the walls near Bishopsgate; Shipquay Gate is now near the centre of the main commercial life, which has moved outside the walls to the level of the quays; and the central post office stands close to the place where Murray, the soul of the defence, is said to have slain Maumont, the French General, in hand to hand encounter :

"The tender parents viewed the bloody fray
From off the stately walls by the shipkay
For near the walls upon the shore they fought."

So says the *Londeriados*, a poem of unknown authorship, which was preserved in manuscript for a hundred years, and which gives, in many ways, the best account of all that happened in Derry; the author had no great literary gift, but he wrote of what he had seen, and set down the deeds of heroes in very plain English—and also the little details. Of this same encounter, to which Pennyburn, the first station on the Lough Swilly line, gives its name, he says:—

“Great was the spoil and plunder of that day
 For all returned with some goodly prey;
 ’Mongst which a pyebald horse, which Columbkille
 Foretold, if taken at the Pennyburn Mill,
 The Irish should expect no more success.”

But it was not only the legendary prophecies of Columbkille which the Protestants of Derry held in honour. Columbkille’s Cathedral dominating the town was the centre of its resistance, in more ways than one:—

“They placed two great guns on the steeple top
 Which gave the Irish many a deadly pop.”

But also:—

“The Church and kirk did jointly preach and pray
 In St. Columba’s Church most lovingly
 Where Doctor Walker to their great content
 Preached stoutly ’gainst a Popish Government.
 Master Mackenzie preached on the same theme
 And taught the Army to fear God’s great name.
 The Reverend Ruit did confirm us still,
 Preaching submission to God’s holy will;
 He likewise prophesied our relief
 When it surpassed all human belief.

The same was taught by the learned Mr. Crooks
 And Master Hamilton showed it from his books.
 From sunrising to sunsetting they taught
 Whilst we against the enemy bravely fought."

The worst enemy they had to contend against in that siege of one hundred and five days was hunger; for the enemy were ill-equipped with ordnance and the walls were stout. But there were many sallies, and the men who fought were in sad plight. On July 27th, three days before the relief, "a gentleman in the garrison" made a note of the price of food. A rat fetched a shilling, a cat four-and-sixpence, a quart of horse's blood a shilling. "A small fluke (or flounder) taken in the river" was "not to be bought for money or purchased under the rate of a quantity of meal"—which cost a shilling the quart "when found." The temper of the time is best shown by one grim entry:—"A quarter of a dog, five-and-sixpence (fattened by eating the bodies of the slain Irish)."

But such is the temper of a life-and-death struggle, and I think the siege of Derry left no bitter memories. This, at least, is certain. When in 1788 the centenary of the shutting of the gates came to be commemorated, an official account notes that after the great display, in which the apprentice boys' company of the Volunteers went through the ceremonial of shutting the gates, there was a public dinner, at which "the Mayor and Corporation, officers of the Navy and Army, and gentlemen of the town and country, and the clergy of all churches," sat down together.

“Religious dissensions,” says the record, “seemed to be buried in oblivion, and Roman Catholics vied with Presbyterians in expressing by every possible mark their sense of the blessings secured to them by an happy constitution and the cordial part they took in the celebration of this joyful day.”

It is necessary to remark that the “happy constitution” which then existed was one in which an Irish Parliament controlled the affairs of Ireland. The claim of Catholics for equality had not been met, but more advance towards meeting it had been made in six years of Government from Dublin than in a century of Government from Westminster; and Derry was then breast-high for Catholic emancipation.

The Irish Parliament ceased to exist, and after some few years' experience of the Legislative Union Protestant Derry had become firmly convinced that Catholic emancipation meant the ruin of the Protestants. These facts may be variously explained, but they are facts. Stranger things have happened in the reign of King George V. than that we should see Catholic Volunteers assisting Protestant Volunteers to celebrate again the shutting of the gates or the relief of Derry. But from the beginning of the nineteenth century onwards, the chief events in Derry's history have been riots connected with these celebrations, which have not always maintained the harmonious temper of 1788.

The healing process which had gone so far in 1788,

which by 1795 had been carried farther, was rudely arrested between 1798 and 1800; and the Ulster plantation was once more separated from the surrounding body of Ireland. Derry is the true embodiment of the plantation spirit; it is the real capital of that Protestant community which is spread over all Ulster, mixed but not blended with the native Catholic stock. Belfast and its outliers from Portadown to Ballymena are a different development. They belong to the nineteenth century, Derry to the seventeenth; they live on their present, Derry to a great extent on its past. Even in politics Derry looks on Belfast as a centre of unsafe and revolutionary ideas. It is in Derry that you can study the contribution which the Ulster plantation made to the development of Ireland.

As a town Derry is without beauty, except that which comes from its situation on rising ground beside a very noble river; it possesses no building of architectural beauty, no trace of sculptor's work that a trained eye would rest on with pleasure. But—and this is no small matter—there are few places in it that would offend the eye. It is not wholly a manufacturing town, and such traces of country life as Mr. Thomson's sketch indicates may be seen frequently enough. As a whole, it is clean, tidy, well-kept, prosperous-looking, with many signs of well-doing and comfort, few of wealth and luxury. There are good serviceable shops, but not the shops of expensive wares that one sees, for instance, at an

English watering-place. It is primarily a county town; the county town in reality of Donegal as well as of its own county; supplying the wants of a gentry



The Bogside.

not rich but numerous, and of a farming population which, using the plough, brings a good deal of custom to traders.

It is a manufacturing town, too, but in a secondary sense; shirt-making employs chiefly women labour at low wages, and it is not a trade of large expansion. Derry has known nothing of the vast increase in population of which Belfast is rightly proud; it has little of an artisan class. It is, in a word, like Cork or Wexford, mainly a town of traders with a manufacturing element annexed. That is very much what the Irish Society designed it to be.

I do not think anyone will deny that the Irish Protestant is a better trader than the Irish Catholic. Outside of Ulster the most flourishing shops in Catholic towns are managed by Protestants, generally of Ulster extraction. The plantation probably brought to Ireland better business habits than were previously existing there.

The Derry traders never built up for their town any commerce having the relative importance of that which in the sixteenth century was held by Galway and Limerick, but they had not the same chances. From 1641 to the end of the seventeenth century the country was torn with war, and even in the reign of Charles II. the legislation which hampered and throttled Ireland's trade began to have play.

In other respects these later immigrants compared ill with the first. They were neither skilled builders nor skilled craftsmen; they had no tincture of the arts. But they were valuable human material. Coming into a country from which all educated men of the native race had been deliberately driven out, in which

the less educated natives were barely permitted to subsist as a peasantry on the edge of serfdom, they brought at least a stock of free men. They were an ascendancy, and they had the virtues of a dominant race. The defenders of Derry were fighting men gathered in from one-half of the province; thus the Reverend George Walker, whose pillar stands so high on Derry walls, was the Rector of Donaghmore, in County Tyrone, who raised a regiment by his own exertions. Murray, the real hero of the siege, was an ordinary county gentleman who had seen service. Their defence, coupled with that of Enniskillen, was the defence made by the plantation, and a hardy breed of men made it. It was led by the gentry and clergy, but the rank and file were the traders and farmers who have been the bone and sinews of Protestant Ulster; and these represented a new element in the medley of races which make up our Ireland, for they were largely of Lowland Scotch.

As time went on, Derry, the microcosm of the plantation, became less and less English. Everywhere in Ireland the English landowning type has either become entirely Irish, like the Blakes and Lynches of Galway, or has degenerated. The Scotch for the first time created in Ireland a middle class that was not wholly Irish. In 1748 a report to the Irish Society said, concerning Derry:—

“I found that the English there are but weak and few in number. The English of any note, for the most part, only live. The Scots, being many in

number, and twenty to one for the English, having prime trade in the town and country, thrive and grow rich; but the Irish, for the most part, beg, being the reward of their idleness.”

With the passage of many decades, the type, in perpetuating itself, has taken on a character of its own. The Ulster Scot, no doubt, considers himself a separate kind of Irishman, but none the less Irish at heart; and his manners and his character have—so, at least, it appears to one bred among them—a warmth and heartiness of cordiality that is not Caledonian; though an Ulsterman feels himself far more readily at home in a little Scots country town, at all events, than anywhere across the Channel south of the border.

Talk runs free in Ulster, as elsewhere in Ireland; but it has a rougher cast, and less grace and fancy; whether among Catholic or Protestant, you find everywhere an outspoken independence. In all countries, the North renders a service to the South, and the South tempers the North; but in Ireland there was more than the common interchange of qualities. In Ulster, and in Ulster only, there existed a large working class which was free from the helot's brand, and which was in a position to fight more successfully for its own status. In the eighteenth century it was still part of the policy of State to maintain if not to increase the Protestant interest in Ireland; and Protestant farmers in that era won the Ulster tenant right which meant simply that the value created by a man's work on a farm could not

be confiscated at will by the landowner. It was won by much the same means as were used in the nineteenth century throughout the South and West of Ireland. Men were shot and were boycotted; there were rough times before justice could be had. But the Protestant community of the plantation helped to preserve some standard of what was due to labour, and though the example was lost on landlords in the rest of Ireland, still it existed; and Derry is the town created by the men who kept that example alive. It was like a ray of rational order in a dark chaos of misgovernment; and, for the sake of it, Ireland owes, perhaps, more than she thinks to the spirit of the plantation.



A Shopper.

CHAPTER VII

LIMERICK

JUST as at Derry the mind, instead of travelling vaguely over a varied range of associations, flies instantly to one dramatic moment in the procession of the centuries, so, too, the very name of Limerick calls up one turning point in history. Derry stands for Derry Walls; Limerick for the Bridge of the Broken Treaty.

At Derry, indeed, there is not much else for the mind to dwell on, but very different is the case with Limerick. Like all the great seaports of the South and West it first became of note when Danes settled themselves on the island at the head of the Shannon tideway and beside the lowest of the rapids. Before their coming, Luimneach seems to have been the name generally given to the Shannon's estuary; after they had fixed their settlement, the name localised itself to the island stronghold defended on the east by the King's River, a kind of loop or branch cutting off this jutting stretch of meadow; round which, to the westward, curves the main body of the great



river, plunging and swirling for the last time over rock and shallow before it gains the peaceful levels of its navigable channel.¹

From the period of their arrival in 831, the Danes of Limerick were among the boldest and most numerous of these invaders; and not till 945 were they seriously attacked in their stronghold. Then Cellachan, King of Cashel, fought them outside their town, on the low hills of Singland (which are divided from the island of Limerick by the King's River), and defeated them with heavy slaughter. Yet they were allowed to remain there subject to their own chiefs; for these foreigners were traders no less than robbers, and their presence could ill be spared. But a generation later a new ruler was arising in Ireland; and in 969 Brian of the Tribute, with his Dalcassians, under his brother Mahon, then King of Cashel, fought one of the earliest of his battles with the Danes at Sulcoit, or Solløhed, near Limerick Junction. Three thousand of the Northmen were slain; and this time clean work was made, for the Irish followed them to their island, and sacked and burnt the city. Yet these were not the days of Brian's supremacy; and the Danes were allowed to settle again on Scatterry Island further down the river, and in Limerick itself. Only after Brian had succeeded to Mahon's throne

¹The river's level may have been changed. At all events Athlunkard Bridge, about two miles above the town, means, according to Professor Meyer, *Atk-long-phort*, the old or disused haven.

were they finally subdued; the settlers on Scattery exterminated, and those of Limerick forced to pay their share like the rest of Ireland in the Borromean Tribute.

At Clontarf on that Good Friday, 1014, the dread of the Norse was finally done away with, but with it went also the hope of strong central rule in Ireland. In the hundred and fifty years which followed, province fought with province, king with king; and Limerick, now the seat of the O'Brien power, was twice sacked by Dalcassians in the contests between Brian's son, Donough, and his grandson, Turlough. Turlough, the victor, was, in 1086, succeeded by Murtagh, under whom Kincora was plundered by the northern Hy Neill. In return, Murtagh penetrated with his Dalcassians as far north as the hills behind Derry, and dragged home with him the very stones of the famous Grianan of Aileach which was to Hy Neill what Kincora was to Dalcais. The stones made a parapet to his palace in the island city. After Murtagh, all claims to the headship of Ireland passed from the O'Briens, who were now simply Kings of Thomond or of Limerick; and, in 1172, when the Princes of Ireland accepted the sovereignty of Henry II. at Cashel, Domhnall, King of Limerick, was among them.

But after Henry's departure the Norman power ebbed for a while. Strongbow was shut up in Waterford, and as the Normans from Dublin, backed by a large force of Danes, were marching to his relief,

Donal O'Brien inflicted on them at Thurles a very serious reverse. Yet in the following year an expedition, led by Raymond de Gros, marched west to Limerick, and by a splendid feat of daring, forded the King's River and captured the town. It was held for some time, and Raymond was here when he received from his wife, Basilia, Strongbow's sister, a letter in these terms:—

“My dear husband, I trust that you are well as this leaves me. The old jaw tooth that troubled me so much has fallen out.”

That was Basilia's way of announcing the perilous secret of her brother's death at Dublin. Raymond understood and decided that the Norman power must concentrate itself. He handed over the town to Donal O'Brien, who immediately broke down the bridges behind the retiring Normans and dismantled the place. O'Brien made amends to Limerick by founding on the site of what had been his royal residence the Cathedral of Saint Mary's, which still stands—commemorating, perhaps, some act of desperate devotion, some surrendering of the insignia of sovereignty to God, in the hope that the Lord of battles might side with native against invader. Donal was, at all events, no less a builder of churches than a fighter of battles, and Killaloe even better than Limerick attests his piety.

Providence spared him at least the evil day of ultimate submission. Donal Mór died a king in 1194, and not till after King John's succession to

the throne was the new era for Limerick fully inaugurated. In 1210 John visited the city, fixed the boundaries of the county, and, to crown all, built the castle which is known as King John's Castle to this day, and to this day a garrison. He built, also, the Thomond Bridge, connecting the island city with the Clare bank; and his bridge, commanded by the Castle and springing from its gate, was only in 1838 replaced by the broad spans which we traverse now.

Perhaps of the same date, and certainly not much later, is the beautiful miniature castle which defends the passage of the lax weir. This great trap for salmon and eels, standing a little way above the city, and bridging the river with its piers and hurdles, has always been a valuable possession; legal documents enable us to trace its ownership from hand to hand back to the charter of 1200, by which John granted it to William de Braosa. But the bishops of Limerick had even an earlier title, and pleaded it, till in 1215 John bought them out for ten pounds of silver annually. It would be worth ten times ten pounds of gold now.

There are quaint and old-fashioned regulations connected with this ancient fishery. From a boat moored at some distance below, watchmen have to sound every hour of the night, which affords a picturesque incident in the stillness. Indeed, from the point of view of picturesqueness, hardly even an angler would wish the weir away; its spars and hatches, its line of piers carried irregularly across the

huge stream, are a delight to the eye; and the tiny castle, with its stone turned golden-grey by lichen, completes a whole the like of which is not in the three Kingdoms.

In the four centuries which followed the building of King John's Castle, the history of Limerick closely resembled that of its rival, Galway. It had a strong and separate civic life of its own, to some degree threatened, yet to a greater degree fostered by the presence of great, half-independent chieftains all about. The left bank of the Shannon was mainly held by the Geraldines, whose war-cry "Crom a boo" keeps the name of Crom Castle in Limerick. Askeaton was theirs, and Shanid, both overlooking the Shannon; another great fortress, Lough Gur, was won by them from the O'Briens. All these and more than these belonged to Desmond. The Geraldines of Kildare owned Adare. But on the same bank of the river, about Castle Connell, was a settlement of the Burkes, now the barony of Clanwilliam; and the O'Briens of Thomond, who held the entire right bank from Lough Derg to the cliffs of Clare, crossed also to the left side. O'Brien's Bridge, a few miles above Limerick, was built in the sixteenth century, three hundred paces long and guarded by three towers.

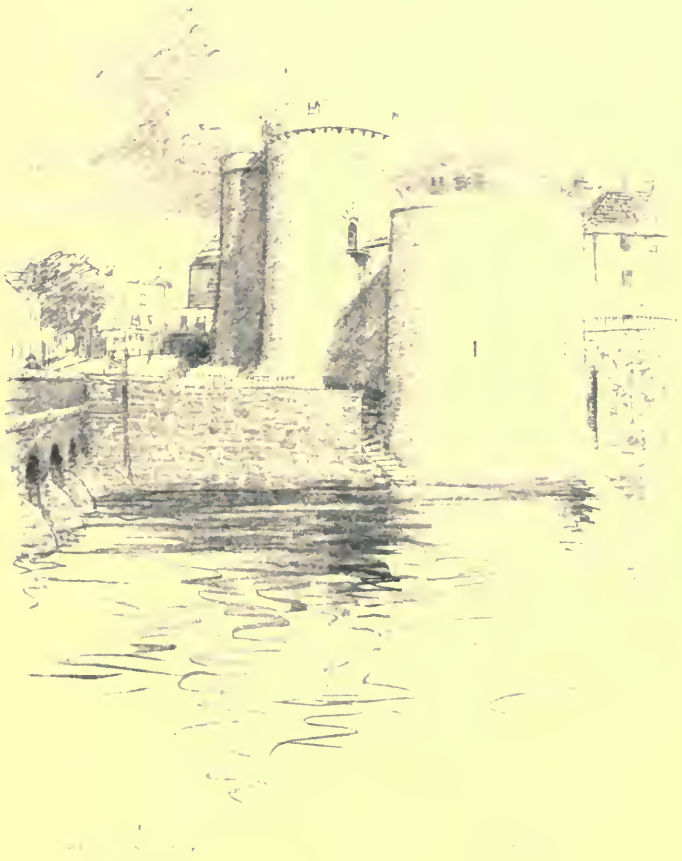
The lords of Thomond intermarried with the great Anglo-Normans; a tomb in St. Mary's Cathedral preserves the memory of Donough, Earl of Thomond, and of his wife, daughter to the Earl of Kildare. Geraldines and O'Briens together must have some-

what overshadowed Mayor and Corporation; yet the citizens held their own state in their own way, and jealously defended their charter. The years of loose Anglo-Norman rule were good years for the Irish cities.

One strange interruption marks the course of this history. Edward Bruce, the one year King of Ireland, held his court in Limerick from September, 1316, till the Easter following. But this was only a passing episode. Limerick was, on the whole, and with the same limitations, loyal like Galway to the power under which she had become for Ireland what Bristol was for England—the second city in the kingdom.

In these centuries grew up the division, almost universal in Irish boroughs, of an English and an Irish town. The island was the English town; outside it, on the east bank, stretched the Irish quarter, not where the main streets now are, but close around the bridgeway to the island. Limerick, however, was singular in the fact that the Irish town came to be included within the fortifications. Luke Gernon, an Englishman on the staff of the Lord President of Munster, described the town in 1620 as having the shape of an hour-glass with the bridge across the King's River for its waist: "the base towne fenced with a wall a mile in compass, so that travellers affirm they have not seen the like in Europe." These fortifications were, however, already decayed: but the island city was intact. "The High Towne is a lofty

building of marble, built from one gate to the other
in one form like the colleges at Oxford, so magnificent



King John's Castle.

that at my first glance it outdid imaginacion." Such
was Galway's rival.

Yet, despite the enclosure of both towns in their common defences, and despite their common share of dangers, till within living memory the distinction lasted in fact though not in law. On the island and about the cathedral lived the "English," Protestants and Orangemen, who allowed no Irish into their merchant guilds, and in whose houses the Irish tongue was as strange as it was familiar in the streets beyond the river. To-day, all that is changed. All are Irish, nearly all are Catholic; and all, more is the pity, speak English only. But my business here is with ancient history—or rather with the disastrous beginnings of modern history in Ireland, for these I date from the Treaty of Limerick. To comprehend that epoch we must look back a little.

I have described in the chapter on Kilkenny how in 1641 there was an uprising not of this or that province or clan, but of the Irish against the English. With that year ended, for Limerick, the centuries of acquiescence. The town was occupied at once by the insurgents; the castle resisted, but after a fine defence was forced to capitulate. In the years which followed, Limerick was all for the bolder courses, and against Ormonde's temporising policy. In 1646 the colours captured at Benburb were brought to Rinuccini and carried in triumph through the streets to St. Mary's Cathedral. Three years later, Owen Roe was dead, and, in a black hour for Ireland, Cromwell landed. In his conquering march southward he was checked at Clonmel, in Tipperary, by Owen Roe's

nephew, Hugh O'Neill, who repulsed again and again the onset of the Ironsides till his ammunition failed, and then by a masterly stratagem secured his army's retreat and fair terms of surrender for the town. It was Cromwell's last military operation in Ireland; in 1650 the command was delegated to Ireton.

In the spring of 1651, Ireton was approaching Limerick, and by a swift movement on the ford at O'Brien's Bridge gained command of both banks. In April he marched down stream, from Castle Connell, and found the old tower on the Laxweir occupied by some Irish troops who were driven out by a sharp cannonade, and those of them who landed on the Clare side—for the guns threatened to sink their boats—were slaughtered. Ireton broke the officers in charge of the men who had so disregarded the customs of war; let that stand to his credit. Then the siege began. The Clare end of Thomond Bridge was held by a fort for the possession of which there was sharp fighting, till the garrison contrived to evacuate it (after the walls had been breached) and regain the city, blowing up the bridge behind them. A landing party from the Limerick shore which crossed the King's River to the island was driven back with great loss; and the siege became a blockade. Hugh O'Neill was stubborn as he had shown himself at Clonmel. Yet here (as at Clonmel) he had traitors, or at least half-hearted supporters within the walls; and at last treachery prevailed. After the siege had

lasted six months, when the approach of winter was giving hopes that Ireton might be forced to withdraw, a general assault was ordered, the wall was breached; and while a parley was in progress, Colonel Fennell, an Ormonde partisan, seized St. John's Gate and its tower with his own men, and enforced a surrender on the terms that the lives of the garrison and townsfolk should be spared, except twenty-four persons, of whom O'Neill was the first.

It is strange to reflect that Fennell was court-martialled and sentenced for murders committed by his orders in the early years of the insurrection. Of the proscribed persons, two clerics, the Bishop of Emly—an O'Brien—and the Dominican Father Wolfe, who had been a leader of the resistance, were executed. Hugh O'Neill himself was sentenced to death. But the feeling of the officers for their brave opponent was too strong for Ireton, and execution was postponed till the sentence was mitigated—though only to imprisonment in London; in which durance this last of the great O'Neill fighters died some years after.

When the Cromwellian era was closed in England, little remained of that great man's work but what was good. On Ireland his shadow still rested blackly. The thousands and tens of thousands whom he had sold into slavery remained bondsmen in the West Indian and American plantations; at home the native population, in so far as it was Catholic, was driven west of the Shannon, and all land outside of

Connaught belonging to Catholics was taken from them. This wholesale confiscation and plunder, though somewhat modified, was yet in great measure ratified by the Act of Settlement in which Charles II. put his seal to the ruin of those who in Ireland had stood closest by the Stuarts. Yet when the Stuarts



Limerick from the Shannon.

were again in peril, Ireland was prompt in their cause.

It was not surprising. James, a Catholic, had restored the Catholics to power in Ireland, and a Catholic Parliament was busy upsetting the Act of Settlement. The plunderers were to be despoiled of the plunder which they had enjoyed for a generation; and naturally they resisted, as soon as England was behind them. At the Boyne they conquered; and

James, doing the best he could for Ireland, fled the country—leaving the command to a Frenchman, Lauzun. The Irish army retired behind the Shannon, and William's advance met no resistance till, in August, he approached Limerick from the Tipperary side.

Lauzun, seeing the state of the fortifications, had declared that the walls might be battered down with roasted apples, and withdrew through Clare to Galway. But he left better men behind him. The Governor of the city, Boisseleau, was able, and he had under him the young Duke of Berwick, already conspicuous as a soldier. But, for the Irish, the true soul of the defence was an Irishman—though not a pure blooded Gael. Patrick Sarsfield had Gaelic blood in his veins, but his family was Norman.

I have no space to tell in detail the history of that great siege. Only one thing must be understood. Here was not a question of enduring a blockade; siege operations, pressed with vigour by a general as brave and experienced as then lived, were carried out by a trained and well-equipped army; and they commenced on the ninth of August, when William's army occupied a position on the ridge of Singland, about a quarter of a mile from the natural point of attack, the Irish town, defended only by its walls, and a couple of outlying forts.

For a little while no progress could be made in the assault, by reason of a famous exploit. On the 10th of August word reached the town that William's

artillery train under small escort was advancing from Cashel. Sarsfield saw his chance, and that same night he with his cavalry slipped out across Thomond Bridge, and led by a notable freebooter, "Gallopig Hogan," struck up the valley of the Shannon. Killaloe was held already by the English, but off the point of the Kincora rath, where the Shannon debouches from Lough Derg, they crossed stealthily, and when day dawned were hidden in the moors and ravines of Keeper Mountain, whence they looked down on the Golden Vale and the plain leading from Cashel betwixt them and the Galtees. Scouts detached learnt that the envoy was approaching quietly and would camp that night at Ballymeety, where Tipperary borders on Limerick.

In that night, Sarsfield fell suddenly on the party, cut the escort to pieces, seized the guns—there was no time to bring them away—and cramming them with powder to the muzzle buried their muzzles deep in the ground; stacked waggons, powder barrels, and all, into one heap; then fired the trains, burst the guns into shreds, sent powder barrels and waggons heavenwards in one wild flame, that told the tardy relief party ordered out by William all that had happened; then, with spurs to the horses and Hogan galloping for a guide, was off and away again to cross the Shannon far up at Banagher, half road to Athlone; and so, leaving a broken bridge behind him, back through Clare to Limerick.

Yet the delay occasioned was only a delay. Other

siege guns reached William from Waterford, and, meanwhile, sappers were busy on the slope from Singland to the town. On the 20th the outlying Irish fort which chiefly galled the attackers was breached and assaulted; a fierce battle took place outside the walls, but in the end the fort was demolished and a new battery could be constructed close to the wall itself. At last a breach was effected, and a storming party of five hundred men advanced to the attack in the afternoon of August 27th, with ten thousand behind in reserve. The breach was carried by surprise, and the assailants entered the town. Then the garrison rallied, and drove them back; but inside the walls and along the walls the fight raged. A battery under which powder was stored was seized by the Brandenburg regiment; either chance or design fired the powder, and these bold Germans were shattered into mere fragments of flesh with the explosion.

Three times the assault was renewed, three times it was driven back; and at last night fell. Three days later, William's army was in retreat.

Would you see where this combat surged back and forward that evening in August, 1692? Go from the bridge leading out of the English town to the Irish town, and follow up the long street—long and winding, with the curves that tell you have here not a planned city, but a village casually grown into a town—past little alleys with windows opening on to them from houses that stood there in the siege

time; the street will bring you to the gate of a hospital. Enter and pass along the northern face of the building till the ancient wall meets your eye, and in the angle formed where it turns towards the river,



The Battered Wall.

an image of the Mater Dolorosa stands under some trembling aspens, to console the sick who walk there. At that angle of the wall, abutting a little from it, was the Black Battery, which blew up with the

Brandenburgers; and the breach itself must have been somewhere in the stretch of wall which is now a foundation for the hospital. These things are easily realised when you pass out by the west end of the hospital through St. John's Gate, where the guard-house is unaltered, and the slot for the portcullis plain to be seen. Turn and look at the clean-cut stone of the wall above the door; it is flaked and scarred—but not with hammer strokes. And two hundred yards eastward, at the angle, you can see the broken fort and the whole stone work defaced with the battering of artillery.

To approach this angle—which Mr. Thomson has been kind enough to sketch—we had to cross a field, and the field's owner was, it is pleasant to say, much interested in the unforgotten story. He told me, too, a curious tale that from under this battery a covered passage led to St. John's Gate, and that here in the Fenian days a store of arms was betrayed and seized; since when, the entrance had been blocked up. Elsewhere, as under good guidance I followed out fragmentary traces of the walls on the Island and off it, I found the same interest. Limerick is as proud of her siege and her hero as Derry; and I have no hesitation in preferring Sarsfield to Walker.

But Limerick, less fortunate than Derry, did not see the end of her troubles when the enemy retreated. A year later, Aughrim had been fought and lost, and Sarsfield—entrusted too late with the command—led what was left of the defeated army to the great

fortress on the Shannon. Ginkel followed slowly; and a new siege began.

The walls had been repaired and renewed, but this new attack was even better furnished than the old; the whole city was ringed about with forts, and from across the King's River a breach was made in the wall of the English town. Yet still the place held out, protected by its walls, protected by the memory of its former resistance. No one cared to launch a new assault.

Ginkel, who had approached Limerick from Tipperary, suddenly threw forces across and made himself master of the Clare side; and, as in Ireton's siege, an attack was made on the defences which guarded the Clare end of Thomond Bridge.

Eight hundred Irish were here in a line of gravel pits, and a sudden charge of the Grenadiers dislodged them. But in the open, holding together, they resisted steadily the advance of Ginkel's massed troops, retreating meanwhile steadily on the bridge. Soon the fight was on the bridge itself, when a French officer in command at King John's Castle ordered the drawbridge to be raised lest the assailants should enter with the defence. It is said a hundred and fifty of the Irish were driven by mere pressure into the open gulf. The rest cooped together on the bridge died fighting. No quarter was given. And all this happened before the eyes of the Irish who were holding the town for King James and his French officers.

Here now is where the defenders of Limerick showed themselves inferior to the defenders of Derry. They, too, had hope of help from overseas; a French fleet was looked for, though with little assurance. Mr. H. C. Mangan has condensed the lesson into a bitter epigram. Walker's memorial at Derry commemorates, he says, the triumph of self-reliance; the treaty-stone at Limerick records the folly of reliance upon English faith.

Cut off from the Clare bank, with the other shore of Shannon held in force by William's men, the Irish, now in their last entrenchment, were like beasts at bay. Yet to drive them to fight again as they had fought in the breach of the Black Battery was impolitic; and Ginkel, a soldier, did not desire butchery either of his own men or of his opponents. He willingly entered upon negotiations and offered a soldier's terms. He at least made good his part of the bargain; the Irish troops, with Sarsfield at their head, marched out of Limerick with drums beating and colours flying—to take their own way in the world. Sarsfield was permitted to urge, as he did urge them, to follow him still, but now across the seas; to meet Ginkel, perhaps, again on some other field of war—certainly to meet again the troops of Ginkel's masters. More than ten thousand men—some say twelve thousand—took ship with him to France to enter the service of King Louis. It was the first flight of the Wild Geese.

With these men faith was kept in bitter measure;

they might seek honour and advancement where they pleased, so long as they did not seek them in Ireland. Later, the English strove to close this outlet, but to no purpose. France was the gainer; it is said that between the Treaty of Limerick in 1691, and the battle of Fontenoy in 1745, no less than 450,000 Irishmen fell in the French service. Nor was that all. Spain had five Irish regiments, Naples had one, the Austrian army was crowded with Irish officers and soldiers. Sarsfield fell glorious in victory on the field of Landen; O'Briens of Clare came home in triumph from the field of Fontenoy: all the world except Ireland was full of illustrious names and acts of the older Irish. Little wonder that with such rewards in prospect, with a welcome everywhere awaiting them, the wild geese crossed the seas.

But this was only half of the inducement. Honour abroad was matched at home by humiliation. Sarsfield's treaty was not made for himself and his troops; it was a treaty for his nation and his religion. The document to which the Lords Justices of Ireland set their seal on Thomond Bridge guaranteed to the Irish Catholics such privileges in the exercise of their religion as they enjoyed in the reign of Charles II. All in arms for King James, whether in Limerick or out of it, were assured their estates, and the freedom to follow all trades or professions as they did under James II. upon taking the oath of allegiance.

It is probable that William intended to keep this treaty. It is certain that those about him were of

another mind. Two months after the treaty was signed, Lord Sydney wrote his complaint that under its terms he would be deprived of several estates already granted to him by forfeiture.

“His Majesty has therefore been pleased to tell me that he thinks fit to ratify and confirm the several articles of capitulation as far as is in his power; yet further than that it could not be intended, nor does he think himself obliged to it.” In order, therefore, that Lord Sydney might not be disappointed—he and others like him—faith was broken with the Irish nation; the Catholics were not secured in their estates.

Yet this was relatively a small matter. The whole intelligence and enterprise of the Irish nation, so far as it was Catholic, was to be thrown into shackles. The system of penal laws elaborated by successive enactments from 1695 to 1710 was a gross and open breach of the treaty.

It began with a general disarming, which extended to horses; no Papist might own a horse worth more than five pounds. It went on with enactments forbidding education in a Catholic school, forbidding parents to send their sons abroad to be trained. Then the professions were closed. Priest hunting began. Laws were passed forbidding a Catholic to inherit or acquire land which had ever been owned by Protestants. So successful was this that by 1739 “not twenty Papists in Ireland,” it was said, “possessed £1,000 a year in land.”

This was the era which began for Irish Catholics with the Treaty of Limerick. The Treaty was the means by which Sarsfield was induced to withdraw his army from Ireland, leaving Ireland for the first time without any single centre of armed resistance local or national to the conquering power.

From that day onward, Limerick has had no history.

Lying as it does at one extremity of the richest tract of Ireland, the Golden Vale which intervenes between the Shannon and the Galtees, it has never lacked signs of wealth; and in recent times the milk and butter and bacon industries have made it a main centre. A garrison town in the middle of a fine hunting country, it has always been more of a social centre than, perhaps, any other provincial city; it has, indeed, a real society of its own, and forty years ago, before the agrarian revolution began, it must have been one of the pleasantest places in Ireland for people with a few hundreds a year and the taste for sport.

Here, as elsewhere, the class which controlled everything before 1880 controls nothing now, not even the race meetings. Here, as elsewhere, the Church which was trampled upon in the eighteenth century gives evidence of strong life in handsome new buildings springing up here and there. St. John's Cathedral, some fifty years old, stands not far from a place that had its fame in the eighteenth century. Garrda Eoghain, Owen's Garden, was a kind of

pleasure ground, and Garry Owen passed into a by-word that somehow grew to be associated with Ireland itself: "poor ould Garry Owen" is the refrain of one of those English-Irish songs that celebrated the spirit of Ireland under quaint endearing names; and assuredly no place in all Ireland is more Irish than this ancient stronghold of the Dane:

"Oh Limerick is a beautiful city as everybody knows,
The river Shannon, full of fish, close by that city flows."

The greatest river in these islands, those only know it who have swung about in its rapids salmon fishing in a spring flood, while men trained for generations to the work keep the long, narrow cot or punt dancing on waves three feet high, and harling flies, as big as a swallow, away down the raging water. It is the best place for big salmon and the men are to match. You must stand well above six feet high if you are to see over the heads of a Limerick crowd.

The prevailing type here have a longish oval face, and long, straight limbs: the soft air makes for growth and, I suppose, the lime in Shannon water sees to their bones. Gentle and simple, in town or country, Limerick people seem to be big, easy-going, and good-humoured: and the beauty of their women is proverbial.

Nothing has fixed so sharply in my mind the diversity of strains that can be found within the four seas of Ireland as the sight in a Limerick Exhibition of some Donegal girls doing crochet work. Pretty girls they were, too: but with their small, hardy

bodies, their salient cheek bones and small noses, they looked almost Laplanders among the big, soft-cheeked, full-bodied population that passed by and looked at them wondering. Irish-speaking Catholics from a herring fishing village on the north coast, they were far more like their Protestant neighbours of the plantation than they were to these tall children of the South, in whose veins ran blood of the Normans and blood of the Cromwellians mixed with the dominant Milesian strain.

In Ireland, as in England, as everywhere, the North has a harder fibre than the South. Yet the most scientific and improving farmer I have known in Ireland, a Protestant gentleman in Donegal, brought his headman from Limerick to steward it over Protestant and Catholic alike, in the North, and his choice was justified in a lifetime of able service. The more one knows of Ireland, the less one is ready to generalise.

This, however, may be said generally. In Limerick, as elsewhere in Ireland, the countryside is better off, and, on the whole, better off than ever it was: but the town life has not prospered. Many old skilled crafts have perished. Lace-making has been revived, but Limerick gloves, which once were at the head of the market, are a thing of the past: and all the trade in leather is disappearing. Exploring for the line of the old walls, I came on a surviving tannery and heard sad enough talk from its very pleasant owner. Cattle is the great wealth of Ireland, more

especially of the Golden Vale, but so long as cattle-meat walks to the steamer on the hoof, there can be little important development in the southern Irish towns.

Nature does not help them greatly; the Shannon, for all its vast volume, lies too flat to be an important source of power: it is worth less to millers than this or that trumpety little stream that comes tumbling swiftly down from the Black Forest or the Alpine slopes. I do not think that any germ of industrial activity will ever seize on a people reared in those soft airs. But so long as Limerick lasts it is likely to be a breeding-place of fine men and fine women, who, for all their easy-going ways, have quick wits and high courage: and I cannot conceive the time when it will not be one of the pleasantest places in which folk could have their home. Lying so far west as it does, it will always have, as it has to-day, its own distinct character—a character, whatever else may be said of it, full of gallantry and full of charm.

CHAPTER VIII

DUBLIN

DUBLIN, as everybody knows, was a city of the Danes in Ireland, and their principal city. To the Irish it had simply been a place for crossing the main river of central Ireland; its name was Ath Cliath, meaning the Hurdle Ford, where a wicker bridge carried traffic of men and horses across the Liffey. To the Danes it was a place for beaching galleys, and they called the town after the Dubh Linn, or Black Pool, below the ford at the head of the navigable tideway. Holding it, they held also a tract of coast north and south of it, but especially the rich pasture to the north, which is still Fingal, the country of the Fionn Gall, or White Strangers—the Danes. But the Scandinavians were not all of one breed, and Baldoyle, half a dozen miles from the city, near to Howth Harbour and the long Velvet Strand, is Baile Dubh Ghaill, the townland of the Black Strangers, or Norsemen. Loughlinstown, further inland, keeps another trace; it is Baile na Lochlannaigh, the town of the Danes.

The character of Scandinavian settlement in Ireland is best shown by the fact that neither did Waterford bring aid to Wexford, or Dublin to either of them, against the Normans. At Dublin they were driven out by a surprise attack, and sailed off north for reinforcements to Man, the Orkneys, and beyond. Returning with this help, they gave terrible battle; but for them also the mail-clad Normans were too skilful and too strong, and Dublin passed finally into Norman power.

But the Danish population still remained, sufficiently distinct to be a danger; and before long they were moved out of the town they had founded, and were settled opposite to it on the north bank, in Ostmantown—which in the course of ages was corrupted to Oxmantown. Oxmantown Green is now covered by the Royal Barracks opposite Guinness's brewery.

In the surrounding country their descendants preserved their separateness in a measure, and as late as 1672 Sir William Petty reported that "the Fingalians spoke neither English nor Welsh, nor yet the same tongue as the people of Wexford." All trace of this dialect, some bastard Norse or Danish, has long died out; but the one of my friends who knows Fingal best tells me that in Munster or Connaught he feels himself less or more in the presence of foreigners. A country crowd in county Dublin is the most taciturn in Ireland.

Henry II. assigned the city, which he made his

Irish capital, by charter to the citizens of Bristol; and no doubt the population within the walls was largely drawn from the West of England, but it was governed and directed by Norman nobles and prelates. Almost the first thing they did was to rebuild the Danish-built cathedral of Christ Church, then some hundred and fifty years old; they followed the lines of the original structure, whose crypt still remains, sole vestige of the Danes. In this work Strongbow had the willing co-operation of the Archbishop of Dublin, St. Lawrence O'Toole; it should be noted that even in the Danish city an Irishman was Archbishop; thus far had gone the fusion of the two races, Ostman and Gael. The Normans were not so willing as the Norsemen to admit of equal intercourse. Strongbow's effigy, which rests mail-clad in marble under the roof of Christ Church to this day, is the memorial of a proud race jealous for its own separate ascendancy.

Even earlier than church building came castle building with the Normans, and here also they were on the Danish trace. Castle and cathedral make up the centre from which the city developed, first Danish, then Norman.

On each bank of the Liffey, as Nature made it—for Nature's work has here been considerably altered by man—were low, swampy, flat meadows, probably tide-covered, and from these the firm ground rose gradually. But on the south bank a long ridge pushed seaward, with steeper fall; and the point of

this ridge approached close to the river channel by the Dubh Linn, or Black Pool. On this point the Danes made their stronghold; they drew walls about it, but probably not walls of stone. Henry II. was received at Dublin in a palace made of timber and wattles "after the fashion of the country." His seneschals erected their stone-built castle on the easternmost point of the ridge, facing the level which is now College Green. A little westward, scarcely a stone's-throw off, is Christ Church, and from it the ground falls sharply to the Liffey. The road along the crest of the ridge, through Thomas Street and James Street and so out west in the direction of Naas, Kildare, and the central plain, is the true High Street of Dublin, which leads in the first place to Kilmainham. Cill Maighnenn, Maighnenn's Cell, was an old abbey of Irish foundation, and here outside the walls, guarding the main road of access to the capital, Strongbow founded a monastery for military monks, the Knights Templars, which on the suppression of that famous order passed to the Hospitallers or Knights of St. John.

The Norman clergy were early discontented with the modest dimensions of Christ Church, and Archbishop Comyn, who succeeded St. Lawrence O'Toole, cast his eyes on a little Celtic church outside the city walls, beside a holy well to which St. Patrick had given his name. Here was established a new collegiate church, which the succeeding Archbishop, de Loundres, raised to the dignity of a cathedral. It

had its "liberties" about it, and they are the Liberties still, though the Archbishop no longer exercises in them a palatine jurisdiction. What was once the palace is now a police barrack; it had fallen into disuse long before Primate Marsh built on its garden in 1699 the library which still bears his name.

A contention which lasted over centuries arose between the church within the walls and the church without as to which was the true cathedral of the See of Dublin, and an ambiguous decision was reached, awarding equal status to both. Yet for the Anglo-Norman State, Christ Church was the true place of ceremonial. Here it was that the great Earl of Kildare arranged in 1486 for the coronation of Lambert Simnel; and, not less significant, the town residence of the Earl was in Christ Church Place, midway between castle and cathedral.

Garrett Mór left his trace in St. Patrick's also, but it is of another kind. He and his retainers were present one day in the cathedral, and so was the Earl of Ormonde with his retinue; a fight arose, and Ormonde took shelter in the Chapter House. Men went to work to reconcile them, but the process was difficult, and it was found necessary to cut a hole in the Chapter House door through which the Earls might shake hands; the hole is there for a memorial of that fierce scene.

However, the reconciliation was effectual, for Earl Garrett's daughter Margaret wedded Piers Butler,

and she sleeps with him under a noble monument in Kilkenny Cathedral.

Yet, when all is said and done, the memories of the Anglo-Norman nobles, which dominate all else at Kilkenny, are heavily overlaid in Dublin with records far more significant in the city's history. Under the Anglo-Normans, Dublin was merely the capital of the Pale, a region hardly greater than that over which Ormonde or Desmond bore palatine rule; and the characteristic life of independent mercantile communities was stronger, and perhaps even more prosperous, at such places as Galway or Limerick than in the capital. The town was of meagre dimensions, scarcely larger than the present Stephen's Green. Its quay extended from what is now Grattan Bridge, opposite the lower Castle gate, to the oldest of all its bridges, so far as site is concerned, which crosses the Liffey west of the Four Courts at the ancient Hurdle Ford. The walls originally enclosed only half the slope from Christ Church and Thomas Street to the river, but later they included the quays.

St. Patrick's was without the walls; so was the monastery of All Hallows, to which Dame Lane led from the lower Castle gate across Hogges Green. The monastery was pre-Norman, though not by long, for it was Dermot MacMurrough who founded it, perhaps to show something for his claim to be overlord of all Leinster, including the Ostmen's city and district.

More than this Dublin was not, so long as it was

only the chief city of the English Pale; and as the Pale shrank in extent, Dublin became impoverished. It was written in 1533 that "All the butchers in Dublin have not so much beef to sell as would make one mess of browse. There has been five or six preys taken out of Saint Patrick's parish within this ten days. They dare not ride one mile out of town to buy any manner of victuals."

In short, walls were necessary to its very existence. But as the central authority strengthened and extended its grasp over the country under the Tudors, so Dublin grew in importance—but important mainly as the seat of that power which was busily engaged in stamping out the native life of Ireland, whether in town or country.

There was for a moment a prospect of better things under Henry VIII. Dublin was by now the only place where a Parliament could conceivably be held, and when the great Irish lords took their places as peers of a Parliament to which Desmond also had returned, a new day might have begun. But that was only a false dawn. Under Henry, under Mary, under Elizabeth, and under James I., the gates of the Castle were garnished with grinning skulls of Irish chiefs. Dublin was the stronghold of an Irish Government which regarded the Irish as the hereditary enemy.

That conception could never have been clearly held so long as the Dublin rule was mainly directed or inspired by the Geraldines of Kildare or even by

the Butlers of Ormonde, folk intermarried with the native Irish houses. The policy of extermination may be said to date from the earlier Cromwell's attempt to kill out the house of Kildare. With the advent of Elizabeth the Castle began to be no longer a fortress, but the seat of an alien and hostile government controlled by Englishmen—a government hostile not only to the people of Ireland, but to their religion.

In 1565 the Abbey of Kilmainham had been forfeited and its land appropriated to the Crown; the English Viceroys resided during Elizabeth's reign in the ancient monastic buildings. But with characteristic parsimony Elizabeth declined to allow money to be spent on repairs, and the place fell into ruin.

But there remains to us one monument of Elizabethan times in Dublin, and that perhaps the most important of all—Trinity College. Its foundation is the first real landmark in the history of the Dublin that we know—the metropolis of Ireland; and it expresses the positive or constructive side of Elizabethan rule. English statesmen had now fully determined to make Ireland into a Protestant nation, and men of English race in Ireland saw that such a nation needed the machinery of instruction both to educate Protestants and also to convert the Catholics. At the entreaty of several distinguished clerics, among whom were Adam Loftus, the Archbishop, and Henry Ussher, the Archdeacon of Dublin, a charter was obtained



College Green.

from Elizabeth for the foundation of a University. Its site was placed on the lands of the Augustinian monastery of All Hallows. In the confiscation under Henry VIII., the Mayor and Corporation had become possessed of its buildings and lands, and they now granted both to the new institution. But funds were slow of coming in, and the best proof that the settlers felt a real need for knowledge is the manner in which provision was made. When the Spanish forces in Kinsale and the Irish army under Hugh O'Neill and Red Hugh O'Donnell were defeated in 1601 by Mountjoy and Carew, the victorious soldiers offered their booty as an endowment to the new college. They had conquered with the sword the forces of Popery; the conquest had to be extended with the arm of science. The institution was frankly proselytising in its design; but, none the less, it was from the first a real home of knowledge and of culture. Still, the auspices of its inception stamped it with a narrowness; James Ussher, nephew of its founder, and one of its really great alumni, was a true student of Irish antiquities, yet he bitterly rated the pious Bishop Bedell for his labour to study the Irish language, even though Bedell's purpose was no other than to give to the Irish a Bible which they could understand.

But from the beginning of the seventeenth century onwards the University has been there, not cloistered and apart like those of Oxford and Cambridge, on whose model it was planned, but making part of the

metropolitan life : closely in touch with the governing powers of Ireland, sharing officially their point of view, repressing, indeed, so far as in it lay, any turbulent tendencies among its students, but, when all is said, providing there a kind of vat in which the life of Ireland's Protestant youth worked out its fermentation.

We must think of the College in its beginnings as a group of buildings on the site of those which stand there to-day, but planted some five minutes' walk outside the walls of what was still an enclosed town. By that time Kilmainham was no longer inhabitable, and the Viceroy lived out near the Park in what was known and shown till within living memory as the King's House at Chapel Izod. From it Strafford rode out to hawk in the Park, though with complaint that he was reduced to blackbirding in a country "in which there hath not been a partridge in the memory of men." Sometimes, too, the Deputy of that day took up his residence at "Her Majesty's house of Kilmainham, known as the Phœnix." This was a lodge in the broad Abbey lands across the Liffey, and Phœnix was a fanciful version of the Irish name Fionn Uisge, Fair Water, given to a spring that welled up there.

In Strafford's day Hogges Green was beginning to be called College Green; yet rich meadows and pastures fringed the Liffey from there to what is now Grattan Bridge. Over against the Castle one of the men enriched by the plunder of numberless confisca-

tions had built a great mansion; Cork Hill preserves the name of Richard Boyle, first Earl of Cork. Nearer to the College, Carew the pacificator had erected what came to be called Cary's Hospital; it passed from him to another of the land sharks, Sir Arthur Chichester; a century later it was to be bought for the Parliament House. But in the days of the walled city, Parliament met usually in Christ Church.

Names like Anglesea Street and Eustace Street preserve the memory of magnates who built themselves mansions on the open land fronting the Liffey between the College and the city walls. In the town itself, Luke Gernon says, writing in 1620, "the buildings are of timber and of the English form." It was only when the devastating wars which began with 1641 were ended by the Restoration that Dublin began, under the Duke of Ormonde's Lord Lieutenancy, to grow and to assume some likeness of its present self.

Essex wrote in 1673 that the city was twice as big as at the Reformation. In those days Stephen's Green was a commonage, and leave was given to the citizens to enclose the Green and raise money for urban development by letting out the sides for building. Building began naturally on the two sides which touch the head of Grafton Street. Part of the rents were devoted to the Blue Coat School, which was founded in these days. Also, Ormonde left his mark in the one building by which Dublin preserves a

noble specimen of seventeenth-century architecture. On the ruins of the old Monastery of Kilmainham he caused a hospital for invalided officers and soldiers to be erected to Wren's design; and Grinling Gibbons carved the woodwork for the chapel of this beautiful quadrangular group. The stucco work of the hall ceiling is unique in a city where so much of this ornamentation survives; all the rest is Georgian work; here we are in the seventeenth century.

But the chief glory of Dublin, which is neither of wood, stone, nor stucco, dates from Ormonde's day. He it was who bought back the lands of Kilmainham which had been alienated, and walled in two thousand acres of them for a deer park, which should also be a public pleasure ground, the Phoenix Park.

The Park originally included the lands about the old Abbey on the south bank, but these were made over when the hospital was built. When students of Irish history condemn Ormonde, as they are prone to do, it should not be forgotten that Dublin owes to him one of the finest parks in Europe.

He had to fight with harpies for it; Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, demanded it of Charles II., and only Ormonde stopped her from succeeding. She said to him in her pleasant way that she hoped she might live to see him hanged; to which he answered that he hoped he might live long enough to see her old. Yet though this infamous job

was balked, the park's whole history is one of jobbery from the day of the contract for enclosing it with a wall, which was given to a leading politician, who scamped the job so that the wall fell down, and then came on the public grant for an annual grant for repairs—rated at thirty per cent. of the prime cost.

The Under Secretary of State or permanent head of Dublin Castle was Park Ranger (till Thomas Drummond began his reforms by abolishing his own perquisites), and Sir John Blacquiere, one of the chief contrivers of the Union, held this post at a nominal salary of nine pounds, enhanced by large rights of letting cattle graze, which he exploited till he starved the deer. But he harped on the pittance of nine pounds, and demanded a residence. This he caused to be built for himself at the public expense, and then sold it to the State for seven thousand pounds; so came into being, very appropriately, the Chief Secretary's Lodge.

As for the Viceregal Lodge, it was built by Mr. Clements, founder of the Earldom of Leitrim. Government originally proposed to give it to Grattan as a means of identifying themselves with the public feeling towards the main spokesman of Ireland's liberties; but Grattan suspected the motive, declined the offer, and remained free to denounce pensioners and placemen.

The whole place is marked with history. Where the old Jacobean hunting lodge had stood, "His

Majesty's house of the Phœnix," a powder magazine was constructed under George II.

“ Behold a proof of Irish sense,
Here Irish wit is seen :
When nothing's left that's worth defence
They build a magazine.”

So wrote Swift in the very last of his bitter railings that was published, till the supreme stab came, when he

“ Left the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad
And showed by one satiric touch
No nation wanted it so much.”

Swift's Hospital was built not long after the time when Chesterfield caused the erection of an elegant monument, with the Phœnix on top, to perpetuate a false etymology. But what had Chesterfield to do with the Irish language? Wellington's tremendous obelisk brings us to another day, when Irish Catholic peasants were leaving their bones all over Europe, led by an Irishman who fought with great tenacity against Bonaparte, and later—but not with equal success—against Catholic emancipation. The Gough statue has the same moral as half the history of Ireland—Ireland always a breeder of fighting men, always trusted to defend anything except for her own hearth. The end of that history, or assuredly a turning-point, is to be found in the most sinister monument of all—two crosses on the turf where a very honourable English gentleman, who had done

Ireland no harm, fell in trying to defend a Catholic Irish gentleman, who had done his best to administer Ireland according to the ideals, say, of the Duke of Wellington; and both fell under the knives of assassins, among whom there was at least one sincere fanatic. From the window of the Viceregal Lodge the red-bearded Earl, who then stood for coercion and three years later stood for Home Rule, looked on and saw the scuffle as it might have been in a dream. The tragic episode seems to sum up the whole accursed botch and blind muddle which has been called government in Ireland.

Yet about these evil crosses the turf spreads green and wide, away out into glades of old hawthorn trees, among which deer come and go, with flickering of antlers and glancing play of light on their sides; and the sun shines on the flanks of Irish horses finely ridden, and away by the elm trees is the superb polo ground, offering to all the world the finest spectacle of any game; while on the other side are cricket fields, and wide space for hurley and for football; the English game, the Irish game, thriving side by side on this vast and beautiful playground, from which you see, half a dozen miles distant, the heathery sides of those hills in which O'Byrnes and O'Tooles defied the English not only till the sixteenth century, but right up to Robert Emmet's day.

Yet from the Restoration onwards Dublin and the environs of Dublin enjoyed security; the city could dispense with walls, and after the Williamite wars

Ireland settled down to a century of peace. Within that century Dublin became for the first time truly the metropolis of Ireland—a real centre of whatever national life was possible in a country where four-fifths of the population were under the most harassing and humiliating disabilities. We now, however, reach a new phase in the character of government. Under Elizabeth, under James I., under Cromwell, the policy pursued had been one of extermination. From the reign of William III. onward this project was given up. It was assumed that the Catholics would always be there; but their position was clearly defined. Lord Pembroke, the Viceroy of 1707, spoke of them as the “domestic enemies.” Lord Mulgrave in 1724, the Duke of Dorset in 1735, used the same official phrase for describing four-fifths of Irishmen—“the common enemy.” Bowes, Lord Chancellor, defined the matter legally in 1765. “Catholics,” he said, “were only known to the laws for purposes of punishment.”

That was the fundamental basis of government, and on that basis Dublin had to develop. The town at the beginning of the century was in utter misery. Swift’s writings about it give one the impression of a sick dog swarming with vermin. Swift, even after ten years of residence in the deanery of St. Patrick’s, was still yearning for preferment that he might not “die here like a poisoned rat in a hole.” But one has to allow for an insane trick in the terrible intensity of Swift’s vision; and one trait of the Dublin

population had already displayed itself, thrown into relief by Swift's own case. As much as any people in the world, the Dublin populace have shown the quality of devotion to a leader, of generous response to ideas. Swift, on his coming to take up residence, was hooted in the streets; within a few years he was a kind of despotic ruler, wielding his power through the affections of the mob. He had led the way in resistance to a new tyranny which comprised the whole country in one common servitude. England, having got Ireland now thoroughly in her grip, and directing her affairs more and more in accordance with the dictates of commercial interest, set to work to crush out the competing trade of Ireland. A series of Acts was directed to this purpose as thorough in their operation as the penal laws; but no distinction was here made between Protestant and Catholic. It was the interest of England that must be advanced at the expense of Ireland. Ireland begged at this time for a legislative Union on the model of that which was given to Scotland; but the request was set aside. Under a Union it would have been impossible to forbid the Irish trade in woollens, the trade in hides, the right of direct shipping to the colonies, and all the rest. Much perished; but at least one Irish interest began to grow up, a common interest of the nation. That was how Dublin grew to be a Metropolis, the national centre.

It was Swift who preached resistance and retaliation. "Burn everything that comes from England,

except the coal," he said. To fan popular feeling against 'Wood's halfpence,' he exaggerated the evil of the job that was being perpetrated; but he won, and that was the essential; he raised the spirit of resistance. He was the first in Ireland's long series of political agitators—he, the English Tory Dean; and Dublin paid him richly. Rewards were offered for the author of the Drapier Letters, hundreds were in the secret, all Dublin knew, yet the Castle was defeated; it could only victimise a printer. But Swift's reward was not only in fidelity, he was requited in worship. When he gave a guinea to a maidservant, in one of those acts of generosity which varied his disposition to avarice, he bade her go and buy good Irish stuff with it. She came back with an armful of his own books, saying that was the best Irish stuff she could get. So it was, and the word Irish was getting a new meaning: it included already some of the classics of English literature.

There was now a Parliament sitting regularly, representing all parts of Ireland; not much of a Parliament, it is true, limited in the choice of its members to one-fifth of the nation, and destitute of any real power; but still a Parliament summoned to discuss publicly the affairs of Ireland among Irishmen. All its decisions might be over-ridden at Westminster, and they were over-ridden without scruple; yet the very existence of a Parliament made a centre about which the new national life grouped itself. There is much significance in Archbishop Boulter's letter,

which recommends that "none but Englishmen" should be appointed to the great posts in Ireland. No man, even the staunchest Protestant, born and bred in Ireland, could be trusted always to take an English view of the Government of Ireland.

"Great posts" included bishoprics, and everyone knows Swift's story of the misfortune which incessantly befell the English Government; how the Crown appointed divines, learned, pious, and energetic, to adorn the Irish Sees, but invariably these estimable persons, in crossing Hounslow Heath, were waylaid by highway robbers, who stripped them of their canonicals and their papers of appointment, and proceeded to Ireland to foist themselves into the episcopal seats. The state of things thus gravely satirised was a serious matter, since the administration of Ireland was largely in the hands of the higher clergy. In those days the Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant was not the great officer that he had become even by the end of the century. The Lord Lieutenant was supreme, and, in his absence, Lords Justices replaced him, one of whom was nearly always the Archbishop of Armagh or of Dublin. Swift, throughout his life, was at war with these dignitaries—a war with truces, no doubt, but involving a constant attitude of at least political hostility.

By this time the city had spread from its original site, that centred about the Castle and Christ Church, with St. Patrick's only five minutes' walk away. All this quarter, the Liberties and the Coombe, had

become the habitation of poor people--very largely weavers. Here, and here only, one can see traces of the Dublin that Swift lived in; a town of gable-fronted buildings, some angular in the gable, some with the Dutch curve. Here and there, in what is still called Weavers' Square, can be seen typical weavers' abodes with low windows in the first and third floor, but on the second, long, tall lights for the high chamber in which the loom was set up.

In 1664, an extension had been made southward; when Stephen's Green was let out for building to raise money, the merchants and smaller traders built themselves abodes out here, on the way to what is now Leeson Street, and was then simply the road through fields to Donnybrook.

But in the eighteenth century the world of place and power was moving north, not south, and the slope of ground towards the Liffey's left bank was coming to be built over. The best index of this is that the Archbishops of Armagh had their house in Henrietta Street, where is now the Library of the King's Inns. Boulter was here first, then Hoadley, then Stone, at whose dinner-parties it was said "the rake took the place of the Archbishop." In 1751, this Primate wrote to Lord George Sackville his report on the wines sent over for the incoming Lord Lieutenant. It was adverse; they were "not what could be wished. . . . Having tasted all, I found, to my very great concern, that there is nothing but the claret can be made to answer any purpose."

There was a "champagne with the yellow seal" that "might go off at balls"; but the Lord Lieutenant's cellar had graver work to accomplish. Caesar Litton Falkiner, who knew the history of eighteenth century Ireland better than any man living—alas, that one should say "knew"—writes: "Wine was the medium through which the King's Government was conducted." Let that be remembered when we read Archbishop Stone's tragic verdict on the Burgundy. "The melancholy operation of tasting was performed at my house yesterday. It is a vile, infamous mixture, and never can be better." He spoke as one having authority; similar operations, but less melancholy, were, no doubt, frequently performed in Henrietta Street.

Scarcely any stranger to Dublin will be aware of Henrietta Street to-day, though he may pass it on the way to Broadstone Station. Very many of the houses are now tenements; a few lawyers have offices there, but business and fashion have both long departed from it. Mr. Strickland, in his invaluable work for the Georgian Society, tells us who, in the year 1798, inhabited these houses, which have rich internal decoration of stucco in their finely proportioned staircases and rooms.

No. 10 was originally built by Luke Gardiner; his grandson, Lord Mountjoy, lived here, and from here he went out to New Ross to fall by a rebel's bullet. For some time after 1800 it preserved the trace of fashion, for the marvellous Lady Blessington stayed

in it for a while in 1818. Now, Sisters of Charity occupy it—and may well find work within the street itself. But in 1798, besides Lord Mountjoy, there lived in Henrietta Street the Lord O'Neill who was killed at the battle of Antrim, Lord Shannon, one of the chief owners of rotten boroughs, Lord Dillon, and Lord Kingston; also a more important person than they, Sir Lucius O'Brien of Dromoland, member for Clare, and one of the ablest public men in the Irish Parliament, a financier of high repute. Another resident was Denis Daly of Dunsandle, lord paramount of the Galway Corporation: Mr. Wynne, member for Sligo, and owner of the beautiful Hazelwood demesne on Lough Gill, also lived in the street; and so did a notoriety of the Parliament, Dr. Duigenan, a convert from Catholicism, whose insane anti-Popish vehemence came under Grattan's lash. Other towns have seen similar changes, but I question whether there is a street in Europe outside of Dublin which has seen so great a fall in fortune within the same space of time.

The town house of the Marquis of Ormonde was in Rutland Square; it is now the office of the Dublin County Council, and so is saved from degradation, though the carved marble mantelpieces have been sold away, to pay for redecoration. Another street which once held a position hard to reconcile with its present appearance is North Great George's Street, running from the Belvidere College down to the Summerhill tramway, quite close to the Parnell

memorial. Valentine Brown, who was created Earl of Kenmare in 1801 (a date fertile in such honours), lived there till 1800. So did Major Swan, the Commissioner of Police who arrested Lord Edward Fitzgerald and was wounded by him. These houses, for all the dinginess of their outward aspect, are still handsome inside. Isaac Butt lived in No. 41. No. 38 is decorated with designs in colour said to be the work of Angelica Kauffman. No. 20 was a centre of interest till within twenty years back, for here lived Sir Samuel Ferguson, poet, scholar, antiquarian, and patriot. Now, alas! the building has been stripped of its chief glory, the inlaid mantelpieces, which were executed by an Italian named Bossi. But in 1798 Bossi left Dublin, being implicated or suspected of complicity in the revolutionary movement. It was time for him to go in any case: from 1800 onwards, Dublin offered no longer a generous patronage to artists.

It is curious to speculate whether some change of fashion, such as that which in recent times converted Chelsea from a quarter of slums into one of highly-priced dwellings, may not bring back the north side of Dublin into repute. Oddly enough, the two most famous citizens that Dublin can boast of to-day—a statesman, and a scholar—have their homes in North Great George's Street; undeterred by the squalor of their surroundings, they hold on to the noble Georgian abodes. But Mountjoy Square, at the summit of the rising ground, a fine

and spacious pleasure ground built about with spacious houses, is sadly deserted; and here public institutions have not come in to arrest the process of decay.

That has happened very largely on the other side of the original city—in the quarter to which fashion first began to move South. The great pioneer of this movement was the first Duke of Leinster—Lord Edward Fitzgerald's father. When the Duke began to build Leinster House with its front on what is called after him Kildare Street, and grounds extending behind to what is now Merrion Square, people told him it was out of the way. "Wherever I go they will follow me," he said; and he was right. The houses in Upper Merrion Street were built at the period when Dublin was building most proudly, and for the proudest of its citizens. No. 26 is worth more than a passing look; it was built in 1760 and is full of fine ornament. The Franchini brothers, whom the nineteenth Earl of Kildare brought over to decorate his new seat at Carton, were the first to introduce this craft; but it was quickly taken up by skilful Dublin artisans, who modelled boldly these arabesques and figures in relief, till about 1770 the influence of the brothers Adam brought in a new and severer type of decorative design. 26, Upper Merrion Street was Lord Mornington's house, and here was born Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington. Later, the house passed to Lord Cloncurry, a Liberal peer of that era, who was tried for

high treason along with Arthur O'Connor. Later still, in 1801, it was Castlereagh's.

Wellington and Castlereagh, great names in the history of Europe, are supreme typical figures of the powerful aristocracy which dominated Ireland in the eighteenth century and which made Dublin its capital, its centre of fashion and of culture. To-day the house where Wellington was born, where Castlereagh fixed his abode, is part of the offices of the Land Commission, that gigantic machinery which has been occupied for close on twenty years in transferring the land of Ireland from the class which produced Wellington and Castlereagh to the class which produced Michael Davitt.

Wellington's work was not done in Ireland, though it was largely done with Irishmen; but it was in Ireland that Castlereagh made his fame. What he did there was to destroy the social order in which he had been bred, to which he belonged, because he felt it changing and feared the change. He was afraid of Ireland becoming completely Irish; and he, with one other man, was the main driving force of the Union. The other was Fitzgibbon, Lord Clare, whose house in Ely Place, on the Merrion Street side of Stephen's Green, is one of the finest examples of Georgian architecture — just as Fitzgibbon himself was a true glory of the ascendancy. He conceived of that ascendancy, himself and the class to which he belonged, as heirs of a confiscation that had not yet passed into the accepted order, but was sullenly sur-

rounded with the heirs of the dispossessed; and to save the ascendancy he destroyed Dublin, which was the creation, the work, and embodiment of the order for which he stood.

I have tried to show what the north side of the city was like. On the south, all about Leinster House—then in its full glory as a social centre, the home of a rich, intelligent nobleman who, like all his belongings, was full of sympathy with Ireland and things Irish—there were residences of brilliant people. Lords Carrick, Clanwilliam, and Mayo, heirs of Irish and Norman titles, lived in Merrion Street; so did the richest Irish commoner, Tom Connolly, brother-in-law to the first Duke of Leinster, brother-in-law to Colonel Napier and his wife, Lady Sarah; the young Napier boys, Charles, William, and George, half-grown heroes, must have known Merrion Street and Leinster House as well as they knew Castletown and Carton.

Stephen's Green was close by, and as far back as 1711 Swift was writing to Stella:—"Why don't you walk in the Green of St. Stephen's? The walks there are finer gravelled than the Mall." By 1798 the north side of it was regularly known as Beaux' Walk, and all about the Green the lesser merchants' houses had been replaced by mansions, some of which are intact in their new development as clubs. Plunket, afterwards Lord Chancellor, had what is now the University Club; the St. Stephen's Green Club was, in 1798, the house of Parsons, afterwards

Lord Rosse. This joint use of them for club purposes has been the salvation of the buildings; the Union, in turning Dublin from a real capital into the seat of an alien administration, stripped them of their occupants. In 1825 Lockhart called at what is now the Stephen's Green Club to see Sir Walter's son and heir; he found young Walter Scott and his bride established "in one of those large and noble houses in Stephen's Green, the most extensive square in Europe, the founders of which little dreamt they should be let out on easy rate as garrison lodgings." About the same time another observer described the state of the Green outside Beau's Walk: the hedge was "ragged and gapped," "the ditch full of dockweed and dead cats"—all the trees gone except a few at the corner near Leeson Street, where was a rookery.

Here at least time has brought in amelioration, and Stephen's Green, which in the eighteenth century was the enclosed pleasure ground of a few, is now one of the most charming public parks to be seen. The Corporation has well maintained the superb gift bestowed on the city by Lord Ardilaun, whose brother, Lord Iveagh, is now the solitary peer of Ireland with a residence in Dublin.

Lord Iveagh's house in Stephen's Green comprises two old dwellings, one of which was built about 1760 for Clayton, the Bishop of Killala. Killala is the wildest part of Mayo, but it was in Dublin that its Bishop resided; and Mrs. Delany describes Mrs. Clayton driving in state behind her

“six flouncing Flemish mares,” and returning from her calls to a house stuffed with marbles and “articles of virtue” brought by the Bishop from Italy—a main episcopal employment of those days. Later, Curran had the house, in the period when his recantation had been rewarded by the Mastership of the Rolls; but his abode was still in Ely Place when he turned his daughter Sarah out of doors because letters from her had been found on the young rebel, Robert Emmet, Curran’s guest, and brother of Curran’s friend and political ally, Thomas Addis Emmet.

Here one touches on the other society which in the day of Dublin’s greatness was growing up, alongside but somewhat aloof from the aristocracy of noblemen and big landlords, bishops, and other placeholders.

Of this society the Emmets and Curran were typical enough. Old Dr. Emmet, father of the two rebels, was a professional man of high standing, physician to the Lord Lieutenant, and author of medical works widely used. His house, where Robert Emmet was born, was in Stephen’s Green near the present College of Surgeons; but he had also a country villa, Marino, near Dalkey. The sons were brilliant students in Trinity; the eldest, Temple Emmet, who died young, a kind of prodigy. Then, as now, the society of barristers was in considerable measure a club, and it was a home of liberal opinions—opinions sometimes, no doubt, open to

change later in life. In its ranks were included men like Curran, a poor boy from Cork whom some philanthropist adopted, converted to a religion more prosperous at that period than Catholicism, and launched on a world where that amazing wit and eloquence soon made their way. With these professional men merchants had friendly intercourse, and since trade was the one avenue left open to Catholics at home in that century, many of the merchants were Catholics. Keogh, for instance, leader of the constitutional agitation for emancipation, was such a one, and he had the great quality of sociability. But, broadly speaking, Dublin of the best period—that is, during the days of Grattan's Parliament—must have possessed a society that was not narrowly exclusive. The case of Tom Moore is significant. His parents, to whom he was devoted, and who worshipped him, kept a little grocer's shop in Aungier Street, not far from St. Patrick's Cathedral; from the Palmerston tram you can see the commemorating tablet on the old house. The precocious cherub sang at their own little supper-parties and at their neighbours' supper-parties, and from these modest beginnings his fame spread with surprising rapidity; he seems to have been *fêted* and petted everywhere while still an undergraduate at Trinity. Possibly there was less gentility in those days in Dublin.

It was a period of strong personalities, and of eccentricity with brains behind it. The Irish Parliament was a wonderful school of debaters, who, as

Lecky has pointed out, were by no means lacking in well-nourished argument. The whole society was strong and vital, and it had a real culture. What best reveals to us the Dublin of that day is the quality of its public buildings. Nowhere else is the eighteenth century's work seen to more advantage, and without a sound public taste you do not get such architecture.

Within the past four months it has been the practice to take deputations of Englishmen to view Dublin and Belfast for purposes of comparison. If the deputations had included any persons trained to think about art, the result might have been other than it was. One may boldly say that the old Parliament House (now the Bank of Ireland), the front of Trinity College, the Four Courts, and the Customs House are not surpassed by any works of architecture built since 1750 within these islands. But it is also proper to say that the taste which they reflect is the taste of the governing aristocracy which then controlled everything in Ireland.

Take the case of the Customs House, perhaps the most perfect of the four. Dublin owes that building to John Barry Beresford, who was not merely a member of the ascendancy; he, more than any other person, was the ascendancy incarnate. His main purpose in life was to secure office for himself and his very numerous relations and dependants; there was no touch of the statesman in his composition; Castlereagh had leanings to emancipation: Clare

needed to allege reasons of policy to justify repression: Beresford reposed on facts. *J'y suis, j'y reste*, was his simple creed; but he was determined to make the place which supported him and his as worthy as possible of that privilege. He liked everything handsome about him; "John the Magnificent" was the name he went by.

At 20, Lower Dominick Street, near to Henrietta Street and not far from Broadstone Station, there is now a school, but in it you can see admirable plaster work in the Italian manner, with bold flowing relief of arabesque and figure, carried out by Richard West, a stucco plasterer; and in 1765 John Beresford, then a young man, became its tenant. But in 1770 he moved to Tyrone House in Marlborough Street -- then the home of his father, the Earl of Tyrone, now the Irish Education Office—and there he lived till an opportunity offered of housing himself and his family at the public cost.

By 1780 he had become First Commissioner of Inland Revenue and virtual head of the entire Irish civil service. The era of prosperity had begun; the Volunteers with their cannon had demanded and obtained removal of the restrictions which shackled Irish trade; and Beresford obtained leave from the Government to build a new Customs House.

It happened that at that moment an English architect, William Gandon, had furnished designs for the Royal Exchange. "John the Magnificent" saw the designs; he wanted a Customs House; he called

Gandon to Dublin and gave him *carte blanche*. The freedom of restraint extended to complete discretion as to the design, and this combination of liberality and confidence determined Gandon to refuse offers calling him to Russia and to accept the commission of the princely Irish official.

The site was chosen by Beresford at his own autocratic pleasure, and the Corporation regarded his enclosure of it as a trespass, and sent a posse to pull down the fence already begun. Beresford had foreseen this. He wrote to Gandon in January, 1781:—

“I have proceeded so far as to send to take possession of a large lot on the lower situation. . . . This business must be kept a profound secret as long as we can to prevent clamour, until we have everything secured. Our first step will be to wall in the ground as soon as we shall get possession of it. This will discover us, and the clamour will then be made that there will not be sufficient room for shipping, to answer which it will be right to have our plans for the new docks ready. I therefore request, as I hope we may hereafter claim you as our own, that you attend to us in the first instance, as the business is of a delicate nature, having the city of Dublin and a great number of the merchants, together with what is considered as the most desperate of the mob, to contend with. We shall wall in and carry on the dock as soon as we can, and the plan for the building may be adjusted during this period.”

The work began. On a Friday, aided by the

Sheriff and Napper Tandy, "a numerous rabble with a dozen saws and shovels" levelled the enclosure. On the Saturday John the Magnificent wrote to Gandon:—

"I find that the jury have prevented the enclosure on the North Strand. The Sheriff will come down, of course; if it can be, let the enclosure be replaced instantly. You can have the holes made to-morrow (Sunday) and set your poles to put it up as fast as it was pulled down. Prevent all opposition, and laugh at the extreme folly of the people."

He had his magnificent way, and Gandon had now only physical difficulties to cope with. On that mud-bank it was hard to get foundations for cupola and portico, and driving of piles opened springs. A kind of floor of timber and brick was therefore first laid, and mountain granite over this; so rose, and so has stood, this very beautiful work.

It is not only the Customs House that Dublin owes to Beresford; he brought Gandon to Dublin, and Gandon completed the Parliament House, completed the Four Courts, and built the King's Inns. There is great advantage in having an intelligent art patron, and the art patron who spends public money at his own discretion is the pleasantest of all to work for. In the design of the Customs House was included a superb suite of apartments, in which John the Magnificent lived out his life, and generations of the Beresford family were born and reared there. He was not unrewarded for his discernment, and deserves to be

remembered for it. But it is necessary to look at the other side of the picture.

When Lord Fitzwilliam came over as Viceroy in 1794, publicly pledged to remove the remaining disabilities from Catholics, he found, as Viceroys and Chief Secretaries of liberalising tendencies have always found, that the whole Castle system was being worked against him. Beresford told Fitzwilliam that the things which he wanted to do could not be done. Fitzwilliam retorted by dismissing Beresford. Beresford then went over and appealed straight to the Sovereign, of whom it was written:—

“A better farmer ne'er brushed dew from lawn,
A worse king never left a realm undone.”

George III. incarnated the prejudices of the English people, and the anti-Popish prejudice was then very strong. Beresford is said to have read out the Coronation Oath, and told the simple-minded Farmer George that he perjured his immortal soul if he did not keep Catholics out of Parliament and out of place. The ascendancy won; Fitzwilliam was recalled in disgrace; Ireland was flung into the hands of the revolutionary party: those who had been constitutional agitators were turned into partisans of insurrection—Thomas Addis Emmet, for instance, a man morally and intellectually worth a wilderness of Beresfords.

When the Rebellion came in 1798—when Ireland had been kicked and goaded into the outbreak—

Beresford was ready for his part in it. "John the Magnificent" had his private riding-school at the back of Tyrone House, and all Ireland came to know it, for here the work was done with cat-of-nine-tails, pitchcaps, and all the other devil's enginery. Many distinguished art patrons in the Italian Renaissance exhibited the same combination of qualities, but you could hardly have matched John Beresford in the England of 1798. He was the product of a different social order.

When in due time the Union thus prepared for came to pass, Beresford again was ready for it. His share of the spoil in cash was only part of the payment, and the commitments extended over a period of several years. In Lord Hardwicke's papers there is a long correspondence with Archbishop Stuart, the Primate, who objected to carry out part of the bargain. John the Magnificent had been promised as many bishoprics as he cared to dispose of, and he demanded for his son George, already Bishop of Clonfert, promotion to the richer See of Kilmore. Stuart protested: -

"In the North, which is well known to be the Protestant part, I have six bishops under me. Three are men of tolerable moral character, but are inactive and useless, and two are of acknowledged bad character. Fix Mr. Beresford at Kilmore, and we shall then have three very inactive bishops, and, what I trust the world has not yet seen, three bishops in one district reported to be the most profligate men in

Europe." Lord Hardwicke showed considerable sympathy with the Primate's difficulty, but he felt himself bound to insist, and George Beresford was accordingly duly installed as Bishop of Kilmore. That is the seamy side of the ascendancy; and the ascendancy became much worse after the Union than before it.

In the Ireland which was represented by the Dublin of the eighteenth century there was indeed a deep cleavage right down through the national life, yet the national life had a common centre. "The English interest, at first by faint and almost insensible degrees, but at length openly and avowedly, became an independent Irish interest," says Burke. The existence of a legislative body, with its discussions of problems common to all Ireland, drew men together; it created a social life with a common intellectual basis. When that was taken away, "the English interest" remained, but in a new sense. It was not their task now to govern the country except in their local capacity as landlords. The legislative power was gone; a separate administrative machinery remained, but it lost its Irish character. Within five years John Beresford himself was furious with the results of the Union. "Can it be imagined," he wrote to Lord Auckland, "that noblemen and men of talents and abilities, men who have been high in the executive business of the country, will tamely submit to be kicked over and trampled upon, and that with the highest insult, by the new authorities that have been set up?"

The nineteenth-century administration, directed from England according to English ideas, robbed the Irish capital of its interest for such men as Beresford described, for such men as Beresford himself; and under its shadow Dublin faded away. A Select Committee on the local taxation reported in 1825 that before the Union "ninety-eight peers and a proportionate number of wealthy commoners inhabited the city of Dublin," and that the number of peers did not then exceed twelve. It has now come down to a single example.

More serious was the decay of the industrial population. In the same letter Beresford said:—"The mercantile men of all persuasions are highly out of humour with the palpable sufferings of the metropolis from the Union." Ireland in 1800 lost her national Legislature, which, whatever else may be said of it, devoted constant thought to her national needs. The change fell precisely at the moment when steam power had begun to replace hand production, and it fell heavy upon the thousands of weavers in Dublin. Except for the beautiful poplin work, there are no textile workers left in Dublin now.

The genius of Ireland has never adapted itself to factory production. She has been fertile in skilled craftsmen; the stucco workers of the Georgian era, the silversmiths of the same period whose work is now worth its weight in gold, the poplin weavers and lace-makers who still survive, the cutters of glass

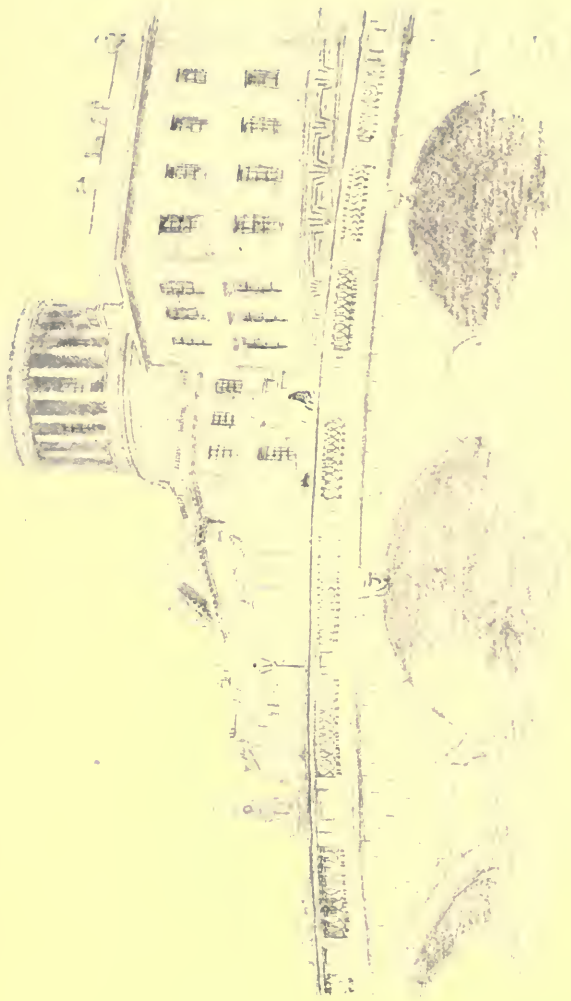
who are clean gone, the bookbinders to whom Horace Walpole sent his choice volumes, were many of them almost artists; and over and above these there was always a supply of men who turned out wares of exceptional quality in saddlery and bootmaking, in gunsmiths' work, and the like. But Dublin has been less and less a market for high-priced articles, and the best of the craftsmen, finding their trade passing, have moved elsewhere or have been superseded by the improved work of the machine. There are few small industries in Dublin now, and only one great one. Proportionately, it is far less of a manufacturing town than it was in 1798.

Yet the character which was stamped upon Dublin in the eighteenth century has never departed from it, though it has changed. It is a capital still, the capital of a country governed by a bureaucracy: the seat of the most numerous and complicated and expensive administrative system which is known to modern times. Also, since the rule of the bureaucracy has rested on bayonets, Dublin has been a garrison town on the largest scale—a garrison town more or less closely in touch with the Curragh. This garrison, just because it was a garrison, created an alien element in the society of Dublin. "It is idle and absurd to shut your eyes to the degrading fact. We have positively nothing to look to but the Army," wrote Lord Anglesey of Ireland in 1831. That could not have been written in 1790. Since August, 1914, it can be written no longer; but till 1914 it was true.

The garrison was kept in Ireland to keep down the Irish, and that coloured the tone of Dublin society. The always growing civil service, mainly recruited from Ireland but mainly from the old ascendancy class, reflected the spirit of Dublin Castle, which at the beginning of the century was that of John Beresford, yet became gradually mitigated and modified. The Viceroy and the Chief Secretary, with their combined and respective environments, summed up the social aspect of Dublin Castle—an administrative machinery for governing Ireland according to English opinion, tempered by the prepossessions and character of the official on the spot. This element, though less alien than the military, was neither wholly Irish nor English.

But two great factors entered into the amalgam of the Irish metropolis as we have known it under the Union, which were wholly and absolutely Irish. One was the University, the other was the Bar. Of these the Bar was the more important, for the University was the University of a section, but the Bar was the Bar of Ireland. The Four Courts was the place to which came up all the important legal business of the country, for Protestant and Catholic alike; and in the library of the Four Courts, Protestant and Catholic rubbed shoulders. These noble buildings, begun in 1786 by Cooley and finished by Gandon, have fitly housed the most truly metropolitan element in the metropolis of Ireland.

Owing to the circumstances of the country, Irish



The Four Courts.

lawyers have somewhat peculiar and distinctive characteristics. Dan O'Connell was the archetype of them, and his most typical utterance was the boast that he could drive a coach and four through any Act of Parliament. How to get Acts of Parliament to do what you ask of them—that has been the function of the masterful lawyers produced in the turbulent arena of Dublin's courts. Up till recent years, there have been two types of lawyers in the Courts—the type which, with vast ingenuity and audacity discovered how to avoid convictions, and the type which, with equal resources, strained the law to procure them. Of late the two have revealed themselves to be one, and Sir Edward Carson, who made his reputation by the latter course, has quite rivalled O'Connell in the art of showing how things, apparently illegal, may be done without any open or abrupt lapse into illegality.

This attitude towards the law has led to the development of strong individuality, whether in those who seek to break the law or in those whose aim is to enforce it. From Daniel O'Connell to Sir Edward Carson could be set out an imposing string of names—Isaac Butt, William Keogh, Baron Dowse, Michael Morris, A. M. Sullivan, Timothy Healy—concerning all of whom very different opinions may be formed, but in whom no one can deny the presence of masterful ability and strong, vivid character. Dublin has been and is more a city of lawyers, to my mind, than anything else; and great power has rested with them.

At the present moment one eminent judge controls despotically about a tenth part of the land of Ireland, and controls it in the spirit which I have attempted to indicate, according to the dictates of a masterful personality.

Trinity College has always been so closely in touch with the Irish bar that the contact gives to this academic institution a colour admirably unacademic. Narrowed a good deal by the sectarian character which was imposed on it by statute and by policy, Trinity has from time to time made efforts to be inclusive. But by a strange irony the Romish Church, which Trinity's statutes were designed to exclude, reinforced from its own point of view the same edict in the last century. The door had been opened too late; it was banged again, from the outside.

Yet for all that, every Dublin man, and every Irishman, regards Trinity College kindly, as an integral part of Ireland; it is infinitely better known to the people at large than either Oxford or Cambridge to England; its very town and gown rows are not with a provincial rabble in a town over which the Vice-Chancellor holds jurisdiction; they are skirmishes with the metropolitan mob or the metropolitan police as the case may be. Burke and Goldsmith, in Foley's superb work outside the College gates, are the best emblems the University could have chosen, the best sign board for its hostel; they cry fellowship to Grattan across the street, and King William facing the Castle has his back turned to them.

Fraternal relations begin to exist between the old University, whose mark is set so deeply on Dublin, and the new one, with its headquarters beyond Stephen's Green, which has already helped to create atmosphere if not history. There is a general consent already that the promotion of the Irish Volunteers has been a turning-point in Irish development in 1914 as in 1778. That movement for Nationalist Ireland took its inspiration very largely from the new University, and from the Gaelic League.

The League offices in Rutland Square are not more interesting or significant than the old Exhibition buildings in Earlsfort Terrace, which have been furnished up to provide examination rooms and laboratories till something better can be erected. But the intellectual life which beats stronger in Dublin to-day than it has done since before the Union, has monuments other than those in stone. Yet how grotesque in their inadequacy are the shells which contain these seeds of intellectual life—how strange and ironical the history of the University provided for Irish Catholics!

It is now some forty years since Mr. Gladstone—the of all men—proposed to settle affairs for us in Ireland by providing a University which was officially, by statute, prohibited from teaching either history or philosophy; that was the plan for squaring Irish demands with English public opinion. Mr. Gladstone's Government fell over this matter, and Lord Beaconsfield tried his hand; the discarded shell

of an exhibition building was good enough to house the University which he devised, a University limited by statute to the function of examining; forbidden to teach, but authorised to hold an inquest on what was being taught. Ireland went on with that equipment for thirty years till a University was founded on expressly the opposite principles— forbidden to give degrees, except when some college of its own had done the teaching.

For such a University the building provided is absurd, and hampering; but we have learnt to make shifts in Ireland. The renaissance of literary art in Dublin is associated chiefly with a disused Morgue— now the Abbey Theatre. In Harcourt Street, Dublin's Municipal Gallery, the most interesting collection of modern pictures ever brought together in these islands, was huddled into an old dwelling-house; and not long ago, the roof fell in on a room where there were five works by Rodin—happily, without damage to the statues; but the question of permanent housing was raised, and it led to a partial dispersal of the collection.

For this, part of the blame must rest on the Corporation. Irish history since the Union has reacted most unfavourably on the civic life of Dublin. For the first ten or fifteen years, at all public functions, nothing was professed but pure Orange principle. "We had a famous Protestant dinner yesterday," writes Lord Talbot, Viceroy from 1817 to 1821. "The glorious, pious, and immortal memory" (of William III.)

“was drunk as it ought to be.” Yet already there were difficulties about enforcing this toast on the burgesses. Gregory, the Under-Secretary of that day, wrote to Lord Whitworth, Talbot’s predecessor : “When in a few months the glorious memory is banished from the Mansion House and the Lord Mayor calls an aggregate meeting in support of the Catholic claims, is it too much to expect elevation of the host in the street before the expiration of the year? But I trust their day of triumph is far off.”

When you deny a people the proper means of political expression, it will use any and every means. Ireland’s political feelings should have been expressed by representatives in a national Parliament; but the nation had then no Parliament, and no members from four-fifths of the nation could represent it even at Westminster. Irish Nationalists utilised what was to hand, the Dublin Corporation. From that day to this, Dublin municipal politics have been infected with national questions to the detriment of ordinary municipal business.

Yet for many years the practice was observed of appointing alternately a Protestant Unionist and a Catholic Nationalist as Lord Mayor to possess the Mansion House. Then after 1880, the fight grew fiercer. A Unionist Lord Mayor refused to countenance the granting of the city’s freedom to Mr. Parnell. It was decided to hold the Mansion House as a fort, and from that day to this, every Lord Mayor has

been of the same party; and this has embittered feeling in corporate affairs.

At best the Corporation would have had a difficult task with an old and very large town, lacking in industrial development, and with the population shifting its ground. It was inevitable that the derelict houses, once owned by the nobles and gentry of Grattan's day, should pass into tenements, and that the great rooms, thirty or sometimes forty feet long, should be used as dwelling-places for a whole family; inevitable, also, that the sanitary organisation of a house built for one family and holding a dozen should be inadequate. Yet if the citizens had been occupied as a body in coping with these problems on their merits, things might well have been better handled.

As it was, the political division had the worst results. The new suburbs of Pembroke and Rathmines, which are as much embodied in Dublin as Chelsea and Kensington in London, were inhabited by the more prosperous citizens, and in them the Unionists had a majority. Not unnaturally they had little feeling of solidarity with the Corporation, where their representatives were in a permanent minority; not unnaturally they fought to keep their own districts distinct; and they succeeded, for Bills embodying Pembroke and Rathmines in the city were rejected by the House of Lords. Officially, for purposes of enumeration, these are separate towns, comprising a population of over 100,000. Their inhabitants contribute nothing to the city rating, and

the upkeep of the most important parts of the town falls heavily on the shopkeeping community and on the poor. This is only one of innumerable evil results which have attended a political struggle extended over more than a century.

The monuments of that struggle are to be read all over the streets. In Thomas Street a plate tells where Lord Edward Fitzgerald was captured in hiding; and close to it, at the corner of Bridge Street, is the triangular yard in which Robert Emmet had his arsenal; a little way down Thomas Street he was hanged outside Saint Catherine's church. Other rebels have their statues; O'Connell's, the finest of all, looks across the bridge which now bears his name, as does the great street behind it. Half of Dublin says "Sackville Street" and "Carlisle Bridge" out of habit rather than from any desire to defy the Corporation, and still less from any love for two forgotten Lord-Lieutenants. Smith O'Brien, the rebel of 1848, fronts O'Connell on the nearer side of the bridge; Nelson on his lofty column dominates the centre of O'Connell Street; but when Foley's noble group was unveiled, with O'Connell raised above the figures typical of Irish life, a coal-porter in the crowd summed up the occasion by crying, "Now, Nelson, you have your match." Since then Nelson has been outflanked, for at the further end rises the Parnell memorial; the bronze figure of heroic size is set on a pedestal before a tall obelisk of brown granite. It is the work of an illustrious sculptor, Augustus

Saint Gaudens, yet not a match in artistic quality for Foley's.

I could go on enumerating the stones of Dublin, but Dublin for me is not in her stones. Dublin is a society extraordinarily coherent, small enough for every distinguished individual to be known to each other, and full of brilliant personalities—a true national centre, a microcosm of Ireland, yet still strangely divided, an alloy imperfectly fused. All sorts of ferments are at work there, some held strangely in suspense, as a recent movement showed, when a strong Labour leader contrived to collide with the forces both of religion and politics in a struggle which suddenly revealed new possibilities of grouping.

Dublin has been called “a faded capital,” and the description is true; in the eighteenth century she was the capital of a resident aristocracy, and in the nineteenth century she faded. A new life, a new growth, a new flowering and fruitage may be before her as the metropolis of an Irish nation at last finally and fully developed; she may rise out of the squalor that hangs about her, like a draggled skirt on a beautiful woman; she may breed clean and strong generations for the uses of the world. Yet whatever happens to her, if she retain her nature, she will not despise the day of her adversity; she will keep her remembering heart, and have a tenderness for the old bad times and for those who in discouraging hours kept alive the faith of nationality.



New Ross.

CHAPTER IX

WEXFORD

OF all towns in Ireland Wexford is probably freest from the spectacle of abject poverty. Its only recent experience of distress has been when industrial troubles arose in connection with its chief industry, an important manufacture of agricultural implements, from which farming machinery goes out to Hungary, to Buenos Ayres, and far-off places of the earth. The industry is suited to its surroundings, for Wexford is, on the whole, the best farmed county in Ireland, and the prosperous life of a well-worked tillage district runs into the veins of a town that has the wholesome old-world life of some little port in Devon or Somerset.

Earlier pages in this book have told something of its earlier history; how it also was a Danish settlement, how the invading Normans found Ostmen there and made it their first yet not wholly unwilling

conquest. It did not, under Norman overlordship, rise to such importance as Galway or Limerick, for it did not lie so favourably as these West Coast towns for the trade with Western France and Spain; and for cross Channel traffic its harbour was not nearly so good as that of Waterford. Indeed, if Wexford is not a bigger place to-day, the sea must be blamed for it; there is a dangerous bar, and at this point on the Irish coast the tide rise and fall is very slight. At Arklow, thirty miles north, it is inappreciable; and even at Wexford, entering vessels get very little assistance from the flood. This limits both the size and number of Wexford shipping, and it has always been essentially a port looking to England, and, in a sense, English settled. All about it the country was thickly colonised from the first, and although the intractable region of Wicklow divided it from Dublin, it was nevertheless always, in part at least, at one with the pale. The author of *Cambrensis Eversus*, observing, about 1630, that Irishmen knew nothing of English but what they learnt at school, made an exception for "the inhabitants of Dublin, Drogheda, and Wexford, and their immediate vicinities."

Yet, despite seven centuries of Anglicisation, no people in Ireland are more Irish than "the boys of Wexford"; and none have suffered more savage treatment at English hands.

Dr. Lynch coupled its name with that of Drogheda as English-speaking country; Cromwell linked them

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in another association. Drogheda was defended against him by the Anglo-Irish in loyalty to the English King; he took the town, and by his orders no quarter was given to man, woman, or child. "It was set up in some of our hearts," he wrote to Parliament, "that a great thing should be done, not by power of might, but by the Spirit of God; and is it not so clearly?" At Wexford the town was defended against him from October 1st to October 11th, 1649; he corrupted by bribes Stafford, the Governor of the Castle, forced an assault while commissioners from the town were treating for surrender, and having got in, again made a wholesale butchery. "Sir," he wrote to the Speaker in his report for Parliament, "what can be said of these things? is it our arm of flesh that hath done these things? It is the Lord only. God will curse the man and his house that dares to think otherwise, God gets into the hearts of men and persuades them to come under you."

The brutality of power is more hateful when it is sanctimonious, and the spirit of Cromwell deeply infected England's attitude towards all things Irish, and Ireland's attitude towards all things English. It was easy for men, after that temper was somewhat abated, to think themselves humane if they left life, generous if they accorded a decent way of living to the population which England's Protector and the English Parliament had thought themselves accredited to destroy. It was not easy for Ireland on

her part either to forget or forgive a wrong perpetuated through the generations.

During the course of the eighteenth century Irish Catholics in Wexford, as elsewhere, attained to some considerable degree of prosperity, as merchants in the town, as farmers in the country. One of them, a man of the gentleman farmer type, Thomas Cloney,



Wexford from above.

paints the state of things that existed in the years just before 1798:—

“ Although the majority of the Landed Proprietors in my neighbourhood were Cromwellian settlers, the Protestant and Catholic middlemen in that quarter entertained kind feelings towards each other. Some half dozen neighbours, Protestant and Catholic, kept

a few couple of Harriers each, which formed a good Pack with which we hunted once and sometimes twice a week. After a day's sport we dined alternately at each other's houses, and in the evening the females of the different families assembled, when the merry dance was often kept up to the near approach of day. This affectionate intercourse might have produced real happiness, if the Catholic could have forgotten the Political Slavery under which he laboured."

Miles Byrne, another man of the same type, who, like Cloney, became a leader of pikes in '98, gives very much the same picture, but he lets us more into the secret of the Catholic mind. He tells how, at his mother's persuasion, he went to join the local corps of yeomen; and how the consideration or reward for his doing so was an extension of the lease for one of their farms. No Catholic could then take a lease for above thirty-one years, and this one was now running out. But when the young man, a born soldier, came home very proud of his new uniform, his father turned on him, and said he would sooner tear up all his leases than see his son in a red coat; and then the lad began to think over all the times his father had taken him about and shown him the lands once held by their forbears, which they could not now acquire even by a leasehold that would justify a man in building; and the pride in his red coat was turned to loathing.

This did not alter the fact that the Byrnes and their

Protestant neighbours were on good terms; that, as good tenants, they had no fault to find with their landlord nor he with them. What bred disaffection was the system, the whole underlying policy.

It is clear, also, that the disaffection existed among the well-to-do, the merchants and the substantial farmers; the peasantry were too near the dust to lift a head. Also, they were more unquestioningly in the control of their priests, and the priests regarded with suspicion the origin of this wave of organised resentment which was sweeping over Ireland. They suspected it because it came from France. The measure of Catholic emancipation passed by the Irish Parliament in 1793 was inspired by men who took their inspiration, if not from the French Revolution, at least from the principles which led to it. Yet even after that partial relief many galling disabilities remained, and the United Irish movement was founded expressly to establish complete equality of conditions between Irishmen of all creeds. It was founded by non-Catholics; it had its inception in Belfast; and some at least of its advocates were republican in theory. For that reason the priests were strongly against it from the first, and more strongly in its later development.

The organisation began as a constitutional movement; its work led up to the mission of Lord Fitzwilliam; its purpose seemed to be absolutely crowned with success when Fitzwilliam landed. Beresford, working on the fears and prejudices of King George,

defeated the movement, Fitzwilliam returned in disgrace, and the United Irishmen, despairing of constitutional means, sought redress by an organisation which should use armed force. They spread all over Ireland, they were strong in County Wexford, yet relatively weak among the peasantry. But the movement was too open, and in March, 1798, the heads of the conspiracy were arrested while meeting at the house of a man named Bond in Dublin.

It so happened that the Wexford delegate was late in his attendance that day, and the seizure was made before he approached the house; consequently the lists of adherents captured on the other delegates, which enabled energetic measures to be taken, furnished no information as to Wexford. Perhaps this may have induced the Government to employ more drastic means there than elsewhere to goad the people into revolt. At all events, the fact is that in Wexford a series of organised brutalities produced an explosion.

The character of the administration—which, although depending on an Irish Parliament for supplies, was appointed and controlled from England—may be gathered from one fact. On February 26th, General Abercromby issued his general order, which censured the army for “a state of licentiousness which must render it formidable to everyone but the enemy”: the sequel was not the punishment of any offender, but the removal of Abercromby from Ireland. Military, yeomen, and magistrates followed

their own sweet will. On May 23rd seventeen farmers were flogged in County Wexford, and one flogged to death. On May 25th, twenty-six men, mostly heads of families, were shot without trial in the ball alley at Carnew. On Saturday, the 26th, the chapel at Boulavogue and about twenty houses were burnt. It was on that night that the people turned and attacked a party of militia under Lieutenant Bookey, and killed the officer and one man. On the Sunday, Father John Murphy, curate of Boulavogue, one of the priests who had always refused to hear confessions from any United Irishman and had in every way discouraged the movement, now told his people they had better fight than be killed like rats; and the fight at Oulart Hill took place in which the valour of the peasantry carried all before it.

I shall not attempt to tell the story of that rising. After a hundred and twenty years we are still too near it. I have stayed in a house where the most cherished possession was an old silver teapot which had been carried off in a hasty flight by the great grandfather of my hostess. I have known a leading citizen who told me with pride that he had two great grand-uncles killed at Vinegar Hill, in defence of the main rebel camp outside Enniscorthy. His great grandfather was shot in the ball alley at Carnew: "But it's no honour to have been shot at Carnew," he said, "they didn't know what was before them," when they came in, answering a summons. He told me that where the rail runs past Tubber-

neering past an elbow of the road between Gorey and Enniscorthy, you cannot open a ditch without stirring bones. This was one of the most gallant of all the engagements, undisfigured by any brutalities; and Irishmen never fought better than they did on the rebel side to defeat Walpole's troops.

What strikes me now in looking back, is that memories of the landlord caste were extraordinarily bitter—memories of a servile war. My Tory hostess did not hesitate to say that in suppressing the rebellion of a subject race, troops always used, and were justified in using, great severities; but that the savageries committed on her people and their like were not so easily forgivable. Among the Catholic population what persisted was the tradition of a great fight in which an unorganised county brought the whole British power into peril.

The whole countryside is full of memories. Staying at Camolin, near to where the first fight took place, I went for a walk and fell into talk with the first man I met, a stone-breaker by the roadside, who gave me as much vivid topographical detail as would furnish many pages. But it was at New Ross that I had the most perfect presentment of tradition from an old man, one of the self-made scholars that you find here and there in Ireland. Born in 1823, he was brought up by his grandmother, who lived to be a hundred and ten, and who had full and first-hand knowledge of all those scenes. But to this he added life-long study; when I saw him he was past



The Tholsel, New Ross.

eighty, and blind, but piled-up volumes of the Journals and Statutes of the Irish Parliament, richly bound, lay heaped on the clay floor. His main trouble was that careless generations had no respect for the books which he treasured, even when denied the light of his eyes to use them.

In the long hours of our talk many pictures were flashed upon my mind. Part of the strength of the rebels lay in the numbers of marksmen from the barony of Shelmalier, who were duckfowlers then as they are now, along the reedy stretches of the tidal Slaney river, between Enniscorthy and the sea. His grandmother had seen them in action with long guns that they rested on a man's shoulder to steady the aim. But chiefly the talk was of the battle in New Ross itself—a turning-point of the rebellion. The town, which was originally fenced with walls by Strongbow's sister, Basilia, wife to Raymond de Gros, had kept its ring of walls till 1798. It lies on a steep slope on each side of a main street running down to a bridge across the united Nore and Barrow—a bridge probably, in some shape or other, as old as the town. The insurgents approached from above the town, and matters were embittered from the outset; a flag of truce covering a message from them was fired on, and then, later, Lord Mountjoy coming out from the town to appeal to his tenants was also shot down. The gate was carried after a desperate charge, the military were forced down through the streets where many houses were fired, and the people were

indistinguishable with the black soot from the thatched roofs. Finally the soldiers were driven across the bridge, but they left a trap behind them—puncheons of raw whiskey standing in the main street. There was a pause in the fight, and the men, “choked with drouth and smoke and sparks,” gulped down the spirit. All this passed about the Tholsel, and in the upper storey of the Tholsel a partisan of the troops was hidden; he signalled across the river to General Johnson’s forces, the English soldiers returned upon the crowd that jostled about the little square, some drunk, some hungry, thinking the day’s work was over. The fight was renewed, military discipline succeeded, and the insurgents were forced up the hill into the Irish town that lay beyond the walls. Then a horrible thing happened. In Chapel Lane, where all the wounded of the insurgents had been housed, the houses were fired over the living and the dead. This evil news was carried by fugitives, escaping through fields and byways towards Wexford. At Scullabogue, nine miles out, over a hundred Protestants were imprisoned in a barn. The base rabble fired it over them, and destroyed all—in a black hour for Ireland. To this day the name is cherished as a rallying cry of hate: it has been invaluable as an instrument of division.

I asked why it was that Kilkenny and Waterford took no part in the rising. “Sure the clergy were against it.” It was the priests who stopped the colliers of Castlecomer from joining a force that broke

out west of the Wexford hills through Scollagh Gap. Some of them would not say mass over a slain rebel, and there was great bitterness. "There was a time after it and they would not pray in the churches." In one place a priest was tied to a car and drawn through a fair to be the object of execration.

There was a worse anger than this—other stories that few spoke of, but everyone knew them. "It would take some of the dead to be brought up again" to know all the horrors of that time. Here is one story: "I was surrounded by five or six bayonets, while brutes were abusing my mother, and I looking at them," one told my friend's grandmother. But later he got his chance; "he killed one after—choked him." After this beginning of life, "he was always a sour man."

Another thing that all remembered was the scorching sun of that time. "Begorra, we're getting the weather of 'ninety-eight," used to be a by-word.

These memories are there still, but they have faded; they were fading already when my old friend was a lad. But a strange revival of them came, somewhere in the 'fifties, when a sound of keening was heard in the upper town, next the Three Bullet Gate, and folk ran up to see what was passing.

"They saw no hearse nor coffin in it, but three old men that were looking and looking, and could hardly know the street again, for the houses were slated and the Gate was gone; but they picked one spot in that broad bullawn of a place, and 'tis there

is a pump now. They knelt down and they said the rosary, and went through the five decades of it. No clergyman was there at all, but they said the rosary where they thought the wall and the gate was." They were old men from the Waterford side, who, as lads, had been scattered in among the insurgents, and now came back to say a prayer for the souls of those who died beside them; asking the help of no priest, for in that day no priest had helped them.

There is a curious divergence of opinion as to the part which priests played in the actual rising. Cloney, who lived out his life in Ireland, condemns, or at least deprecates, their conduct in having any hand in acts of violence. Byrne, who, after Emmet's rising, escaped to France and fought all 'over Europe under Napoleon's Marshals, a soldier if ever there was one, chivalrous and humane, had no such feeling. In his opinion, Father John Murphy showed more the quality of a leader than any other man in the whole campaign, and he deploras the mistake that was made when the command of the army was committed to a deserving, but very unmilitary, Protestant gentleman, Bagenal Harvey.

There have been always these two sections of opinion in Ireland, both among the laity and among the clergy, and when I was last in Wexford I talked in the Franciscan monastery to a rebel priest, whose youth had seen him in revolt against the Church for Cardinal Cullen had no tolerance for a history of the rebellion which glorified the spirit of the Wex-

ford insurgents—and later in revolt against the law, when the Land League was at its fiercest. All this is ancient history now, and he sits in the Abbey quietly preaching and teaching, where Father Curran,



Mr. Hughes.

most famous of modern Franciscans in Ireland, used to teach under the great horse chestnut tree. Father Curran's tomb is in the Abbey, and a bust of him shows well his masculine beauty. It was held that the street where he lived was safe from cholera, and boys going to school got a piece of bark from the tree under which he had been used to teach; such was the repute of his sanctity.

These scraps of tradition I noted from one who had been part of the life of Wexford city ever since 1837, when he commenced

journalism; Mr. Hughes, owner of the *Wexford Independent*, a quaint and kind old man, and in 1905 still extraordinarily active now living, alas! no longer; he died while this book was passing through the press.

The course of time had divided him from popular sentiment, for he, like some others of the men—P. J. Smyth, for example—who were trained in the idealistic notions of the Young Ireland movement repudiated the Land League as a propaganda based on national inducements.. He had been the close friend of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Wexford's chief light in that band of brothers who grouped themselves about Davis and Duffy.

To-day there is no surviving quarrel as to the Land League; it has passed into history, and one of the great fights of the land war, which raged at Coolgreaney in Wexford, is now only a legend; there is no county in Ireland where land purchase, the Land League's ultimate outcome, has been more complete in its operation. Last May, when I was there, the town was out in procession to celebrate the Home Rule Bill's final passage through the Commons; and the presiding figure was the Mayor, Mr. Synott, a namesake and, probably, a descendant of the Synott who was Mayor in Cromwell's day.

His house is one of the town's monuments, old, richly panelled, with a decorated stairway of oak. There is much in Wexford that goes back to the seventeenth century, including White's Hotel, that very rare thing in Ireland, a good hostelry which has interest and even beauty in itself. The main street of the town, long, narrow, and serpentine, follows the line of the quays; you can see part of the wall and the West Gate, near to the ruins of

Selsker Abbey—that is, the Abbey of Saint Sepulchre, a priory whose name keeps a trace of the Crusades. Follow the street eastward and you come to the Bull Ring, where is a spirited monument by an Irish artist, Mr. Sheppard; it shows a young, vigorous lad in the traditional Irish costume of shoes and knee breeches, with his pike at the charge. Follow further on still, and you reach the ruins of the Castle which jutted out from the Eastern Wall. Here Cromwell's attack was made, and here Stafford's treachery opened the way.

Beyond this is the *L'aythe*, *F'aitche* or Green, which was the Irish-town of Wexford, and till recently the home of the seafaring men. In Cromwell's day the tide came up to the Castle walls, where is now a railhead on embanked land. Further still, beyond the *L'aythe* on the outskirts of the town, a ridge of outcropping rock rises sharply; here Cromwell posted his cannon, and had his camp, while he himself lodged near by at a considerable house still known as Cromwell's fort—a handsome piece of seventeenth century building.

Yet, as if in defiance of Cromwell's ghost, here, as at Drogheda, the prosperity and strength of Catholicism parades itself; nowhere are there finer ecclesiastical buildings, more schools and convents. "The devil can't get into Wexford by land," said old Mr. Hughes with a grin, showing me how the buildings were posted along every road of approach. "But they left the sea open."

How Wexford may stand in matters spiritual I have no knowledge, but it is a good example of the fact that Catholicism is no foe to economic prosperity. My friend, the old rebel priest, laid it down to me with a fine fire that the clergy were not merely entitled to take a hand in the general material life of the community: "The priest," he said, "must be a citizen." He was far from thinking that land purchase and Home Rule together made a final goal. No, but only a beginning. "The poor must get more fair play; not merely more to eat and drink; they must have more pleasure, more variety in their lives." These were good words to hear from a Franciscan. Another of my acquaintances in Wexford is a secular priest from the barony of Forth, lying between Wexford and Bannow, where the conquerors first came up, and where, until almost within living memory, a peculiar dialect was spoken, which was nothing else than the English of Piers Plowman's age—an English earlier than Chaucer's. He and his parishioners and fellow-workers in that countryside are setting example to all Ireland in their fruit-farming, their tobacco-growing, their use of co-operative methods, their encouragement of cottage gardening; he realises, in another aspect, the Franciscan's conception of priestly citizenship.

Many a man thinks he knows Ireland because he has seen, and, perhaps, seen thoroughly, Donegal or Kerry or Mayo; yet he may have little guess at the strong thriving life of Wexford and Kilkenny, or

at the beauty which these regions hold. I have never travelled without pleasure the line that comes down to Wexford along the Slaney; even in winter the bright reeds along the blue water make a brilliant picture, and nowhere else have I seen so much beautiful bird-life. The fleet of swans which haunt these reaches are worth a journey to see; and they are always about the point where a mile or two above the town a rock juts out to narrow the river, and you see on it, across the water, Castle Carrick, Fitzstephen's foundation, the first fortress that the Normans built in Ireland. Heavy, barge-shaped craft that ply under sail up the tideway to Enniscorthy, are peculiar to the Slaney in build and in name; these "gabbards" surely had a Flemish model to begin with and kept their name from the Low Countries.

I have always liked Wexford town, too, with its air of repose and easy good fellowship, its decent burgess life. The past is there fused and blended with the present; not, as at Kilkenny, maintained in something of pristine splendour by the continued existence of a great house—still less, as at Galway, staring bleakly at you, a skeleton broke loose from its cupboard—but comfortably asserting itself in and through the homely existing life. Memories are many, but they are not raw. The bridge across the Slaney is still where stood a wooden bridge in 1798, on which a brutal massacre of prisoners was perpetrated by the worse element among the rebels.

Here, Father Curran, the Franciscan, flung himself into danger to rescue the unhappy victims; and he was not alone. Esmonde Kyan, who had commanded a rebel corps with great valour at Arklow, was in bed, grievously wounded, when the news reached him, and he, says Cloney, "ran, or rather, tottered, to the bridge and saved several from the fangs of the rabble." His reputation availed to secure him a guarantee of protection from General Dundas when he surrendered with the last of the fighters in Kildare; yet the soldier's honour was disregarded by a jury which tried Kyan in Wexford and sent him to the gallows. The courthouse in which this and so many dark scenes passed in those days is there still, unaltered; and I saw a case for poultry stealing being tried in it, as the chief issue of that sessions.

It is no small credit to Wexford that here, where the bitterest memories are most recent of actual war between class and class, religion and religion, all root of bitterness should seem to have passed away. From the first, there were courageous men in the landlord class who fought against the violence of ascendancy, and not without risk. In 1807, Mr. Colclough contested the seat as an advocate of emancipation; his opponent was a personal friend, Mr. Alcock. The tenants of a Mrs. Cholmondeley had expressed their intention of voting for Colclough: Mr. Alcock, producing a letter from Mrs. Cholmondeley, which expressed her desire that her tenants should vote for him, called on the Liberal to

surrender them. Colclough refused, and a duel followed, in which Alcock shot him dead. The victorious duellist was returned to Parliament, but, it is said, soon lost his reason from remorse.

By the era of emancipation all the opposition in Wexford had faded away. Nowhere in all Ireland did Thomas Moore get quite so splendid a triumph as here, when, in 1836, he paid a ceremonial visit to the house where his mother was born. He stayed in a house now occupied by a watchmaker, just above the Bull Ring; all the streets were festooned with garlands and all the prettiest girls came out in procession to celebrate the advent of the Irish Bard.

But the house to which he made his pilgrimage is in a little irregular square just out of this other opening, and a tablet piously records that "here Anastasia Codd was born and lived to within a few weeks of the birth of her illustrious son"; and it reproduces Moore's own declaration that "One of the noblest minded as well as most warm-hearted of all God's creatures was born under that lowly roof."

This, at least, may be said, that few mothers have had a son more truly devoted to them, or have better deserved his homage than the mother of Tom Moore.

There is another memory of which Wexford is, perhaps, even more proud to-day. In the street stands a statue of Mr. John Redmond, who was member of Parliament for the borough up till his death in 1881. He left a finer memorial of himself in great reclamation of the sloblands which stretch

out towards Rosslare Harbour; but it is within the mark to say that he will be best remembered as the father of his son—who may be held for an example that the Norman stock has by no means yet spent its virtue and its governing power.



A Farmer.

CHAPTER X

CORK

IN the middle of the sixteenth century Waterford, Limerick, and Galway were all of them more important and flourishing places than Cork. Cork did not lie so near to the English ports as Waterford, nor so convenient for the run to Spain and the Mediterranean as the western harbours. But it was much in the same position as any of these three towns; before Elizabeth's days its history is much the same as theirs.

The Normans found it quietly possessed by the Ostmen, and Henry II. granted to Robert Fitzstephen and Milo de Cogan seven cantreds of land in the region of Cork, and assigned to them the governorship of the town with the cantred adjacent to it which was held by the Danes. The Kingdom of Cork was reckoned to extend from the water of Lismore to the Cape of St. Brandon—that is, roughly, from the Blackwater to the Shannon, with a land boundary running through Limerick about Kilmallock and Brucee. Yet before long all this terri-

tory of Desmond passed to the heirs of Maurice Fitzgerald; they were overlords of it and of the Decies also. Under them the Irish princes continued to hold something of their independent power,



Cork.

especially McCarthy Mór in West Cork; and the Desmonds themselves became all but entirely Irish. In 1329 Maurice, Earl of Desmond, claimed to

govern the counties of Cork, Kerry, Limerick, and Waterford according to Irish law. He was known, partly in contempt, as the Rhymer; and his successor, Gerald, was noted as an Irish scholar and poet; "easy of access," say the annalists, "charitable and witty and ingenious, a composer of Irish poetry, and a learned and profound chronicler." The Desmond Geraldines had, to the end of their day of power, their own ollaves and brehons. The last, or all but the last, of their brehons was a MacClancy, who died in 1578, and it is recorded, "there was not a brehon who had a better landed property than he had." He was not only a judge of causes; he was their judge and buyer of wines, their agent in the great trade which they carried on through the ports of Cork and Waterford.

In Edward IV.'s day, Cork had eleven parish churches, and extended to the suburbs a mile in every direction. It, like the others, was largely English; it had its "tribes" like Galway, the Sarsfields were one of them; and a paper of 1535 describes "the mayor and his brethren with their skarlet gownes, with typetts of velvett after the English fashion"—such a costume as may be seen now at any city dinner. Sir Henry Sidney was received there in 1575 "with all joyfulness," and was attended by the Earls of Desmond, Thomond, and Clancarty. He wrote to Elizabeth that "the towns are the only force your Majesty has to trust out of the pale." Yet the effect of Sidney's endeavour to extend the

Crown's authority, and to spread a spirit of allegiance, was to drive Desmond into a struggle of despair, and to abolish entirely the "joyfulness" with which an officer of the Queen could hope to be received in Cork. Fynes Morison declares that "the English-Irish citizens, especially those of Cork, have ever so much avoided marriage with the mere Irish that they are all inbred"; and yet he notes that Spanish was more often heard than English, and that both in Waterford and Cork, "wives that could speak English as well as we, were used bitterly to chide their husbands when they spoke English with us." English had come to be connected with a savage persecution of the religion which the English-Irish, no less than the mere Irish, professed, and Cork was soon set down among those cities which had shown themselves "most false-hearted and mutinous" and needed to be garrisoned.

Yet the Elizabethan wars did, perhaps, less injury to Cork than to the other cities. The place was strongly held, and now definitely treated as the chief town of Munster. It must have lived through anxious weeks when the Spanish force was landed in Kinsale only ten miles off, and beleaguered there by Mountjoy and Carew; more anxious still, when Hugh O'Neill and Hugh O'Donnell marched down from the North to attack the attackers. Cork probably had little more love for O'Neill's Catholics from Ulster than for Mountjoy's Protestants; at all events, it made no opposition to Mountjoy's triumph.

In 1620 Luke Gernon, in his notes on Ireland, described it as "a populous town and well compact, nothing to commend it but the antiquity; a quarry of redd marble maketh it appear of a ruddy colour." That ruddy colour may be seen in Shandon Steeple to-day. The site did not please Gernon; the town "stands in a very bogg and is unhealthy." It has climbed a good deal up the hill since then, yet still the principal places of business are only a few feet above the river which, with its branches, seems to pervade the whole place, and bewilders a stranger with pleasant mazes—driving him to seek directions which nowhere else in Ireland are given with such copious volubility.

In the wars of the King and the Commonwealth Cork stood for the King, but Cromwell's advance guard captured it by a stratagem. King James landed in Kinsale and met with enthusiastic welcome; but shortly after this John Churchill, not yet Duke of Marlborough, sailed into the harbour and captured the place with his usual efficiency. Cork escaped the splendid losses of such a desperate defence as Limerick offered, and it entered upon the eighteenth century relatively unimpaired.

It must be remembered that from 1656 to 1829, with a very brief interval under Tyrconnell, the control of Cork as of all Irish cities was entirely in Protestant hands. The power of the Corporation lay with twelve council-men, who appear to have controlled the election to the mayoralty by limiting the

number of names submitted for election. Care was taken that among the three sent up two should be persons entirely undesirable. We get a living picture of the city from the pasquinades of a writer who called himself "Alexander the Coppersmith," and was vastly severe on the Corporation

"I really find they have a right merely to exist and meet by courtesy in the city court, where by the power of custom they may shut their door, talk of their grants, swallow their sack and do nothing." It would have been well if that were all, for they alienated many public rights by private jobbery. The aldermen were admittedly great personages, and each was paramount in his own ward, or rather shared the sovereign power with a fellow, for they were twelve to six wards; but they were absolute enough to leave blank acts of commitment with their wives so that the aldermaness might, unchecked, send a citizen to prison; and since at that time dwellers in Cork gaol were sometimes reduced to drink salt water, the power was serious. No wonder the Coppersmith threatened "to tell Dean Swift of it." "Bailiff's," he says, "got more hats" (that is, salutes) "when walking the streets than a mayor out of office." They were the terror incarnate; one Mr. Jeffreys, of Blarney, fortunate man, had a horse that could scent a bailiff at sufficient distance to ensure his master's safety.

Incidentally, the tract shows the effect of English legislation. The main reason why the Corporation

could do no more than shut their door and swill sack lay in the commercial restrictions. William III.'s promise had been well kept by himself and his successors. "I shall do all that in me lies to discourage the woollen manufacture in Ireland, and to encourage the linen trade there." Cork had been a centre for the export of wool and woollen goods, and had had special privileges under charter in 1736, but, says the Coppersmith, "the right of the staple is sapped by the inevitable force of various Acts of Parliament." Then the merchants had gone into the traffic of salt beef, which was bought up even during war by Continental States, so great was the demand. This also had perished.

"The most considerable branch of our trade was the great quantities of beef exported to our plantations, supplying the French, with whom he trafficked in some uninhabited island, before Irish ships were obliged to touch first in England"—instead of trading direct with the colonies. Nevertheless, the Coppersmith was a loyal supporter of the authority that so hampered trade, and was fierce in his condemnation of smuggling. "Every patriot should turn informer. These Robbers that run wool to France impoverish the Rich and starve the Poor; they should be hunted with blood-hounds."

This, however, was not a common opinion; Protestant and Catholic alike ran wool and other things when they got the chance. But the trade was increasingly in Catholic hands. "The Protestants,

through wealth, pride, envy, and insolence have lost the trade of the city which the Catholics have gained through diligence. French galleys come always consigned to a Popish factor." The Catholics were in a league. "From the mutual kindness of all men under oppression and a natural hatred of their oppression, they deal with and always employ one another. If a Papist at the gallows wanted an ounce of hemp, he'd skip the Protestant shops and run to Mallow Lane to buy it." Mallow Lane was the Catholic quarter, and the Coppersmith gave it no good name. "When honesty was sick in Glenflesk, she crawled to Mallow Lane to die, and gave her last groans among the butter-buyers."

It must not be supposed that this censor tolerated the Catholics. He resented it very much that public weighing scales should be sanctioned in Mallow Lane, or that Papists should be in any way assisted in their commerce.

"Pray is it not a very uncomfortable sight for any Protestant shopkeeper of this city to behold thatch and skylight edified into cant windows and slate? wherein a flat-footed Milesian shall have his table graced with a chaplain and pinched diaper. . . ." "The most growing Factory the minute it is mimicked and attempted to be carried on by Papists, I would instantly give up, and without hesitation pronounce its death warrant." Yet he perceives a difficulty in this policy. "Since the parliament, in order to restrain Popish power and suppress clans, has

incapacitated them from purchasing estates," it would be "hard as well as imprudent to exclude them from applying their money in trade."

Nevertheless, he holds it unseemly that those "who like the primitive Christians should light candles and profess their worship in a cavern should erect magnificent temples, and in crowds gaily dressed go in and out in the light of the sun"; that they should "run openly in to every branch of trade and talk big on Change." He warns them that "their total monopoly of Home and Foreign Trade will create such popular clamour that at last they will be controuled by parliamentary restraint."

Some have thought that the Coppersmith—whose true name seems to have been John Boles—was really an emancipationist in disguise, using a subtle irony to burlesque the views of orthodox Toryism. It is hard to say; opinions were held in that century, and language habitually used, which we have difficulty in taking as the serious product of intelligence. At all events, this elaborate pasquinade has an importance for the historian, since it is characteristic of the city. Cork came to be called the Athens of Ireland, and it is a title justified, not by the existence of any great talents, but by a very active general wit. A curious and typical institution was the anonymous bulletin which citizens were permitted to lodge in a special box for the mayor's perusal. Some specimens of it survive—remonstrance against the scandal of barbers shaving on Sundays, or the more crying offence of

a breeches market, "highly indiscreet, as overgrown fellows are frequently fitted with small clothes in view of the females who pass by." The community has always had the Attic character of taking its enjoyments and making its demonstrations in common; and to this day there is no place where it is so easy to bring crowds into the streets. If one could go back into the eighteenth century and witness any of the great popular diversions, a cock fighting, or a bull baiting, or a hanging, Cork would certainly be the place to choose; no other crowd is so sympathetic or enters so fully into the spirit of the occasion. They provided their stocks with a turning machinery so that all spectators might have an equal chance to observe the countenance of the pilloried.

In such a community the pasquinade always flourishes; wit runs the streets, the broadsheet passes from hand to hand, the jest from lip to lip. The two men who did most to render Cork famous, Maginn and Father Prout, were only the supreme examples of a literary activity which had many lesser lights, and which flourished in essay clubs and debating societies.

These, no doubt, were political in their origin. There was, in 1772, a Free Debating Society, whose president was Henry Sheares; a quarter of a century later, his two sons were executed for a propaganda which preached an extended application of their father's principles; the sons of the Liberals of 1772 were the revolutionaries of 1798. Cork shared in

the liberalising movement which led up to the volunteers—the Protestant militia faced their coats with green and cheered on parade for Saint Patrick; but Cork city, like Galway, declared in favour of the Union. It was little disturbed by the fever of revolt which seethed through Dublin and did not abate till many months after Emmet's rising of 1803; and the Cork wits were one and all on the side of reaction, Maginn the most furious of any.

Yet Maginn's history was ill-fitted to make him the champion of established order. His father kept one of the old-fashioned classical academies, and, like many of these men, had a kind of genius for pedagogy. It was his practice at the Assizes to take his pupils to the courts, let them listen to the eloquence of men like Barry Yelverton and Curran, and then bid them sit down with pen and paper and reproduce the argument and the periods of the discourse. But this enlightened person chanced one day to be walking on the road when the carriage of a certain alderman came driven furiously along the road; unable to get out of the way, Mr. Maginn raised his cane to signal for the horses to be checked; whereupon the alderman's coachman dismounted from his seat and thrashed the schoolmaster within an inch of his life. An action was brought before other aldermen, the coachman was found not guilty, and Maginn died in a few weeks of sheer anger and shame and heart-break. The charge of his academy passed to his son, then a very young man, but already distinguished

by an amazing gift for languages. He could write witty doggerel in half-a-dozen tongues; his squibs were the joy of the Philosophical and Literary Society; and they got into print, for there was a mannikin named Boyle who issued a libellous paper called *The Freeholder*, trusting in the fact that he was too small to beat, and not worth a libel action. Maginn was the ornament of a society which had created the Forty-five Club, each of whose members was bound at one of its meetings to honour forty-five toasts in forty-five glasses of punch. These were great achievements, but scarcely the gifts of a pedagogue; and Maginn, while he sat in class, would be scribbling at his fugitive verse. "A rhyme for *dulcis*," he would say, lifting his head; and when a pupil gave it him, "Good," and he would go on. Probably clever boys picked up a good deal of learning from him, but he was out of his vocation, and began naturally to send off work to periodicals, always under a *nom de guerre*. *Blackwood's Magazine*, then in lusty youth, was the chief receptacle, and there came a day at last when Maginn turned up in Edinburgh, sought an interview with Blackwood, and demanded to be told who was lampooning the respectable citizens of Cork; till, having mystified his publisher to heart's content, he produced from his pocket the latest cheque drawn to himself under his assumed name. From this it was only a step into the regular world of journalism.

F. S. Mahony, Father Prout, continued the same

tradition in the same magazine. He was a Jesuit, but the Jesuits found him too Bohemian and got rid of him; yet after some years he persuaded the Church to accept him again as a priest, and he tended a parish in Cork; but he, too, was out of his vocation, and needed always to keep a free foot in Bohemia. The basis of what both these men did is to be found in the popular literature that was now growing up in the English tongue; the "Come-all-ye" of the ballad-monger, the drinking songs, and the rest. Father Prout's immortal doggerel on the "Bells of Shandon" is only the best known of what was a copious outcrop of verse, and it had many sources. William Gosnell, Jerry Murphy, and others contributed in this kind to Blackwood, and among the reputed authors of "The Night before Larry was Stretched" is mentioned Dowden, father of the famous Shakespearean scholar.

Edward Dowden was only one of many brilliant students whom Cork has sent to the Irish *alma mater*. Most illustrious of them all, famous in theology, and famous in mathematics, the late Provost Salmon had, even in his reverend way, some touch of Cork's Bohemianism; he certainly had his share of Cork's biting wit. It is a matter of common admission among those who direct Irish education, that Cork and Kerry furnish more clever children to the schools than all the rest of Ireland. The Southern breed is quick-witted, eloquent, and vivacious.

The society to which Maginn and Mahony be-



Shandon Steeple.

longed, for all its Irishism, was strongly opposed to Irish Nationalism. In a later day, Cork has been more proud to call itself "rebel Cork" than "the Athens of Ireland." Its most conspicuous monument is the Martyrs' Memorial, which commemorates the three Fenians who were hanged for their part in raiding a prison van at Manchester and rescuing two Fenian prisoners. The rescuers got the men away, shackled though they were, but they lost their own chance of freedom, and in the scuffle a police sergeant had been shot dead. Five men were sentenced to the gallows, half-a-dozen more to long terms of penal servitude. Judge and jury were in such a hurry that they passed capital sentence on one man who was a casual passer-by, and this was proved before the execution took place, so he was dismissed. Another, Captain Edward O'Meagher Condon, a veteran of the American Civil War, was an American citizen, and the United States threatened action if his life were taken; he, therefore, was reprieved, to live out a most honourable life in the public service of America; one of the best educated, best tempered, and most modest Irishmen that any of us have had the privilege to know. But the other three, Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, all of them Cork men, were duly hanged; and the words, "God save Ireland," which they took up from O'Meagher Condon's lips when sentence of death was passed on them, became the rallying cry of Irish Nationalism. The song which immortalised it was written by T. D. Sullivan,

one member of a singularly brilliant family from Bantry in the west of Cork; and in the course of time that refrain, born in the felon's dock, came to be heard as the Irish Guards marched across London to entrain, and again when they charged on the shell-swept field between Mons and Cambrai.

Somehow or other, the city by the Lee and the whole county has always had a life of its own, curiously distinct and apart from the rest of Ireland. Cork, in the first half of the nineteenth century, was a centre not unfairly comparable with Edinburgh; if the comparison cannot be better justified, it is because Edinburgh has had for ages a University of its own, and Cork's College has only existed for some fifty years in the most shadowy and unreal of Universities. The University to which it belongs now has a stronger life, but the sooner Cork's academic life is separate, the better, in my opinion, for Cork, and the better for the National University. Whatever Cork becomes, it will always be an intellectual centre, always full of social charm; a strong academic school would put fibre into its luxuriant growths.

Of all cities in Ireland it is, I think, on a bird's-eye view, easily the most beautiful. The valley in which the Lee divides to make an island is ringed about with steep hills, and up them the roads have climbed with dwellings of prosperous business people; along the river runs the Mardyke, a tree-shaded walk of a mile's length; and the river itself, where you may see the running salmon leap, is beautiful

with shipping, and the quays are all through the heart of the town. Cork has taken its full share in the movements that are building up a new Ireland. It has woollen mills at work, and in defiance of King William's pledge, the fame of Irish serge fabrics is being recaptured at Cork and Blarney: experts say that the best output of these mills is not to be bettered anywhere. A visit to the Munster School of Dairying shows the application of scientific intelligence to the chief agricultural industry of Southern Ireland; here is a college with, perhaps, a hundred girls brought together from all Ireland to be schooled in all the mysteries of butter-making, and then to go out as instructors in a business which modern conditions have brought to be the work of little factories dotted all over the country. A pleasant, bright-faced company of young women they were, many of them town-bred, with fingers untrained to the difficult art of milking; but I watched the tall, grave-faced Munster girl who was in charge go round the detachment and show even the country-bred how a final glassful could be wrung from the udder by her long supple fingers.

In another movement, the Gaelic League, Cork, both city and county, has played a great and a characteristically separate part. Cork has always insisted on its own way, its own Munster Irish; it has been violently accused of *cúigeachas*, provincialism; and it has always retorted that Irish was more alive with it than anywhere else. This, at least, is sure;

the writer of greatest mark in Irish is a Cork man, and furiously a Cork man. No one denies that Father Peter O'Leary has written in a living Irish living literature; Æsop's Fables have received a new incarnation at his hands, and this is only a small part of his work. But, perhaps, some of Father O'Leary's disciples would deny that anyone else in his day had written anything in Irish at all. That



Queenstown Cathedral.

is Cork's way; it was also, no doubt, the way of Athens.

My impression of Cork, as a whole, is of the merriest, most talkative, and expansive people in Ireland; yet from thirty years ago a black sadness hangs over its name. I do not separate Queenstown from it in my imagination, and, in truth, Queenstown is Cork Harbour; the Lord Mayor of

Cork is Admiral of it, and once in every three years he asserts his Admiralty by taking boat in state to a point midway between its headlands and flinging a dart from him as far as he can to sea. That is the limit of his jurisdiction, and it includes the place of embarkation from which not tens nor hundreds of thousands, but millions of Irishmen and Irishwomen have taken ship to turn their backs on home. God knows with what memory of agonies the wharf must be haunted; station and quay have been dazed and deafened with the keening, thousands upon thousands of times. I was there in the early 'eighties when "state-aided emigration" was in progress; when the Government of the country was offering five pounds to any Irish subject who would consent to be expatriated; there was no choice or discrimination, no effort to sunder the fit from the unfit. I saw whole families from the wilds of Mayo, speaking no English, with old, half-crippled men and women almost bedridden among them; I saw one young girl half-witted, being sent out to meet what might befall her in New York, or even before she crossed the sea. Famine drove them; they could not be worse anywhere than at home.

The daughter of Smith O'Brien, in whose company I saw these things, had opened a common lodging for these helpless ones, where before they had been fleeced and bullied; she herself had crossed in the steerage, she had stirred public opinion against the ill provision made for them in their passage, she had

stirred Catholic America to have better care of them on landing. Yet, perhaps, sadder than the sufferings of the emigrants, was the drain on the race; a hundred thousand went out in that year from a population of five millions—a population dwindling with a rapidity of which Europe shows no other example.

Now that wound is stanchd. Emigration is down to thirty thousand—it is true, from a much smaller population; yet it is down, and those who emigrate now are not in fear of famine. But the habit has been formed, and Ireland is a breeding-ground of citizens for the United States; it happens often that a man will spend all the working time of life across the Atlantic, returning to Ireland when he is no longer fit to take part in the production of wealth.

It is strange, and more than sad that this most tragic fact in Ireland's recent history should be associated with one of the loveliest spots in Ireland or out of it. The period from 1846 onwards has been the period of the dwindling of the Irish race. From eight millions in 1841 to four millions to-day, has been the drop, while the other countries of the United Kingdom have doubled their population in the same period; and it was through Cork harbour that the life blood of the nation ebbed away. That is what Cork stands for in modern Irish history. Yet go there, travel by rail, or, far better, by boat, to Queens-town, and watch the windings of the river lost in wooded slopes; you shall see a landscape full of amenities, devoted to reasonable pleasure and the

adornment of life; and the great haven itself, when you reach it, is a veritable harbour of delight. I lay for an hour high up on the hill-slope over Queens-town and watched little steamers circling and wheeling, with white trails behind them on the shining floor of blue; a ship heading out between the points, and up and outward under the land seemed to beckon towards America. Below me, but high above the harbour, was the great Roman Catholic Cathedral of Pugin's building, richly adorned that the emigrant's last glance might rest on an imposing symbol of his faith. Was it the votive memorial, I asked myself, of a fugitive and disappearing race?



Queens-town.

CHAPTER XI

BELFAST

FROM the hills overlooking Dublin you can see on a clear day, distinct yet far distant, the mountain range which is the southernmost boundary of what may be called the true Ulster. Geographically, County Antrim, on whose border Belfast lies, is nearer and is more akin to Scotland than to the rest of Ireland. Up to 1600 both sides of the narrow seas were held by the same race; they spoke the same language, the same Gaelic. After 1600 the Scots population flowed over into Ulster, but the incomers were largely Celtic; and though they spoke English, it was that Lowland tongue which has a literature more ancient than the English of England. Belfast, and the Ulster which is coming increasingly to centre about Belfast, is nearer to Scotland and more related to it than to southern Ireland. The artist whose drawings illustrate this book, brought up and trained in County Antrim, knew Scotland and knew England for twenty years before he came for the first time to Dublin to make these pictures. These facts lie at

the outset of any approach to considering Belfast and its history.

Of purely native Irish history Belfast has none. Like Dublin, it is built on swampy ground about the lowest ford which crosses an important river at the head of the tideway. The name *Beulfeirsde* means the mouth of the *fearsad*, or sandbank, at the outfall of the River Lagan.

But, unlike Dublin, Belfast was never settled by the Danes. The nearest centre of importance to it in Irish history was Bangor, on the south side of Belfast Lough, where was one of the greatest monastic settlements. At Belfast itself, John de Courcy, the Norman conqueror of Ulidia, built a castle, and his wife was the foundress of Greyabbey, a few miles distant in County Down. But the importance of Belfast Castle was always overshadowed by the great stronghold at Carrickfergus, which remained continuously an outpost of English power even when Belfast fell into Irish hands. Under the sway of the O'Neills, its existence was a challenge to Carrickfergus, and Garrett Mór, the great Earl of Kildare, destroyed it in 1503, and again in 1512; yet it did not really pass into English possession until the close of the sixteenth century. In 1604 it was granted to Sir Arthur Chichester, who had been Governor of Carrickfergus for some years. The region surrounding it both to the north and south was called Clandeboye, that is, Clann-Aedh-buidhe, the "Clan of Yellow-haired Hugh," one of the O'Neills. In



the partition of the O'Neill inheritance, which took place at the end of Elizabeth's reign, Chichester got an ample share about Belfast, yet he was not content with it. In what was called Upper Clandeboye, the territory stretching south of Belfast into County Down about the Castlereagh hills, some of the lesser O'Neill chieftains had taken the English side, and they were legally immune from confiscation. It was Chichester's interest to pick a quarrel with Sir Con O'Neill, and he was not scrupulous as to his methods. Sir Con's only chance of saving something was to assign half of what he held to two Scotch gentlemen, the brothers Montgomery, of Braidstone. Ultimately they became purchasers of what was left to O'Neill, and many Scots came as tenants under them—tenants of vacant lands. Chichester's work had been thorough; he had pursued successfully a policy of extermination. He himself wrote: "I spare neither house, corn, nor creature, none of any quality, age, or sex whatsoever, besides many burned to death. We kill men, women, horse, beast, whatsoever we find." It was in the course of these operations that Fynes Morrison saw what he has described: the waysides strewn with dead bodies of human beings whose lips were still green with the juices of the grass on which they had been endeavouring to sustain life; women busy about a great fire in a wood cooking the bodies of slain children, and in another place children keeping themselves alive by eating the entrails of their dead mother. Nowhere else in Ire-

land was the native population so thoroughly extirpated as in southern Antrim and north Down, and that is why to this day practically the whole population is Protestant except in the glens of Antrim to the north and in the mountainous region of South Down.

It was in these conditions that Belfast came into existence as a centre of civilisation. At the end of the sixteenth century it was not named in the enumeration of "the chief and haven towns of Down and Antrim," which included Carrickfergus, Down, Ardglass, and Newry. It was simply a military post, and in 1598 it was mentioned, along with Edenduffcarrick, now known as Shane's Castle, on Lough Neagh, as one of the "castles wardable." But Chichester was determined to make a town of it. When he was ennobled, he chose for his title Baron Chichester of Belfast, and in the following year, 1613, he procured it a charter. Up till then Carrickfergus had been the only place in Ulster that sent members to Parliament. Under the new dispensation Belfast was given its Corporation with a chief magistrate, or Sovereign, and with the right to send two members to the Irish House of Commons. Chichester, a west countryman, brought over settlers from Devon, and as late as 1817 a special fondness for gardens and orchards was to be noted amongst the people about Malone. Sir Moses Hill, ancestor of the Downshire family, brought many from Lancashire and Cheshire; and these English colonists made an episcopalian element. But the Scots who came with Montgomery,



On Lough Neagh's Banks, Shane's Castle.

and with Hamilton, another Ayrshire laird, were Presbyterians, and in 1611 the first minister of the Scots settled at Broadisland, in Upper Clondeboye. Under Laud trouble came upon these Calvinists. Five of their clergy were deposed. They tried to emigrate to Newfoundland, but were driven back, and fled to Scotland. Strafford imposed a new oath of loyalty upon Dissenters, which added to their troubles; but he was a good friend to Belfast by his systematic encouragement of the linen trade, and, still more notably, by buying out the privilege which had been granted to Carrickfergus of importing goods at one-third of the dues elsewhere payable. When the older town was deprived of this aid, Belfast rose at its expense, and the custom-house was removed to the more important place. Chichester by this time had at Belfast a "dainty, stately palace, which is the glory and beauty of that town, where he has noble residence." He was the town's ground-landlord, and he and his successors took heavy toll of its prosperity. But already a democratic spirit was manifesting itself among the people of Belfast. When the Rebellion broke out in 1641, the activity of a certain Captain Lawson saved both Belfast and Lisburn. The place was fiercely anti-Catholic and anti-Irish, but it was quite ready to take its side in the great English struggle. In 1642, when Monroe, with Scotch troops, came to Carrickfergus, the inhabitants of Belfast "sided with the Parliament, especially those who were connected with Scotland." Monroe's troops actually

formed the first regular Presbytery at Carrickfergus; religion and politics went hand in hand. Next year a body of Royalists met in Belfast, under the presidency of Ormonde, and they decided to refuse the Solemn League and Covenant. But meanwhile the Presbyterian ministers were preaching the Covenant among the people, "country people as well as soldiers taking it up with as much zeal as if it were the only means of preserving their souls and bodies." Later, Monroe seized the town for the Parliament by surprise. Yet when the execution of King Charles took place, the Presbyterians of Belfast denounced this extreme measure, and by their denunciation drew on them the wrath of John Milton. "Is the Presbytery of Belfast, a small town in Ulster, of so large extent that their voices cannot serve to teach duties in the congregation which they oversee without preaching and divulging to parts far beyond the diocese of Patrick and Columba their written representation, under the subtle pretence of feeding their own flock. . . . From a barbarous nook of Ireland they threaten us with the extirpation of laws and liberties." So "the immortal John Milton, one of those who first had the honour of openly declaring for the toleration of all sects, whose principles did not interfere with the power of the civil magistrate," thunders against the "blockish Presbyters of Clandeboy."

That incident is really the only one in which Belfast figures conspicuously during the seventeenth

century. The town did not resist King James II., and it suffered nothing, for the property of all Protestants in Ulster was carefully protected. It had neither the glories nor the misfortunes of Derry, but it continued to prosper. In 1689 it was described as "a very large town, and the greatest for trade in the North of Ireland." The stone bridge across the Lagan was then in process of building, but must have been jerry-built; it fell in 1692, so that the work had to be renewed. In 1696 the first printer was established in Belfast. There had been printers in Waterford and Kilkenny at least fifty years earlier; but in 1704 Blow printed the first Bible that had been set up in Ireland. In 1737 the *Belfast News-Letter* was established. No other paper in Ireland has so long a history, but the history has not been uniform. It was through the eighteenth century an organ of that advanced liberal opinion of which Belfast was then the principal seat.

In 1753 the Belfast Corporation passed resolutions supporting the constitutional privileges of the Irish Parliament. Patriot clubs were a feature of this period, organised to demand the "sacred rights of the people." Yet Belfast was then by far more strongly Protestant than it is at the present moment; the first census taken in 1757 showed 7,993 Protestants against 556 Romanists. A Young Volunteer Company of this date drank Protestant toasts: "May we never see an ecclesiastic in the Government of Ireland, nor a suspected Protestant in the Privy

Council." But the ecclesiastics whom they had in view were English Archbishops; the possibility of a Catholic in any place of power can hardly be said to have dawned upon them at this period. In 1771 there was grave rioting. Chichester's heir, Lord Donegal, held leases of the surrounding country, and these leases were running out. Large fines were exacted, numbers of tenants were evicted. These men maimed the cattle of those who had taken the leases, committed other acts of violence, and styled themselves "Hearts of Steel." They came in a body of several thousands to rescue a prisoner; he was given up; it was never thought wise to quarrel with the Protestant interest in Ireland, and to a considerable extent this agitation succeeded. Yet Lord Donegal held to his evictions, and a great emigration to America set in, born of distress. Significantly, in this year the first poor-house was established in Belfast. Sixty-two ships sailed with passengers from Ulster; the passage cost £3 10s. Those who went were weavers and farmers, probably nearly 20,000 people. "It is computed," says a contemporary document, "that the North of Ireland has been drained of one-fourth of its trading class, and the like proportion of its manufacturing people." The emigration continued up to 1774, and the men who emigrated took their part, and more than their part, in the American War. They left sympathisers behind them. In 1773 a banquet was held at the Donegal Arms, at which a matter of fifty toasts were

drunk. A single example characterises them all: "The American Colonists, and may the descendants of those who freed themselves from tyranny in one world never be forced to submit to its galling yoke in another." Other banquets were being held in honour of independent politicians. "Few place-men in Parliament and no pensioners," was one of the toasts. The independent Liberal member for County Down at this moment was Robert Stewart, afterwards Lord Castlereagh. He was a Presbyterian and a son of a Presbyterian; the whole strength of the Liberal movement lay with that denomination.

In 1776 a public meeting of the Belfast politicians demanded a new Act for "extending, amending, or, if necessary, repealing Poyning's Law, in order to restore to Ireland her rights as a free country." Then, in 1778, came the origin of the Irish Volunteers. As early as March a number of gentlemen had begun to drill, but the deciding impetus came on April 13th, when Paul Jones sailed into Belfast Lough, defeated the *Drake* sloop-of-war off Carrickfergus, and threatened Belfast itself. On the 16th, the survivors of the volunteers who had been raised in 1745 against the rumour of a Jacobite rising, dined together. On July 1st they paraded with Orange cockades. The body was now nearly 4,000 strong in Down and Antrim. It was essentially Protestant, but its aim was the freedom of Ireland. In 1780 the town was illuminated in honour of the granting of

Free Trade, and the citizens proceeded to put on record their view: "That without a Legislature totally independent of the British Parliament, commercial privileges would be quite precarious." The Belfast Volunteers sent a resolution of support to Grattan. He wrote in reply: "Your right as citizens to think and speak of political liberty is not lost, but secured and rendered effectual by becoming the voluntary soldiers of the nation." These voluntary soldiers fired three volleys in commemoration of the Battle of the Boyne, but they were none the less a consenting party to the famous meeting at Dunganon on February, 1782, which resolved: "That as men, and as Irishmen, as Christians, and as Protestants, we rejoice in the relaxation of the Penal Laws imposed on our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects." They exchanged compliments with the Volunteers of Dublin; they endorsed a resolution passed in Galway against the raising of Fencible Regiments, and declaring that the proper people to defend Ireland were those most interested in Ireland's prosperity, the Irish Volunteers.

At this moment the whole tendency was towards national unity. In 1784 the first Volunteer Company of Belfast paraded in full dress and marched to Mass at a chapel, where a collection was being made for the "new Mass House." The attitude of those who made this demonstration may be inferred from the resolution of a meeting which demanded "the

gradual extension of suffrage to our too long oppressed brethren, preserving unimpaired the Protestant Government of this country." That was as far as Belfast was willing to go at that moment.

Liberalism advanced along with advanced prosperity. Yet it should be remembered that at this time Belfast was scarcely as large a town as Galway. In 1784 its population was only just about 15,000, but its institutions were assuming new importance. In 1782 the first Linen Hall was established; in 1785 the first glass factory. In 1787, a thousand looms were at work in the cotton trade; ten years earlier there had not been one. The first bank was established in this year, and the project of a regular mail-coach to Dublin was mooted, but was dismissed as "impracticable." The service began in 1789, and ran three days a week. The fare was 3*6s.* 3*d.* inside; half-price outside.

The action of Belfast's principal landlord stimulated a spirit of Radical resistance. Baron Yelverton owned some land, and was letting it for building in perpetuity, in sharp contrast to Lord Donegal's short leases; but Lord Donegal's agents, who had control of the town's waterworks, flooded out this land, on which a new town was fast rising. Legal action followed, but finally Lord Donegal bought out this competitor, and got his grip on Belfast.

Thus Belfast was a growing industrial town, marked by a strong political ferment, even before 1789. In that year the French Revolution gave a stimulus to

political feeling in both directions all over Europe. In 1790 a Whig Club was founded to steer a course between reaction and revolutionary sentiments; yet its sentiments probably seemed extreme enough to many quiet people. In 1791 it was toasting Franklin, Tom Paine, "the National Assembly of France," and "the destroyers of the Bastille"; it exchanged greetings with Bordeaux and with Nantes. But the more ardent politicians had little hope from Whiggery, and in October, 1791, Theobald Wolfe Tone founded the first Society of United Irishmen, and Belfast was its birthplace. It demanded as its fundamental principle the "equal representation of all the people in Parliament." It laid down, first, that the weight of English influence needed union to redress the balance; that the sole means of getting union was by reform; and that "no reform would prove efficacious or just which should not include Irishmen of every religious persuasion." On the 4th January, 1792, the *Northern Star* newspaper was founded; and on July 12th an assembly of Volunteers formulated a petition for full emancipation of Roman Catholics; and a petition to this effect was presented by Mr. O'Neill, member for Antrim, to the House of Commons, where it was summarily rejected, only two or three members voting in the minority. A procession which marched through Belfast carried a green flag bearing mottoes which render the temper of that time: "Our Gallic brother was born July 14th, 1789. Alas! we are still in

embryo"; "Superstitious jealousy the cause of the Irish Bastille: Let us unite and destroy it." Catholic delegates on their way to London with a petition to the King were borne through the streets in triumph by the populace of Belfast. This agitation led up to the grant of a vote to Irish Catholics at parliamentary and municipal elections.

But it must not be supposed that these manifestations represented a universal sentiment. They came from the Presbyterians and middle class; and these self-styled "Jacobins of Belfast" found the country gentry and military opposed to them. In March, 1793, there was a military riot, when a body of English dragoons marched on the town, did much damage; and would have done more had not the Volunteers turned out to check them. The *Northern Star* was widely execrated, and, according to one of its leading articles, Ulster was full of gentry who "swore most bloodily that they would burn down Belfast." In 1794 the offices of the United Irishmen were seized; there were many prosecutions, and the jails were stuffed with persons of such quality that it was said "it looks as if the felons alone were to remain outside." Then came the brief period of Lord Fitzwilliam's Viceroyalty. The Protestant inhabitants of Belfast assembled in the meeting house of the Third Dissenting Congregation, and sent a petition to the Irish Parliament demanding total emancipation to complete the Act of 1793. When Fitzwilliam, defeated by Beresford's influence, left

Ireland, his departure was observed in Belfast as a day of public mourning. Never was such a demonstration better justified; the next five years undid the work for good that had been progressing, and sowed the seeds of ruin with lavish hand.

Mr. Woodburn, in his history of the Ulster Scots, writes:—

“The policy of the Irish Government from this time appears to have been the kindling of the old anti-Catholic spirit which had almost disappeared; they believed that, in this manner, they would divide the forces of the disaffected and produce a body of men who would give them their constant support. Their efforts were successful.”

That success has continued down to the present day; and the means for securing it were the same in 1794 as are employed in 1914. In course of the Volunteer movement the growing friendliness between Catholic and Protestant had met one setback. A private quarrel in County Armagh had developed into a religious feud, and the Protestants banded themselves to search Catholic homes for arms. They called themselves the Peep o' Day Boys. “To protect their homes, the Catholics banded themselves together under the name of Defenders,” says Mr. Woodburn.

The United Irish organisation, driven underground, assumed a new character. After Fitzwilliam's defeat, four brilliant young men, Wolfe Tone, Samuel Neilson, Thomas Russell, and Henry

Joy McCracken, climbed to the top of Cave Hill and there solemnly vowed "never to desist in their efforts until they had subverted the authority of England, saved their country, and asserted her independence." Next day, Tone departed on his mission to America; and in the sequel he came incredibly near to make good his vow. But he and all of them paid with their life-blood for that enterprise. It was McCracken's special task, for he was widely known as a sporting farmer, to diffuse the United Irish Society among the Defenders, who now became aggressors in their turn. The trouble was still mainly in County Armagh, and in September, 1795, took place a riot which is known as the Battle of the Diamond. The Catholics attacked, the Protestants beat them; but the matter did not end there. "On the evening of that day the Orange Society was formed," says Mr. Woodburn. ". . . At first it was confined to the lower Protestant classes in Ulster, and was mainly recruited from members of the Established Church." The result was a terrible persecution in Armagh and the neighbouring counties. Houses were placarded with the words, "To Hell or Connaught," and if the inhabitants did not leave, they were driven out. Seven or eight hundred families were so treated. These outrages not only increased the readiness of Catholics for rebellion; they induced a general hatred between the religions, and an unwillingness of the Catholic to work with or trust any Protestant. Meanwhile, the

quieter Whig element was being frightened into opposition. Mr. O'Neill, who had presented the petition for Emancipation to Parliament, became chairman of an association of magistrates "to repress sedition, outrage, and assassination." Outrage, indeed, was rife on both sides; but on one it had the sanction of law. In March, 1797, Government ordered General Lake to disarm Ulster; the Orangemen were enlisted as yeomanry, and turned loose on the province. "When a raid was made on a district in the search for arms, and the least resistance was offered, the inhabitants were often murdered," says Mr. Woodburn; "sometimes they were shot, and often they were hanged on the nearest tree." The terrorism succeeded. Lake was able to write of Belfast: "The town is more humbled than it has ever been, and many of the villains have quitted it." Yet there was one of the villains so dear to the whole community that Government almost overshot the mark by its severity. William Orr, a large farmer near Antrim, had been first a leading Volunteer and then—when the Volunteer force was broken up—a leading United Irishman. Young, tall, handsome, and lovable, he was much beloved; but he numbered among his friends one of the Government's principal spies, Turner, of Newry, a finished type of the *agent provocateur*. This man denounced Orr, who was tried at Carrickfergus in October, 1797; the jury twice refused to return a verdict; to assist their deliberations, whisky was sent in; and under this

stimulus the verdict was secured. The idol of a countryside was hanged amid universal pity, and "Remember Orr" became a watchword. It was the rallying cry of those who, in 1798, followed McCracken in his bold attack on Antrim, the one serious attempt at rising made in Ulster. This failed, and the spirit that inspired it was soon quenched. There was no Press, and Government disseminated widely the story that in the South of Ireland Protestants were being massacred wholesale. Dickson, a Presbyterian clergyman, one of the men who was imprisoned for alleged complicity, relates with what amazement United Irishmen in the North found that Protestants from County Wexford were among their fellow-prisoners. But the stories of Scullabogue and the massacre at Wexford Bridge did their work effectively. The Government had complete control of the Press, and in that dark time the population of Ulster was flung back into the temper that had prevailed in 1641. Everything helped to destroy what hope there had been of a real Irish unity. Belfast Liberalism had sympathised first with republican America and then with republican France; Catholic Ireland had looked to republican France and to the expedition of Hoche for liberation. By 1798 Buonaparte's star was in the ascendant, and there were few indeed, except declared enemies of England, to whom the name of France was not a horror and a terror. Moreover, in this year, so critical for Ireland, France quarrelled with the United States,

and war between her and America—so closely bound by blood and sympathy to Ulster—seemed imminent. The bold advocacy of freedom which had distinguished the community of Belfast throughout the whole of the eighteenth century found all the source of its inspiration darkened. The name of France came rapidly to stand for aggressive military despotism: the name of Catholic Irishman was associated with memories of Scullabogue. In the midst of distractions as grievous as ever fell upon any country, the Union was accomplished, and Belfast, with its surrounding districts, unreservedly accepted the new order.

From the beginning of the nineteenth century onwards Belfast has forsworn politics except in the sense of resistance to all political change, and has devoted itself with extraordinary success to the pursuit of material prosperity.

Yet that success was not immediate. The first spinning mill was only introduced in 1829, by the Messrs. Mulholland; and York Street Mills still lead the field in Ulster and the world. In 1816 the population was 30,000, probably about the same as that of Galway. In 1841 it was 75,000, when the total population of the country was close on eight millions. To-day, when the population has shrunk to about four millions and a quarter, Belfast has a population of some four hundred thousand, and it claims to be larger than Dublin. This claim can only be made good by the absurdity of excluding Pem-

broke and Rathmines; but, beyond all question, Belfast is the commercial capital of the country—not only one of the greatest manufacturing towns, but also one of the greatest seaports in the United Kingdom.

For that reason there is no use in going to Belfast to look for buildings of antiquarian interest or of artistic beauty. It has the equipment appropriate to a thriving, pushing modern town, and its public buildings can very well challenge comparison with those even of larger cities. What it has of beauty depends on its situation, at the innermost bight of a long sea-lough, sheltered on the north and south by steep hills of picturesque outline. Cave Hill, which overhangs the town on the north, is as romantic in its way as the Rock of Gibraltar, and, like the Rock, shaped by some freak of nature into the likeness of a living thing. Napoleon's profile is set there, up against the sky, looking out over shipyards where are constructed fabrics that might have satisfied even his titanic imagination. But the interest of Belfast, and it is extraordinary, does not depend upon its buildings, nor even upon its site. It lies in what Belfast stands for and embodies—that section of Ireland which has accepted the Union, not so much in love of England as in hatred of other Irishmen, and which has thriven mightily under the new arrangement.

The real importance of the Act of Union has been that it succeeded in destroying the movement

towards unity which was making itself felt, especially in the north of Ireland. It estranged most completely from the Catholic population that element in the Protestant admixture which showed most tendency to a political fusion. The last, and by far the strongest citadel of resistance to national self-government is found in the Presbyterian community, which was really the cradle of the United Irish organisation. Several other towns in the United Kingdom have shown as remarkable an industrial development; none other has been of at all the same importance in political history.

The Act of Union marked no change in the spiritual attitude of Catholic Ireland. Its population after the Union, as before it, was confined to the helot status; the struggle for emancipation and for restitution went steadily. No new principle was introduced, except that the redress of grievances now rested wholly with an assembly outside of Ireland; and the chances of success by constitutional means appeared to be, and were, consequently more desperate. For the landlord class also and for the Established Church, to which it mainly belonged, there was little change involved. As landlords, as receivers of tithe, as holders of almost a monopoly in power and place, they defended after the Union as before it a privileged position. By heredity, by temperament, and by interest they were committed to the side of authority; they and theirs stood to lose by any change. But the very existence of

these privileges had tended to unite the Ulster Scots with the Irish. The division between Episcopalian and Presbyterian was not merely religious; it was largely racial: on the one side descendants of the English colonists, on the other descendants of those Scots who were very largely of the same blood with their Catholic neighbours. Even to this day the commonest Presbyterian names have a Celtic prefix. But, more than that, the very form of their religion predisposed them to a Liberal view. Sympathy with America, sympathy with France, had been almost universal among them. When they turned their back on the principles of the United Irishmen, they needed to find a spiritual reason for what looked like a surrender.

They found that justification in a vehement indictment of the Roman Catholic religion. Self-respect demanded that they should keep alive and dwell on the memories of Scullabogue and Wexford Bridge. They had consented to send Orr to the gallows; they had failed to support McCracken at Antrim; unless they were to convict themselves of cowardice they must renounce those ideals of Union among Irishmen for which Orr and McCracken had stood and died; and the ground for that renunciation was sought in a tenacious assertion that Catholic Irishmen were unfit to be trusted with liberty, and harboured a conspiracy against the life of every Protestant.

There was no looking back. Belfast accepted the

Union heart and soul; and every step in the material progress it has made has convinced it of its own wisdom. The least attractive feature in Belfast's history has been its proneness to exult not merely in its own success, but in the failures of the rest of Ireland. Yet this is explicable, even if one do not care to admit the explanation as a point of honour. It is possible to justify a refusal to associate the fit with the unfit. Belfast's case rests on the assertion that every Catholic is, as such, hampered for economic life and for the work of the citizen; and every fresh proof of Belfast's superiority strengthens that case and adds to the self-respect of those who make it.

There is no use in arguing with an attitude of this kind or pointing to a successful Catholic country, such as, for instance, Belgium. One can only wait and hope for some turn of events which will enlist the pride of Belfast on the side of the pride of Ireland. Then, and not until then, will the genius of a strong democratic community flow in its natural channels.

The change has gone very deep. In the eighteenth century Presbyterianism in Ulster was on the side of intellectual freedom. In the nineteenth, its greatest and most typical figure, whose statue adorns a street in Belfast, was Henry Cooke — for close on forty years the foremost man in the Synod of Ulster, and throughout all his life a veritable hammer of heresy, a pillar of conservatism both in Church and State. Even tenant right was denounced by him as

“rank Socialism”; he did not live to hear land purchase talked of. Belfast has not contributed much to the general fund of ideas—except in the domain of physical science. Here she has Lord Kelvin to boast of—no mean boast.

Yet whereas the Scot in Scotland moves in a keen and stimulating environment of thought, the Scot—if he be a Scot—in Ulster has no such luck. His main preoccupation in educational matters has been to prevent Catholics getting what they wanted rather than to improve his own equipment; and he resisted almost to the death a project which offered him in Belfast an independent University with ample endowment instead of a beggarly college in a State-controlled machine. However, he has got it thrust on him, and in its classes every fourth student is a Catholic—the best hope I know of for Belfast. If young men meet each other in that free association, they will inevitably discover that they have much more in common as Ulstermen than divides them as Catholic and Protestant; and they can instantly unite in a common, good-humoured contempt for the rest of Ireland and of the world. I was giving directions to a couple of Belfast lads within a few hours of their first arrival in London. “Ach,” they said, “onyone from Belfast can make his way ony place.” They were Catholics, enthusiastic Gaels, artists—for there are some artists now in Belfast; but they had the Belfast temperament. Another of the same gang was with me at a meeting in Donegal, for some

Gaelic League function, which brought together the whole neighbourhood. "What kind of a country is this?" he asked; "you wouldn't know the odds between one and another." I said we preferred it so in Donegal. "I don't know but I would rather live in a place where I would get stones clodded at me for my opinions," was his answer. Well, probably Belfast will always be that kind of a place; but it is to be hoped that some new opinions will appear to take their turn of having stones clodded at them.

For the moment, however, Belfast will tell you, if you praise the high civic efficiency of its corporation, that the reason of it is to be found in the exclusively Protestant control, and will proceed to dwell on Dublin's less admirable record in a far more difficult task. This does not make for solidarity, and Belfast does not wish that it should. Yet these people are just as proud as any Cork man of being Irish. Their mentality is a thing unique in the modern world, and exceedingly inconvenient because of its resisting power.

Economically, Belfast has far more to lose by its quarrel with the rest of Ireland than has that loosely organised community of farmers. In every other sense Ireland has more to gain by conciliating Belfast than Belfast by being conciliated. What an Irish Parliament will lack is men of large commercial experience; and Belfast is the only place to get them.

Its main trade, linen spinning and weaving, does

not appeal to the imagination; the factories are great hives of shut-up operatives, mainly women, and not over highly paid. Yet it is to the linen trade that Belfast owes everything. It was the one industry left, and left grudgingly, to Ireland during the eighteenth century; but it kept alive the industrial habit in the population, and, what is even more important, the disposition to put capital into industrial enterprise instead of into land. The linen trade came through the critical times of transition to steam-power, not without a hard struggle, but it emerged; and in this hardy industrial centre other enterprises grew up. The largest factory of mineral waters, the largest tobacco manufactory, the largest rope-making business in the world are all in Belfast. Yet each of these is the creation, the work, and the property of a single firm; their existence no doubt is typical of the community, but it is not directly due to the community. Far transcending these in importance is the splendid port which Belfast has created for itself to accommodate its vast trade, but, above all, to give free scope to the superb craft and industry of ship-building, which, introduced practically within living memory, has grown to a position almost unrivalled. Here are fashioned wonders of the world, the highest and the most beautiful products of mechanical skill; here is employed the most skilled science of the engineer, the designer's faculty in all its infinite variety; and here is work which employs the very aristocracy of the labour world. Here we touch not



The Port of Belfast.

the enterprise of this or that man, nor even of some great industrial combination; the shipyards are privately owned, the skill of their engineers, the shrewdness of their business heads make for private profit; but the co-operation of the whole community was needed to make the great docks possible; they came into being by a civic act. The streets of Belfast have never raised any feeling in my mind, except a homely affection for the accent which to other ears than those Ulster-bred is uncouth and harsh enough: but the port has an appeal to the imagination which only the dull could miss. Mr. Thomson has drawn one aspect of its beauty; I remember it most vividly on a day of heavy cloud and sunshine, when some touch of frost had charged the misty air above the water with blackness. As I came down suddenly in sight of the Spencer Dock, a rainbow, so solid, so reeking with colour as I had never seen before, sprang out of the mist; the huge hulk of an inchoate liner, ribbed and roughly painted black and green, stood up across it, the hard line of its rail defined against the iridescent bow. It was all fantastic and enchanted; the crowd of shipping, big and little, which lay near to these towering half-built skeletons of vessels, and the great travelling cranes, made a spectacle strange to me anywhere, but ten times more strange in Ireland; and the air was full of ceaseless, resonant hammering from both sides of the water. Then, with a skiff of a shower, the rainbow passed and left all in gloom, yet busy, busy, with little tugs plying

everywhere past the hulls of these huge embryos in their cages, and in and out among the great cargo steamers from far-off ports—all infinitely picturesque and tremendously alive. However the light might change, the sounds never altered. Hammer, hammer, hammer—that, I thought, is the noise we want to hear in Ireland; money, money, money, bread, bread, bread—stay at home and earn it—that was the tune it went to. The heavy dredger keeping the channel open, the dirty little launch passing in the cold grey-blue water, with grey, respectable, busy-looking people on board—all this was life, and the life we need most in Ireland. Mountain and lough and the seagulls over the water were here, and fair as elsewhere, but here only the background to a far more vivid scene—the accessories of a theatre in which a hardy people, without any special facility of nature, have built up a wonderful fabric. Who grudges them their glory?

Let us admit that Protestantism fits a man and fits a community for the business of money-making better than Catholicism. The only thing I have to say is that Belfast seems to attach too high an ethical value to the money-making quality; from that pedestal it affects to despise the rest of Ireland. It has much to teach, no doubt, and much to give; but it has also much to receive and much to learn. Hongkong is a place just as big, just as busy, just as prosperous as Belfast; but I should not care to own it for my birthplace.

From the top of Cave Hill, where Wolfe Tone and the others took their oath, you can see away to Slieve Donard, to the Derry hills, to the mountains of Inishowen; you may catch a glimpse, as I did, of sun upon the water of Strangford Lough or on the inland sea of Lough Neagh. You can overlook virtually the whole of what England means when it thinks of Ulster; the Ulster problem lies there under your feet, centring in, radiating out from, that great city of Belfast.

Looking back across the decades to those more hopeful times before Wolfe Tone and the others were driven into irreconcilable opposition—before the religions were distorted into factions—it is impossible not to ask oneself: Is Belfast, after all, lost to Ireland?

Certainly the outlook is black enough, and a commercial war in which each section of Ireland will try to damage the other, and will succeed, seems quite possible—and quite certain to be barren of any good result. But, as I think it over, what rises in my mind is the memory of two very typical Belfast mercantile men, kindly, homely, and shrewd, following their business successfully, but pursuing with a lifetime's passion a cult rather than a hobby. In one case, it was the work of Thomas Moore; in the other, the work of Oliver Goldsmith. There they met other Irishmen on common ground, and differed only in their greater enthusiasm.

Of all the cities and towns in Ireland, Belfast has the

least interest in any history before the Act of Union. She is enormously occupied with her present, enormously and justly proud of what her citizens are and of what they have accomplished. But what should most concern all Ulstermen and all Irishmen is the future of Belfast—for with it is inextricably bound up, for good or for evil, the whole future of the Irish nation.

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